Sports Illustrated
MAY 14, 1973 60 CENTS

MILLIONAIRE MARK AND SUZY TIE THE KNOT







An AMF Skamper trailer brings out the best in you. The most luxurious travel trailer in the world won't give you the wanderlust if you don't want to roam.

But, if anything will get you out into that big, wide world, it's the amazing comfort and luxury of Skamper travel trailers. Folding campers, truck-mounted campers, "fifth wheel" travel trailers or mobile homes.

Choose the 26-foot pickup travel trailer—the ultimate-in-comfort from bath to kitchen to bedroom. Or the Lil Skamp. Both give you quality and value.

They're AMF vehicles. Which means better performance. And the same holds true for AMF's Harley-Davidson motorcycles, Dick Weber bowling balls or AMF lawn and garden equipment.

An AMF Skamper trailer may help you discover a whole new world of your own. That could really bring out the best in you.

AMF Incorporated,
White Plains,
N.Y. 10604.

AMF

AMF brings out the best in you.

Play the odds. You'll save.

You can save money on your out-of-state Long Distance calls if you keep this rate chart in mind.

Especially the column headed "Dial-it-Yourself" calls.

If you compare the rate for person-to-person calls with the rate for dial-it-yourself calls, you'll see a great difference. So if you're willing to play the odds on reaching a specific person when you call, your savings can be big. In fact, in many cases — as in the case of coast-to-coast calls — you can get two calls for the price of one.

Examples of Long Distance rates for coast to coast calls

		Station to Station		Person to Person
		Dial it-Yourself	Operator Assisted	
Weekends	8 a m to 11 p m Sat and 8 a m to 5 p m Sun	**70¢ first 3 minutes**	$1 40 first 3 minutes	$3 55 first 3 minutes
Evenings	5 p m to 11 p m Sun through Fri	**85¢ first 3 minutes**	$1 40 first 3 minutes	$3 55 first 3 minutes
Nights	11 p m to 8 a m daily	**35¢* first minute (minimum call)**	$1 40 minimum call (3 minutes)	$3 55 minimum call (3 minutes)
Weekdays	8 a m to 5 p m Mon through Fri	**$1 45 first 3 minutes**	$1 85 first 3 minutes	$3 55 first 3 minutes

Rates shown (tax is not included) are for the days hours and durations indicated and for the types of calls specified at the head of the columns Rates may be even less of course on out of state calls for shorter distances

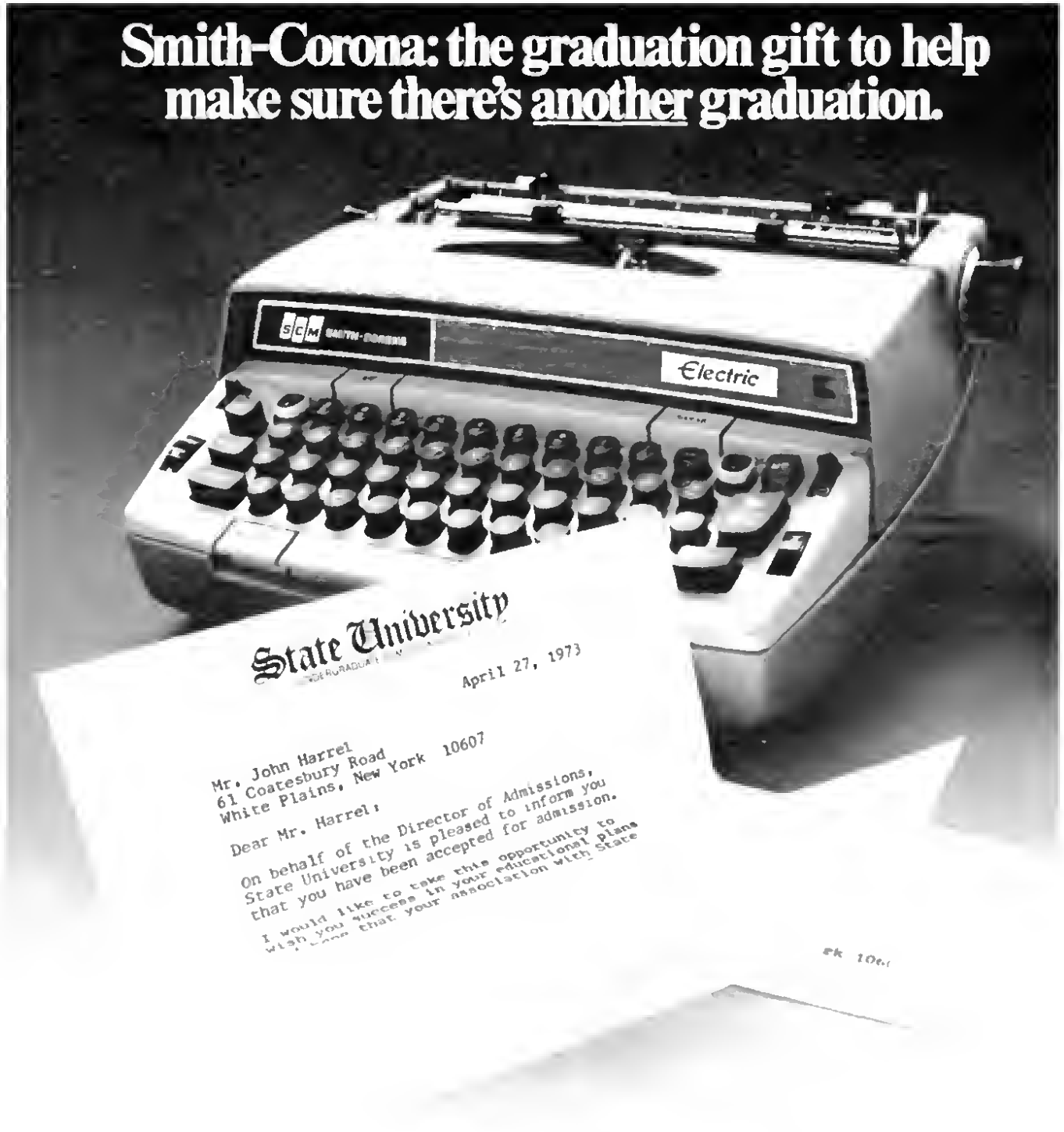
Dial it yourself rates apply on all interstate calls (excluding Hawaii and Alaska) completed from a residence or business phone without operator assistance They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone where direct dialing facilities are not available Dial direct rates do not apply to person to person coin, hotel guest credit card, or collect calls, or to calls charged to another number because an operator must assist on such calls

*One minute minimum calls available only at the times shown, and additional minutes are 20¢ each coast to coast

The reason rates are so much less on interstate dial-direct calls is that they cost so much less to handle. Often a person-to-person call ties up our circuits and an operator for long periods.

Know when you can save on Long Distance calls and how much. Examine the rate chart above. Cut it out and keep it near your phone. Knowing is worth the effort.

Smith-Corona: the graduation gift to help make sure there's another graduation.



Congratulations. It's not every day your son or daughter gets accepted by a college.

The work, of course, is going to get a lot tougher. Which is why a Smith-Corona makes an ideal graduation gift. It can help with saving time, spelling, and most important, with organization.

Add to that the right amount of application and ability and you can begin looking forward to next graduation.

But why Smith-Corona?
Because all typewriters are not the same.

If you compare durability and features, plus our years of experience in making portables (especially electrics), you'll know why more people in the world buy Smith-Corona Electric Portables than any other.

And why you should, too.

SCM SMITH-CORONA

We think we make better students.
We know we make better typewriters.

Contents

MAY 14, 1973 *Volume 38, No. 19*

Cover photograph by Heinz Kluetmeier

20 It Was Murder

After his defeat three weeks ago, Secretariat was shot down by character assassins, but he had his revenge in the Derby

24 Putting a Swifty Past Chicago

Speed was the key to Montreal's Stanley Cup assault as the Canadiens belabored the Black Hawks

26 An Angel Who Makes Turnstiles Sing

The pulling power of strikeout pitchers is demonstrated by California's Nolan Ryan, the team's top ticket

28 A New Game All Down the Line

The U.S. basketball team, playing racehorse style for a change, beat the Russians, who were running too

36 On Your Mark, Get Set, Sell

Mark Spitz has seven golds, $5 million in endorsements and a beautiful bride, but his image needs regilding

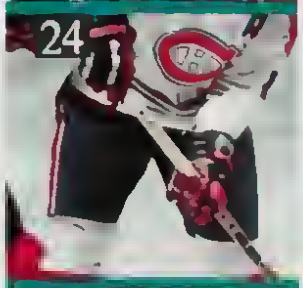
48 King of the Thunderboats

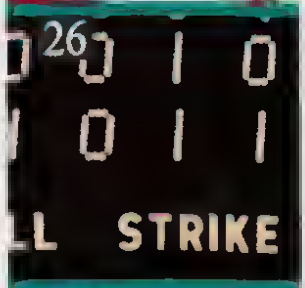
Hardly a model daredevil, Bill Muncey eats fudge sundaes and has a low pain threshold

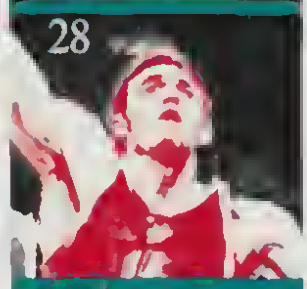
92 Way Down Upon the Yellow Water

This canoe trip was not high adventure, but for dilettantes that's the way the chocolate cookies crumble





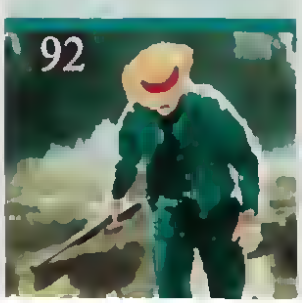












SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Shepley, President; Richard B McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

Credits on page 109

Next week

TO FRONT COURT moves the battle of the sexes as Margaret Court meets the challenge tossed out by Bobby Riggs. Will crafty Bobby conquer? Or will it be a Ms. match?

BEFORE THE 500 comes the magic 200, the record speed predicted as the hottest cars in history show their stuff. Robert F. Jones will report on the run for the pole at Indianapolis.

MAKING A PITCH for cricket, novelist John Fowles tells why the game has much in common with baseball—including speed, guts and a terrifying version of stick-it-in-his-ear.

The departments

13 Scorecard
61 People
62 Baseball
72 Cycling
78 Pro Basketball
87 Bowling
109 For the Record
110 19th Hole

© 1973 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED.

The winding, twisting, narrow roads of England make the TR6 solid, tough and beautiful to drive.

In England, we're not enthusiastic about driving in a straight line. Here cars must be built with an uncanny ability to handle and perform, safely and accurately.

As epitomized in the classic Triumph TR6.

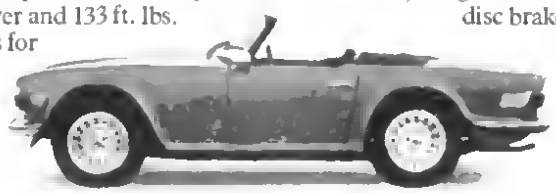
At its heart, a beautiful high-performance 6-cylinder engine developing 106 horsepower and 133 ft. lbs. of torque. Two powerful reasons for its quick response.

To that, add precise rack & pinion steering, plus 4-wheel independent suspension, and the twists and curves of English roads become more than just negotiable. Triumph engineering keeps the TR6 four-square in the groove on the hairiest hairpin turn.

In addition, because you don't know what's around the next bend, it's good to know the TR6 has big 10.9 inch disc brakes up front to stop you even more quickly than it goes.

If you share our passion about driving, test drive a TR6.

On the winding, twisting, narrow roads of America.



The Classically British Triumph TR6.



WE MAKE SPORTS CARS FOR EVERYBODY.

FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL: 800-447-4700. IN ILLINOIS CALL 800-322-4400. BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898–1967

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R. Shipley
Chairman, Executive Committee: James A. Linen
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylor

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Roy Terrell
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Ray Cave, Jonathan Tax

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert W. Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Barbara La Fontaine, Scot Lerrett, Bob Ottum, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Patricia Ryan

Senior Writers: Robert H. Boyle, Frank Deford, Dan Jenkins, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, William Leggett, Hamilton B. Maule, Coles Phinizy, Whitney Tower, John Underwood

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Peter Carry, Ron Fimrite, Gay Flood, Joe Jares, Curry Kirkpatrick, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Mark Mulvoy, Pat Putnam, Morton Sharnik, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Werner, Hugh D. Whall

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jeannette Bruce, Jule Campbell, Alice Higgins, Dan Levin, Barry McDermott, Harold Peterson, Ron Reid, Herman Weiskopf

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR George J. Bloodgood, Thomas Vanderschmidt (DEPUTY), Frank Agolia, Don Delliquanti, Betty Dick, Carolyn Pember, Theodore Stephney, Robert W. Taylor, Jean Lockhart (Assistants); Contributing Photographers: Jerry Cooke, Larry Cranham, Roy De Carava, James Drake, John D. Hanlon, Walter Iooss Jr., Heinz Kluetmeier, Neil Leifer, Herb Scharfman, Eric Schweikardt, Sheedy & Long, Lane Stewart, Tony Triolo

Production Manager: Gene W. Ulrich

Chief of Research: Mervin D. Hyman

Writer-Reporters: Sarah Pileggi (DEPUTY), Larry F. Keith, Pamela Knight, Lynn Sinrose, Anita Verschoth, Nancy Williamson (Special Projects)

Senior Reporters: Julia Lamb, Rose Mary Mechem, Paula Phelps, Constance Tubbs, Christiana Walford

Reporters: Susan Adams, Michael DeNagro, Myra Gelband, Jane Gross, Kent Hannon, Vickie Ann Hatcher, Jim Kaplan, Joe Marshall, Denise Rogers, Stephanie Salter, D. Alexandra Stathoplos, William T. White

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan (ASSOCIATE DIRECTORS), Brendan F. Mulvey (Color Quality); William Bainstein, Ellen A. Kostroff, Linda Schwarz, Catherine Smolich, Thomas Vink-Lainas

Copy Desk: Betty DeMeester (CHIEF), Iris Herman (DEPUTY), Lawrence Cannistraci, Leo Deuel, Catherine Ogilvie, Dorrire Randall, Robert H. Williams

Producing: Wayne Prather (DEPUTY), Mark Levine, Francis O'Regan, Kenneth Tomten

Administrative Department: Maureen Harris (CHIEF), Marlene Conti, Margaret Kiely, Meda Jane Alberse

Special Contributors: Robert Cantwell, Bil Gilbert, Charles Goren, Richard W. Johnston, Martha Kane, Thomas McGuane, Carleton Mitchell, Jack Nicklaus, Jack Olsen, George Plimpton

Special Correspondents: Eleanore Milosovic (CHIEF), Christina Allmut (DEPUTY), *Albuquerque* LeRoy Bearman, *Anchorage*, Molly B. Jones, *Atlanta*, Lewis Grizzard, *Austin*, Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore* Joe D'Adamo, *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty, *Boston*, Leo Monahan, *Buffalo* Dick Johnston, *Carson City*, Guy Shipler Jr., *Charlotte* Ronald Green, *Chicago* William Furlong, *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte, *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton, *Columbus* Kaye Kessler, *Dallas*, Steve Perkins, *Denver*, Bob Boyle, *Des Moines*, Bob Ashville, *Detroit*, Jerry Green, *Greensboro*, Smith Barrier, *Harrisburg* John Travers, *Honolulu*, Jim Richardson, *Houston*, Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis*, Dick Denny, *Jacksonville* Bill Kastelz, *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary, *Knoxville*, Ben Byrd, *Lexington* Ed Ashford, *Little Rock* Orville Henry, *Los Angeles* Jack Tobin, *Louisville* William F. Reed, *Memphis*, Charles Gillespie, *Miami* Glenn Kirchhoff, *Milwaukee* Terry Bledsoe, *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon, *Nashville*, Max York, *New Haven* Bill Guthue, *New Orleans*, Peter Finney, *Oklahoma City* Harold Soles, *Omaha*, Hollis Limprecht, *Philadelphia*, Gordon Forbes, *Phoenix* Frank Gianetti, *Pittsburgh*, Pat Livingston, *Portland*, Ken Wheeler, *Port Townsend, Wash.*, Dolly Connelly, *Providence* John Hanlon, *Roanoke*, Bill Brill, *Salt Lake City* George Ferguson, *San Antonio*, John Jones, *San Diego*, Jack Murphy, *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum, *Seattle*, Emmett Watson, *South Bend*, Joe Doyle, *Spartanburg*, Leslie Timms, *St. Louis*, Bob McCoy, *Syracuse* Bud Vander Veer, *Tallahassee*, Bill McGrotha, *Tampa* Tom McEwen, *Waco* Dave Campbell, *Wilmington*, Mattie Zad

Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel, *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod, *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Time-Life News Service: CHIEF, Murray J. Gart, DEPUTY, Benjamin W. Cate

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (Director), Frederick L. Redpath, Norman Airey, Nicholas Costino Jr., George Karas, Benjamin Lightman, Doris O'Neil

Publisher: John A. Meyers
Associate Publisher: Harry Steinbreder Jr.
Business Manager: Richard W. Angle Jr.
Advertising Sales Director: William M. Kelly Jr.
Circulation Director: Bruce Barnet
Promotion Director: Harry C. Rubicam

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



It was a much happier occasion this time (*page 36*) that brought together SI's Jerry Kirshenbaum, swimmer Mark Spitz and Photographer Heinz Kluetmeier (*above*): they had last met at the Olympics, where the glory of Spitz' seven gold medals was so abruptly eclipsed by the shock and terror of the attack upon the Israeli athletes.

Kirshenbaum and Kluetmeier had both done a number of stories on Spitz, and thus by Munich were far closer to him than most of the journalists by whom he was suddenly inundated: in fact, on the night he nailed down the seventh gold medal, it was Kirshenbaum, Kluetmeier and Writer-Reporter Anita Verschoth who took Spitz to dinner. At about three a.m. they returned him to the Olympic Village, and he took the elevator alone to his room. Less than two hours later the Arab killers sneaked into the Village and raided the Israeli quarters a few blocks from where Spitz lay sleeping.

A special press conference had been scheduled for Spitz at nine in the morning. Kirshenbaum went to the press headquarters seeking information on the raid—the Spitz conference had been canceled, he assumed, and he further assumed that Spitz himself, as a Jew and the hero of the Games, had been prudently put under guard. He was flabbergasted when, shortly after nine o'clock, Spitz strolled in, laughing and joking with Coaches Sherm Chavoor and Peter Daland. "It was incredible to me," recalls Kirshenbaum. "It was typical of the U.S. Olympic Committee. Those guys were probably sleeping in. Besides, for reasons of taste, if nothing else, the press conference should have been canceled."

He went up to Spitz and said, "My God, you don't know, do you?"

"Know what?" asked Mark.

Kirshenbaum told him, and Coach Chavoor immediately asked German officials to arrange a guard. Spitz, stunned and scared, asked what he should say about the raid, putting Kirshenbaum in the unwonted position of public-relations adviser.

"Well, whatever you say, I don't think you should say, 'No comment,'" advised Kirshenbaum. "Say what you feel."

Spitz either misunderstood this advice or disregarded it because the very first question concerned the raid, and he said, "I think it's tragic. No comment." The press conference was a shambles; for one thing, given the general uncertainty as to the scope of the Arab violence, Spitz was reluctant to stand too close to the microphones, which in this case may have been a plus. Afterward, Spitz returned by bus to the Olympic Village, which by that time had achieved excellent security. Kirshenbaum tried to enter with him, but was firmly halted by guards at the gate.

Kirshenhaum and Kluetmeier did not have that problem last week. Spitz' father took the photograph of the three on Thursday. On Sunday the cameras were back in Kluetmeier's hands as he and Jerry covered Mark Spitz' wedding as journalists—and as friends.

Jack Meyers

"Sue dreaded raising her three children on social security alone. Then she discovered the Gift of Love lying in Bob's desk drawer."

Jack Solomon, CLU
Lincoln National representative



"After Bob had suffered a fatal heart attack, I received a call from Sue, his wife, who wondered if a policy she had found in Bob's desk drawer was valid. I'll never forget the relief in her voice when I told her it was still in force.



"Bob had paid only $58.45 on the policy months before, but Sue received more than $36,000. With the help of advisors, she set up a trust fund for the children.



"Although there is nothing that can fill the void sorrow leaves in an empty heart, Bob's Gift of Love assured his family food on the table, a good education for his children, and dignity for his loved ones."

A true story. Only the names have been changed.

Lincoln National life insurance. The Gift of Love.

Lincoln National
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Lincoln National offers life, accident and health, group pensions, and securities.
An affiliate, LNC Equity Sales Corporation, offers Mutual Funds. See LNL's "Gift of Love" commercial on ABC and CBS TV.

SHOPWALK

If you tend to throw away your catch, try these recipes below for Boyled fish

With meat prices at their current levels, there is less excuse than ever for an angler to behave like a fish hog, stacking his catch on the dock to be admired and then stacking it in the garbage can. If fish are kept instead of being released in the interest of better sport for the future, then at least they should be consumed and enjoyed. Below are a few recipes that could help.

First catch the—oh, never mind.

Marinated fillets of a number of species are a delicacy. Soak them, the thinner the better, in a bowl of water and cracked ice. While they chill take another bowl and add a cup of vinegar; two teaspoons of raw sugar, a tablespoon of grated onion; a teaspoon of parsley flakes and three tablespoons of soy sauce for each pound of fish. Shift the fillets from the ice to the marinade, soak for four hours, serve and devour.

Pickled fillets make an excellent appetizer. Place them in a crock filled with salt water, a cup of salt for each quart of water, for two days, then remove and rinse. Place six whole peppercorns on the bottom of a quart Mason jar and add the juice of half a lemon plus lemon peelings, ⅛ of a teaspoon of Tabasco sauce or a pinch of cayenne pepper; 1 teaspoon of fresh tarragon, 1 bay leaf, three sprigs of fresh parsley, three well-chopped celery stalks and a layer of sliced onion. Lay the fillets on top of all this, cover with sliced onions, add another layer of fillets and continue until the jar is full. Cover with a mixture of half wine vinegar, half water. Leave in the refrigerator for three days, a week or two weeks, depending on your particular pickle preferences. For some reason largemouth bass rank at the top when treated thus, although sunfish come close and so do striped bass.

Smoked fish are another delicacy, and the Swedish Abu Smoker is simple to use and does a fine job in a short time. Two 10-inch trout, gutted and degilled, are best, followed by sunnies, perch and filleted sturgeon, if you can get it. Finally, there are the roes of river herring for anyone lucky enough to live next to a coastal Atlantic stream—the roe from river herring (alewives or bluebacks) is finer grained and tastier than the better-known shad roe. Fresh run from the sea, river herring are easily caught on an ultralight spinning rig or fly rod. Take a size 10 trout fly hook, press a BB split shot on the head with a pair of needle-nose pliers, tie on maybe a dozen strands of white hackle plucked from a chicken feather, paint the split shot white and start casting. As for the roe, saute it with a bit of oregano and garlic. Served hot on toast it makes a great sandwich. And you can always make a roe pizza.

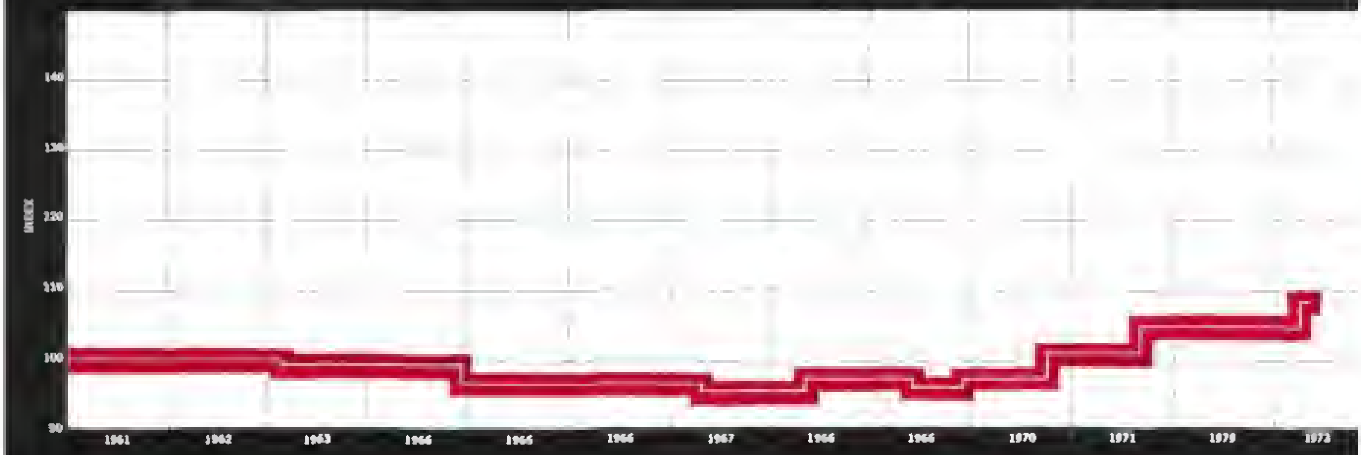
—Robert H. Boyle



TO THOSE WHO TELL US WE SHOULD KEEP OUR BEARING PRICES DOWN:

WE AGREE WITH YOU.

The white line on the graph below represents the price index history of Timken® "Green Light" bearings (those designed and/or sold in high volume for broad industrial standardization) and indicates a rise in price of 8.4% from the fourth quarter of 1961 through March 1, 1973.



Like most companies, we've had our share of price increases over the years.

But when you look, for example, at the price index history of Timken® "Green Light" bearings (designed and/or sold in high volume for broad industrial standardization), you can see that in the past 12 years their price has risen only about 8.4 percent.

You've helped by accepting the concept of standardization.

When you standardize on fewer sizes of Timken tapered roller bearings—and generate high volume, we can lengthen our production runs.

And we're working to make those runs even more efficient.

In fact, we've assembled a team of specialists at Timken Research who work on nothing but manufacturing process developments. So our unit cost stays low. And so does yours.

Price control started a long time ago at The Timken Company.

The Timken Company, Canton, Ohio 44706.

The company that tapered the bearing can taper your bearing costs.

TIMKEN®

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



Phillips 66.
The store with the pump out front.

Our self-improvement program is showing



The Simplicity endurance run.

Simplicity's quality control program shows With low repair and maintenance costs About the lowest of any lawn tractor. Part of that program is our endurance run where we make test tractors prove themselves by pulling hour after hour after hour. Giving them more wear and tear than you would in years of normal use.

Building our tractors simply is another part of that program Simply to be reliable .. with fewer parts to *wear out .. fewer parts to repair* And we make them prove their reliability Part-by-part checks during assembly A starting and running test on every tractor before it leaves the line Then the endurance run for models selected at random. And still more checking and testing

The result is lower repair and maintenance costs Routine maintenance that really is routine. And built-in safety from start to stop. Simplicity. 19 and 21 inch walk behinds 5 and 8 hp. riders. 8 to 19½ hp. tractors. Mowers that are simple, reliable, easy to care for. Look for your dealer In the Yellow Pages under Lawn Mowers

Your life is complicated enough we offer

Simplicity

Simplicity Manufacturing Company, Inc.—Port Washington, Wisconsin 53074

Some of the best college freshmen are veterans.

Not every young man is ready to take full advantage of college right out of high school. Some need a break from the traditional pressures of grades and standing in class. Time to learn more about themselves, about others, about what they want to do with their lives.



Today's Army offers them this time.

Time to train, travel, meet people, learn a skill, handle responsibility, mature.

Time to learn the value of a steady job with a good salary.

There's also the opportunity to begin college while still in the Army. Then, after completion of a 3-year enlistment, there's 36 months of financial assistance under the G.I. Bill.

Ask your local Army Representative about today's Army as a pre-college alternative. Or write Army Opportunities, P.O. Box 5510E, Phila., PA 19143.

Today's Army wants to join you.



©Burlington Industries, Inc. 1973

Isn't it about time your socks caught up with the rest of you?

You've changed your style in shirts and ties—in sport coats and slacks. You've changed your look in everything from suits right down to your shoes.

So what we're saying is, it's time to change your socks!

Especially when Burlington offers you the perfect socks to change to: Gentlemen's Designs. The contemporary excitement of pattern and color with the right touch of restraint and refinement.

A look to the right shows you how right they are. And it's only a fraction of the anklet, mid-length and over-the-calf styles now at your favorite store. Most of them with Endo-Stat,® our exclusive anti-static process that means anti-cling, anti-soil, anti-moisture and anti-lint. And at $1.50 to $2.00 per pair, anti-inflation.

Burlington Socks

Burlington Socks, a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019. Also available in Canada





The giant redwoods. See them on an American Airlines Fly/Drive Vacation.

Wouldn't it be a shame if your kids grew up without ever having seen the redwoods?

Or a sunset on the beach at Monterey?

Or Disneyland?

California has so many things for families to see and do.

And this summer, we're giving you a chance to see them.

We've put together what we think are, dollar for dollar, the best Fly/Drive Vacations any airline has ever offered.

They start at $178 and run to $238 for a week. And they all include an Avis or Hertz car with unlimited mileage. (You pay for gas.) Plus 6 nights' accommodations at Holiday Inns, Sheraton Hotels and Hyatt Houses. Air fare, of course, is extra (e.g. Chicago to Los Angeles is $174* for adults and we have special fares for children.)

Our $187 vacation, for example, gives you an Avis car for a week and 6 nights accommodations for up to a family of four at selected Holiday Inns around the State of California.

So you can do as you please, see whatever you please for as long as you please.

Why not talk to your Travel Agent. And get all the details about American's Fly/Drive Vacations to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. (If you like, you can fly into one city and fly home from another.)

There's nothing we'd like better than to make this summer's family vacation one you'll always remember. And one your children will never forget.

American Airlines

To The Good Life.®

The Good Life © 1963 Paris Music Co. Inc. Used by permission.

*Prices quoted are special tour basing round trip coach airfares, subject to change without notice.



Lee Rider Jeans and Jackets H D Lee Company, Inc., P O Box 440-A, Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66201 • Available Worldwide

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

THINK TANK THOUGHTS

The National Collegiate Athletic Association has a long-range planning committee, the function of which is, in the words of the late Brad Booth of UCLA, "to think great thoughts."

Now the committee has sent some great thoughts to the NCAA council, among them recommendations for a return to one-platoon football and abolition of spring football practice.

Both suggestions, which are intended for long-range study and cannot be put into effect during the 1973 season, have to do with reduction of athletics expenses, which have risen to almost ruinous proportions for some schools. But there are other considerations. The recommendation for elimination of spring football practice is largely predicated on doubts about its carry-over value. The intervening summer often allows the lessons of spring to be forgotten. A suggested compromise would be to abolish spring practice and compensate by adding seven days of fall study before school starts. This would require an amendment of NCAA bylaws, which could be accomplished by a majority vote of delegates to the association's annual convention.

Abolition of spring practice would appear to have a better chance of adoption than a return to the one-platoon system, which would require action by the football rules committee, an autonomous group. NCAA leaders, acutely conscious of television appeal these days, probably would hesitate to do anything to change a game which they are convinced is at its peak. They believe it has become more exciting than the professional brand of football with the latter's current emphasis on defense and field goals.

These recommendations of the long-range planning committee cannot be dismissed as representative solely of the beliefs of small colleges. The committee is composed of faculty representatives, athletic directors, college presidents and conference commissioners. Among those represented in the 10-man group are Southern Methodist, Colorado, Michigan State, Air Force, the University of Washington and the University of Virginia.

BUT NOT FOR LOVE

After refusing to kill a bull in the Madrid ring, Diego Bardon was branded a "coward" by the critics, fined $432, and turned in his sword to the Secretary of the International Council Against Bullfighting.

"It is a sad thing," Bardon explained, "that fighting bulls are never mated, but die before they ever have the chance to make love."

CHANGE-UP ON THE MOUND

Ordinarily a stickler for tradition, Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who is opposed to the orange-colored baseballs suggested by Oakland's Charlie Finley because "they're too hard to autograph," now has disclosed a major concession to the modern world. References to the "horsehide spheroid" will soon become archaic and will have to be banished from the sportswriter's lexicon. Instead, starting next season, we'll have to think up something about cowhide.

It's all because there is a shortage of good horsehide, according to Kuhn. And Johnny Johnson, chairman of baseball's playing rules committee, says, "We are convinced that cowhide-covered baseballs meet all the standards of resiliency, texture and color." The committee therefore amended Rule 1.09 to permit use of either baseball.

Tricky Bowie also disclosed that cowhide balls were used in spring training exhibition games, and went undetected by players, managers or club officials.

Incidentally, footballs are no longer made solely of pigskin. Nor are football pants made of moleskin.

THE BOYS OF SUMMER

A summer camp used to be a place where kids learned to differentiate bug bites, swim in the lake, learn a little handicraft. In the evenings they sang around a campfire and wrote tragic letters home.

But now is the age of specialization. Joe Namath has a football camp associated with his name, if not his life-style. Jim Plunkett is identified with one in the Boston area. California has at least half a dozen. Benny Friedman, the oldtimer, is truly specialized. He has "quarterback camps."

Fastest growing of the sports camps are those that teach basketball. In California this summer some 6,000 boys will go to one-week basketball camps, up from 1,000 in 1970.

The typical sports camp houses the kids in dormitories. No tenting, and of course no rubbing sticks together, nor



any discovery of living creatures under rocks. The customary fee ranges from $125 to $175 a week, but Arnold Palmer's golf school costs $266 and Billy Casper's $200.

WORM TURNS IN ASTRODOME

The University of Houston football team has not had a losing season since 1965. The professional Houston Oilers have been unable to field a winning team since 1967. Nevertheless, the Oilers consistently outdraw the Cougars at the Astrodome.

Now the Cougars are presenting their case to the public. Potential season-ticket buyers have received promotional material comparing the college's football record with that of the pros, with Cougar figures first:

"Average price per season ticket, $37-$70; record last year, 6-4-1, 1-13; record last five years, 38-14-3, 21-45-4; average yards rushing 1972, 251-108; average

continued

We take your fun seriously.

So we work hard at making fine bicycles. Like the new 18" frame Record 24 that's the image of the big 10-speed Record. Both are from the internationally famous Raleigh racing collection. And they're perfect companions for the special times you want to share with your son. Try them on for size at your Raleigh dealer's. Raleigh's exclusive CustomSizer™ guarantees they'll fit.

For full color catalog, write: Raleigh Industries of America, Box 1-5, 1168 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02134. *Enclose 25¢ for handling.*



RALEIGH

A world of difference





OMC Stern Drive.

The dependable one from the makers of Johnson and Evinrude.

Gives you up to 50% more maneuverability. When you're backing into a tight slip with a light wind and a strong current, there's not much room for error. And that's when you depend most on precise maneuverability.

That's why we give you Power Shift. It's an exclusive OMC system that makes a smooth transition from forward to reverse without clunking. Without jerking. And without hesitation.

And we designed our drive unit to swing a full 90° port to starboard. To let you turn tighter. To let you dodge obstacles. And to give you up to 50% more maneuverability than any other stern drive. Specify OMC Stern Drive in your next boat. Six models from 100 h.p. to 245 h.p. You'll get the dependability you expect from the makers of Johnson and Evinrude.

OMC Stern Drive

A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION
3145 CENTRAL AVENUE WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS 60085



You can hold this Bancroft in your hand and still never know how good it is.

You can hold it, heft it, swing it, bite it, price it, compare it and still not know what makes Bancroft's Player's Special the finest all-wood racket made.

There's only one way to know. Play with it.

The Player's Special, our largest selling racket, was designed by our own Ralph Sawyer, the most gifted designer in tennis.

He used the world's finest racket woods, seasoned, quarter-sawed ash combined with select strips of bamboo, the spring steel wood. He gave it an extra thick shaft and reinforced shoulders for strength and durability.

It comes in the weight and balance of your choice, plus Bancroft's exclusive air-cushioned leather grip that shapes to *your* hand. Strung with Bow Brand Championship lamb gut, $56.00. One of 27 beautiful Bancrofts ranging from $6 to $120. Bancroft Sporting Goods Company, Woonsocket, Rhode Island 02895.



Try it and you'll buy it.

Bancroft

Big D comes to little W.

Ray Wallace president of Dallas-based Trinity Industries Inc , visits Wausau Wisconsin home of Employers Insurance of Wausau

"I grew up in a small town and my Wausau visit reminded me of some of the good things I connect with that way of living For one thing it seems to foster an attitude of being helpful and useful that shapes your life in whatever you do later

Now at Trinity we don t believe in standing still We re growing Moving into new areas Through it all Employers of Wausau has worked closely with us in helping us to control our insurance costs I ll tell you this we ve shared some stress together It took faith on both sides to reach our goals

The people of Employers' Dallas office bring the Wausau Insurance spirit not only to the Southwest but right into our various companies— by arranging for safety seminars, counseling with our own insurance specialists and taking the extra time and effort to really understand our problems

So I d say the Wausau people have that helpful characteristic in abundance—and I believe they come by it naturally

At Employers of Wausau, our business is business insurance And in 228 offices across the country good people see to it that insurance works for a living Isn t that what you expect of your business insurance?



Come to the source

Employers Insurance of Wausau
Wausau Wisconsin





How to handle your car when you're loaded.

There are times when even the best suspension system can't cope with your car's rear-end sag.

When you tow a recreational vehicle. Or a horse trailer. Or a boat. Or a snow-mobile. Or any off-road vehicle.

When you overload the rear end of your car, or wagon, or pick-up-truck—with people, luggage, tools, samples or equipment.

The sensational new Scovill Load-Tamer works with your air shocks to keep your car on the level. No more sag. No more drag. You accelerate better, corner better, steer better. Your headlights aim properly. Your tires wear better. In short, you get a safe, reliable, comfortable ride.

Scovill Load-Tamer adjusts your air shocks to compensate for any load in the rear. You just set a dial, conveniently located on the instrument panel, and your air shocks automatically adjust to any load condition. You can inflate or deflate them, from 20 PSI to 150 PSI, in two to three minutes, even while you're driving.

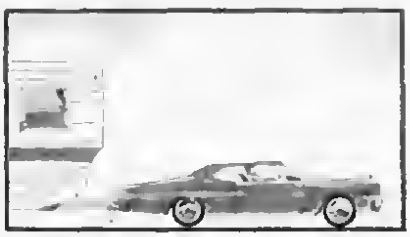
Scovill Load-Tamer automatically shuts off when the desired pressure is reached and your car is riding level. It automatically restores lost pressure, protecting you against minor system leaks or bleed-off peaks. It works with any air shocks: Delco Pleasur-Lift, Gabriel Hi-Jacker, Columbus Levelizer, Monroe Max-Air and Ride-Leveler, Goerlich Thruway Air Adjustable, Air Shox, CureRide, Weight-Lifter. *Any* air shocks!

Ask for the Scovill Load-Tamer wherever air shocks are sold or serviced. (For the name of a place near you, write to the address below.)

Suggested retail $59.95, plus installation. Small investment to let you handle your car safely when you're loaded.



To prevent rear-end sagging and dragging,



Scovill Load Tamer keeps your car on the level.

Scovill *load-tamer*

Auto Load Leveling System.
It lets you control your air shocks.

Scovill Manufacturing Company, Automotive Products, Scovill Square, Waterbury, Conn. 06720

Load Tamer is a trade mark of the Auto Load Leveling System made only by Scovill Manufacturing Company



GET RIGHT INTO SAILING FOR ONLY $229.

Just take your Sunflower™ to the water, raise her sail and you're off. Sailing. You're actually sailing.

And you'll keep on sailing because the Sunflower is virtually maintenance-free. She's made of Corlite material which is tougher than fiberglass. And lighter, so you can easily car-top her anywhere there's water.

We'll send you a free brochure of our full line of sailboats. They're all great fun and a breeze to sail. And we'll include an illustrated manual that can teach you to sail in a few hours.

Write away right away. You could be sailing next week.

THE SUNFLOWER

Snark Products, Inc., One Riverside Plaza, North Bergen, N.J. 07047

Show me how to get into sailing without going overboard. Send me your free illustrated brochure and sailing manual, and name of my nearest dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

yards passing 1972, 150-119; average points per game 1972, 30-12."

The prose attack on the pros never once mentions the Oilers, perhaps because that might be considered indelicate. Instead, the pamphlet refers to them as "the pros," a bit of a compliment if one considers the Oilers' 1-13 record last season.

Ah, but it would seem to be all academic. Oiler season-ticket sales have reached a record this year because buyers get priority on tickets for next January's Super Bowl game in Houston's Rice Stadium. And the Cougars can hardly top that.

AVAILABLE

Phil Elderkin, a 5'6" guard from Boston, was the last name submitted by the unfearsome Cleveland Cavaliers on their supplemental list of National Basketball Association draft choices for 1973. Phil Elderkin, it turns out, is a 47-year-old sports editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*. Cleveland Coach Bill Fitch explained his move: "He was the only guy I could find who didn't have an agent, will play for the 1960 minimum and will bring his own shoes."

WHEEL NUTS

A. J. Foyt, three-time winner of the Indianapolis 500, is scared of highway drivers and not too impressed by safety regulations. "I do love cars," he said recently, "but they're still just dumb pieces of steel that only do what you tell them to do, and too many drivers don't pay attention to what they're doing when they're in a car. They're more interested in listening to the radio or the tape deck. That's why I can't agree with all these safety regulations. We do need better seat belts and equipment like those in race cars—I've crashed head-on at 150 mph and haven't been killed—but you can throw all the safety devices you want on a car and you're still going to have those nuts behind the wheel. In a race, at least you have confidence that the man next to you is competent.

"I think Ralph Nader was wrong about the Corvair. A competent driver could run a Corvair at 100 mph all day and not get hurt. A lousy driver can get hurt in anything."

OTHER NAME TASTES AS SWEET

She is a 3-year-old peninsular bighorn ewe, and in 1971 she was captured, along with a bighorn ram, for study in a research project conducted jointly by the University of California and the State Department of Fish and Game. Someone named her Gumdrop.

Now Gumdrop is the mother of the first bighorn lamb ever born in captivity in California. Mother and daughter are doing well and the researchers have solved their first problem, which was what to name the baby.

After long consideration they settled on Jelly Bean.

A DIFFERENT BALL GAME

Head basketball coach at East Texas State, involved with basketball on an international level for more than two decades, a veteran of several tours of Russia with U.S. teams and personally acquainted with many Russian players and coaches, Jim Gudger was appalled as he listened to the television commentary of Chick Hearn and Jerry West on the U.S.-Russia basketball game in San Diego.

"The things Jerry was saying about the Russians being crude, about them being mechanical, are the things that are getting us into trouble in basketball on an international basis," Gudger told Randy Galloway of the *Dallas News*.

"It's the Russian style," he explained. "They are playing the game the international way. If we are going to continue to compete on an international level, we're going to have to adjust to this style. Sure, they are rough, but the international game is rough.

"They bounce people around under those baskets. And watch them go to the offensive boards. Man, they might crash people from 12 feet out, and they always get back on defense. I'd like to find out what drills they use to teach that.

"Basically, we're taught finesse in this country. But the international style is different. They don't look as smooth as us, but they get the job done with more contact. Our players aren't used to this kind of roughness or this kind of officiating. So when they start playing by international rules they get knocked around and they then start throwing elbows like Ron Behagen did. So he's kicked out of the game, lost to his team.

"You don't want to start throwing elbows with those Russians. They're masters at it. Most experienced international players can get away with it. Our immature kids can't."

What Gudger has been preaching since before Munich is that the U.S. "still has the greatest players but other countries have more experience under international rules." And, says he, this cannot be corrected in six weeks of practice before U.S. players go into international competition.

"Six weeks or so before Montreal we'll have all this activity trying to get ready for the Russians. Well, you don't get ready for them in six weeks. You've got to stay ready."

FOOTBALL UP IN THE AIR

The Kerry Jackson case, in which the University of Oklahoma forfeited eight 1972 football games after discovery that Jackson entered college on an altered transcript (SI, April 30), is far from settled.

Head Coach Joe Woolley and Vice Principal Lynn Nix have been reassigned to noncoaching jobs at Ball High School in Galveston after admitting that they changed Jackson's local transcript records to match those at Oklahoma.

And there is a report that Jackson may take the Sooners to court in order to play this fall. University authorities had declared him ineligible for 1973 play. The grades requirement under which Jackson did not qualify has since been eliminated by the NCAA, and so Jackson's 1972 transcript would have qualified him under 1973 requirements. Since authorities have conceded that Jackson did not know of the transcript tampering, he could very well win a court suit to make him eligible.

THEY SAID IT

- Baltimore cab driver: "Business has been especially good these last few weeks, mainly because Pimlico is open. It's not that we take so many people there. It's that so many cab drivers spend their afternoons at the races. That means more business for those who don't."
- Dave Lemonds, Chicago White Sox pitcher, on the Kansas City Royals' new Tartan Turf ball park: "It's like playing with marbles in a bathtub."
- Warren Spahn, new pitching coach for the Cleveland Indians, on Willie Mays: "I can't stand him. When Mays came up from Minneapolis he was something like 0 for 21 the first time I saw him. His first major-league hit was a home run off me—and I'll never forgive myself. We might have got rid of Mays forever if I'd only struck him out." **END**

What makes Mustang different is the way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.

Options shown on the Mach I above are automatic transmission, air conditioning, power front disc brakes, AM radio, forged aluminum wheels with raised white-letter tires, sports interior with console and tach. Also available: steel-belted, radial ply tires. Tests show that steel-belted radials can give average drivers 40,000 miles of tread wear under normal driving conditions.

Better idea for safety . . . buckle up!





Ford Mustang has been the top-selling car in its class since 1965. Here are some reasons:

Good looks. Mustang is sporty and sleek. Inside and out. Your choice of five models: Mach I, SportsRoof, Grandé, Hardtop and Convertible.

Good handling. Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks. You get independent front suspension with anti-sway bar, for decisive sporty car handling with a comfortable passenger-car ride.

Great feeling. Your Mustang is a statement of personal style. It feels great . . . it looks great.

Discover Mustang for '73, at your Ford Dealer's

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION Ford

Sports Illustrated
MAY 14, 1973



IT WAS MURDER

After an inexplicable defeat, character assassins took pot shots at Secretariat, but the favorite had his revenge in the Derby

by WHITNEY TOWER

When Secretariat was beaten in such mystifying fashion by Angle Light and Sham in the Wood Memorial three weeks ago, the axiom was recalled: "If a horse is great, you won't have to say, 'Throw that last race out.' The great ones never need that kind of excuse."

After the happening' at Churchill Downs last week, the old saw may need revising. Secretariat—and his team of Owner Penny Tweedy, Trainer Lucien Laurin and Jockey Ron Turcotte—were gloriously redeemed. No colt in history ever picked a better time or place to line up his opponents and mow them down, one by one, with brutal effectiveness Before the largest crowd to see a horse race in this country (a squirming, screaming and sweating 134,476), Secretariat threw a 23-second final quarter at his "grudge" rival Sham and won the 99th Kentucky Derby in the track-record time of 1:59⅖. Crossing the finish line, the magnificent chestnut drew a roar of approval. The 3-to-2 favorite on a perfect May day had helped stimulate nearly $8 million into the mutuel windows (including $3,284,-962 on the Derby alone). As Turcotte

continued





Shacky stole away on the lead, but his rider looked for trouble and it lurked in the pack

rode back to the winner's circle, doffing his blue cap, the prerace doubters muttered, "Wood Memorial? Throw that race out. We've seen greatness today."

They had. Some Derbies are so fraught with traffic problems or nuisance incidents that it seems every horse in the race but the winner goes back to the barn with a tiresome excuse. And the colts' jockeys and trainers spend the two weeks until Preakness Day boring everyone with all sorts of ear-bending nonsense. Well, it can't happen this year, for Secretariat's Derby was free of serious incidents (the usual minor bumping on the clubhouse turn affected the outcome not a whit), and the only apology the beaten can offer is that they happened to be contemporaries of a special and thrilling animal. Certainly it can't be said that Sham, the Santa Anita Derby winner, didn't run *his* race. In March he had turned in the fastest mile and an eighth (1:47) of any horse in America this year. And, in finishing 2½ lengths behind Secretariat at Louisville, he ran the mile and a quarter in less than two minutes, good enough to have won any other Kentucky Derby, for he broke Northern Dancer's 1964 Derby record of two minutes flat. His owner, Sigmund Sommer, dazedly and sportingly admitted after the race, "Secretariat won it fair and square."

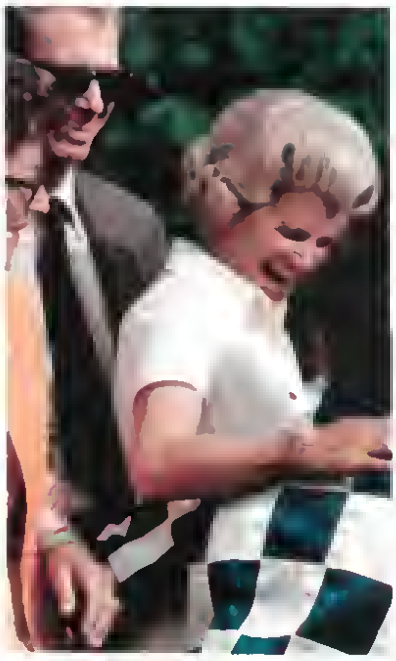
Things did not always sound so fair and square around Barn 42 during Derby Week. Heavily guarded—the shed row looked like Stalag 17—Barn 42 was home to most of the Derby's "name" horses. At one end were Lucien Laurin and his two colts, Secretariat and Wood Memorial winner Angle Light. "I've got Secretariat in the same stall, No. 21, as I had Riva Ridge in before his Derby win last year. I'm in the same room, No. 413, at the Executive Inn as last year, and on Derby Day I'd wear the same suit and tie if I could remember what they were," said Laurin in one of the week's rare moments of levity. At the other end of Barn 42 was the enemy camp of Trainer Pancho Martin and Sham. Martin was garrulous and confident. He focused not so much on extolling the ability of Sham but on leveling a continuing and childish series of personal abuses at Laurin. This created a needless, awkward and embarrassing situation, since Pancho Martin, who has been an acquaintance of Lucien's for more than 15 years, knows as well as anyone around the racetrack that while Laurin occasionally is guilty of talking before thinking, he is a man without meanness. "Never in my life have I intended to say anything nasty about another person," says Laurin. "This whole thing is ridiculous, and I don't like it."

And so, while Martin held court outside of Sham's stall, looking down toward Laurin's end and telling everyone who came to call that "Lucien is always having excuses when he gets beaten," Laurin was concentrating on doing more training and less talking. He stayed away from traditional press functions, which is unlike him, and spent far less time than usual playing host to the press at his end of the barn.

There was pressure to contend with. Winning a first Derby is nerve-racking. Trying to do it two years in a row—and with a horse owned by a carload of breeders who have paid $6 million at $190,000 a share—causes added pressure. (Though Mrs. Tweedy is the principal owner of Secretariat, the Bold Ruler colt has 28 other stockholders.) "I've never been through anything like this in my life," groaned Laurin more than once during Derby Week. "First I get the bit about Bold Rulers not being able to go a mile and a quarter. Then, people say my horse has bad knees and won't even start in the race. A few drops of blood came out of Angle Light's nose on Friday morning, nothing serious at all, and total strangers tell me they hear he's to be scratched."

By Derby afternoon Laurin was so jumpy that he took momentary refuge in the office of Racing Secretary Doc Lavin. Churchill Downs had been receiving calls from New York requesting confirmation of rumors that *both* Angle Light and Secretariat were Derby scratches. "What's going on, Doc?" asked a tired and puzzled Laurin. "Nothing, really," replied Lavin. "It's the Derby, you know, and anything can happen."

A pat on the back for the winning side



What would happen in the race itself, many thought, was that Secretariat would make liars of his critics by winning big or he would run well for a mile or so and then finish, say, fourth, just like his daddy. Secretariat would not be beaten by a nose or a head. With him, it would be all or nothing.

And it was a magnificent all. Everyone in Louisville, from professional handicappers to the engine room crew of the *Belle of Louisville*, knew that the sprinter, Shecky Greene, would go to the lead and hold it as long as he could. He did just that, breaking from the No. 11 stall in the 13-horse field and cutting over smartly to the rail as the colts thundered by the stands the first time. Jockey Laffit Pincay had gotten Sham away perfectly, and after being fifth at the start he moved into third. Secretariat broke with the field but immediately took himself back so far that soon he was running head and head with Warbucks in last place. Shecky Greene reeled off steady fractions—:23$^{2}/_{5}$ for the first quarter, :47$^{4}/_{5}$ for the first half mile, 1:11$^{4}/_{5}$ for six furlongs. When weariness overtook Shecky it was Sham who elected to lead the parade. He hit the mile in 1:36$^{1}/_{5}$ with a lead of less than a length. But now it was not a tiring Shecky Greene in second place but Secretariat, who had moved beautifully from sixth midway up the backstretch into a long steady drive leaving the half-mile pole. "He was doing everything on his own," Turcotte noted later. "I never asked him to run. He wanted to. So after we got around the clubhouse turn I just eased him out and figured I'd take a chance on losing ground on the rest of the turns. He felt from the start as though he was running well enough to win." Sham, on the inside, and Secretariat, going almost overcautiously wide, swung past the quarter pole at the head of the long Churchill Downs stretch. The handsome colts stormed toward the wire, running the next furlong as a phenomenal team, but approaching the eighth pole it was apparent that Sham had met more than his match. Secretariat, brilliantly hand-ridden by Turcotte, inched away from his rival, and although Sham was running a race of remarkable distinction (he lost part of two teeth by banging his head against the starting gate), Secretariat's performance was more. That final quarter in 23 seconds was faster than Shecky Greene's *first* quarter and the final time of 1:59$^{2}/_{5}$ was not all that far off the world record of 1:58$^{1}/_{5}$ set by Noor on a rock-hard California track in 1950 and equaled by Quack at Hollywood Park last season. None of the rest of the Derby field threatened. The Flamingo winner, Our Native, closed well to finish third but he was eight lengths behind Sham. Behind him, in order, came Forego, Restless Jet, Shecky Greene, Navajo, Royal and Regal, My Gallant, Angle Light, Gold Bag, Twice a Prince and Warbucks.



Ah, the sweet smell of red-seeming roses



Although Derbies have been won before in consecutive years by individuals, this marked the first time that the same owner-breeder, trainer and jockey had accomplished the feat. As the victors celebrated, their concerns of the past couple of weeks eased and smiles and laughter appeared again. The late Arthur (Bull) Hancock is a man who might have enjoyed this Derby as much as anyone. It was Hancock, the most influential breeder of the past few decades, who stood Bold Ruler at his Claiborne Stud in Paris, Ky. Hancock also bred Sham (who was sold for $200,000 to Sommer after Hancock's death last fall). Sham's sire, Pretense, is at stud at Claiborne, as is Forli, the sire of fourth-place finisher Forego. Princequillo, sire of the dams of both Secretariat and Sham, was another Claiborne stallion.

After watching Secretariat paraded off to the happy end of Barn 42, Penny Tweedy sighed, "Well, that's one Bold Ruler who can go the distance." When Lucien Laurin was asked if he had any thoughts about Pancho Martin now, he replied, "He's a wonderful trainer." Laurin thought about that for a moment and then added, with a twinkle, "and he should be made to pay the man who gave the information to Jimmy the Greek that Secretariat had a bad knee."

So it could be that Secretariat's mind was wandering on the day of the Wood Memorial, after all. Or that he had a bellyache. Or that he plain didn't feel like running. And you can throw out that race, despite the axiom. "I'll never understand what happened to him," said Laurin, "but he made up for everything today, all in less than two minutes."

Laurin had a distant look in his eyes as he continued: "I've got a half-brother to Secretariat and a half-brother to Riva Ridge. They are 2-year-olds. As God is my judge, either one—or both—might be better than Secretariat. . ."

Hold it. Hold it. When Laurin starts talking again, without thinking, you know everything's just fine with him and Penny Tweedy's Meadow Stable. Until the 100th Derby Day, that is. **END**

PUTTING A SWIFTY PAST CHICAGO

That was Montraal's prime mode of attack in the Stanley Cup finals—a series of startling leads and comebacks—as tha outmannad Black Hawks fought the Canadiens with high courage but lagging skates **by MARK MULVOY**

It was a wacky week for all of them—for de Maisonneuve Butch and the Czech with the friable finger, for Le Bras and Lou-Lou, for the Roadrunner and the rookie named Frig, and for the King of the Empty Nets. But as the days dwindled down in the frantic Stanley Cup finals it was becoming increasingly evident that at least one axiom held true: speed kills. Montreal had it, and it was killing the gutty but outmanned Chicago Black Hawks.

In the opening game, remember, the supercharged Canadiens came from behind to rout the Black Hawks 8–3, scoring four goals in the third period. Late in the game Montreal's Jimmy Roberts twice rammed Stan Mikita into the boards, obviously hoping to airmail the remains of that superior center back to his native Czechoslovakia. The middle finger of Mikita's right hand soon was swollen to the size of a dill pickle. It was latticed with stitches, painted an ugly burnt orange and encased in an aluminum splint. "It's not broken," he said, "but I can't bend it or hold my stick."

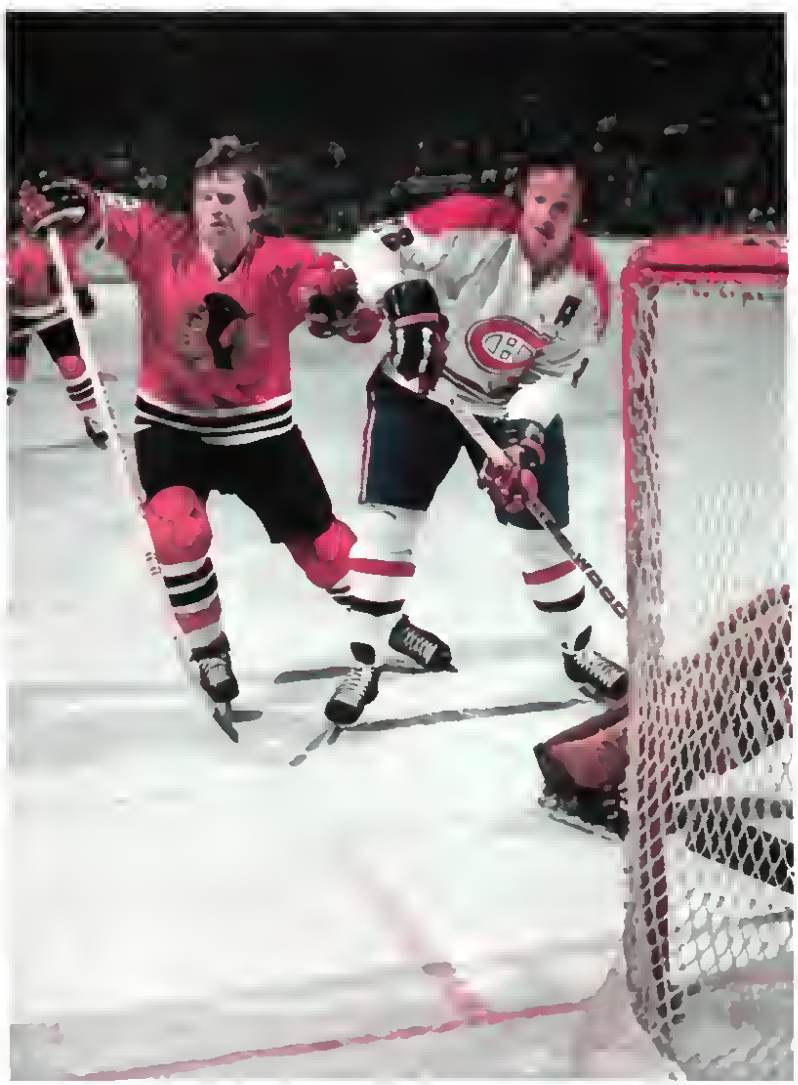
So Mikita became Chicago's cheerleader when the teams squared off in Game No. 2 at the Forum. His replacement was little Lou-Lou Angotti, a bouncy fourth-line forward who gets his five o'clock shadow at 9 a.m. "People are always ready to condemn you in a spot like this," Angotti said. "Sure, I can't tie Mikita's laces, but neither can a hundred other guys in this league."

Fearful of a game-long blitz similar to the third-period shelling in the opener, Chicago Coach Billy Reay altered his defensive strategy in an attempt to defuse the swifter Canadiens. Rather than continue the aggressive forechecking tactics that had failed so miserably, Reay instructed the Hawks to concentrate primarily on backchecking, in other words, they were supposed to skate side by side with the Canadiens all night.

Sound thinking, perhaps, if the opposition is the New York Rangers. But who can skate alongside Yvan (Roadrunner) Cournoyer or Jacques Lemaire or Guy Lafleur or Frank Mahovlich for more than two or three seconds without getting lost in transit. Rookie John Marks, who was assigned to trail the elusive Cournoyer, contemplated the hopelessness of his job. "One step," he said, "and Cournoyer is gone. I thought I'd be able to skate with him the way I skated with the Rangers, but he's something else. He just disappears on you."

Nevertheless, for half the game Chicago's new approach stifled all the Canadiens except Pierre Bouchard—de Maisonneuve Butch, as the affable bachelor restaurateur is known around Montreal. In his ughest nightmares Reay never imagined that Bouchard would score against the Black Hawks. Neither did Bouchard. Pressed into regular service when Defenseman Jacques Laperriere broke his nose, Bouchard gave the Canadiens an early 1–0 lead as he moved up from the blue line, took a passout from Claude Larose and fired a 25-foot wrist shot past a bewildered Tony Esposito. "How many goals did you score all year?" Bouchard was asked. He began to count on his fingers, then looked up and said: "That was my very first. And I think it was my 12th shot on goal, but it may have been my 16th."

Angotti, meanwhile, was sparking



Chicago's revival. Lou-Lou seems to run, not skate, and the Canadiens were penalized twice for their illegal attempts to stop him. Angotti helped set up Cliff Koroll as the Hawks tied the score midway through the game. But unfortunately for Chicago, the Roadrunner went beep-beep and singlehandedly ruined Reay's strategy. By then Marks had left Cournoyer's vicinity to play defense because Doug Jarrett injured his ribs. Cournoyer, the game's fastest skater, scored twice after disappearing behind the Chicago defense, and later Frank Mahovlich got his fifth empty-net goal of the season as Montreal won 4–1 and took a 2-0 lead in the series.

After the game Reay criticized the officiating of Referee Lloyd Gilmour. "What we could use in this league is one good American referee once in a while," Reay shouted. "All I want is a fair shake." He was particularly incensed over what he described as "a Canadian call" on Chicago's Pit Martin in the closing minutes when the Hawks were pressing a two-man advantage, and the diplomatic immunity Claude Larose seemed to enjoy as he shadowed Dennis Hull around the rink.

Returning home Thursday night, the Black Hawks obviously needed more than a fair shake to stop the Canadiens. "About the only thing we have going for us now," said Pat Stapleton, "is that the Canadiens usually skate a little slower on the road than they do at home." Then help arrived. Mikita's swollen finger softened considerably, and the doctors rigged it with bandages and sponge rubber. "The only thing they won't do is shoot the finger with pain-killer," Mikita said. He told Reay he could play, and Jarrett, presumed to be lost for the rest of the series, decided he could work, too.

There also was a new face in the lineup: 22-year-old Defenseman Len Frig, up from Dallas and dressing for his first NHL game. "You'll work on our power play," Reay told the nervous rookie.

As Reay had hoped, his comments on the officiating in Montreal paid immediate dividends when Larose, affectionately known as Le Bras—the arm—because he seems to have a dozen of them wrapped around his rival at all times, was penalized for bothering Hull after only 45 seconds of play. "Reay begged for help and got it," protested Montreal General Manager Sam Pollock. Without Larose's arms to worry about, Hull planted himself about 20 feet in front of the Canadiens' goaltender, Ken Dryden, and blasted a shot past him. Aroused, the Hawks at last abandoned the cautious approach that had failed in Montreal and began to storm Dryden. They beat him for three more goals in less than three minutes. One came on another power play, the others when the Canadiens supposedly had their own power play going.

J. P. Bordeleau surprised Dryden and the Canadiens with the first goal of the blitz—old Chicago style. The antique clock at Chicago Stadium is practically impossible to read. "You'd think they could afford a digital clock like they have in all the other rinks," said one Canadien. Unable to figure out when a penalty to Bordeleau would expire, the Montreal defensemen temporarily forgot about him—and there he was taking a pass from Mikita, bearing down on Dryden and flipping the puck over the goalie's glove. Moments later, with Hull in the penalty box, Bill White beat Dryden with a seeing-eye backhander from a bad angle, and then Mikita swatted his own rebound past Dryden to give the Black Hawks a startling 4–0 lead.

Frig helped Chicago increase it to 5–0 early in the second period when his shot from the blue line deflected off Marks and through Dryden. And the rookie personally prevented a Montreal goal a few minutes later by sprawling across the goal mouth and deflecting a Mahovlich shot out of the rink. "I had the whole net for a couple of seconds," Mahovlich said, "but I waited too long." Mahovlich did score against a guarded net later in the period to destroy Esposito's shutout, but the Canadiens—as the Black Hawks had suspected they would—were still moving about 10 mph slower than they had at the Forum. "It was like we were skating uphill," admitted Chuck Lefley.

Maybe so, but it was strictly downhill in the third period for the Canadiens as they quickly scored three goals against Esposito, missed at least a dozen more excellent scoring chances and had the Hawks clinging to a 5–4 lead in the final minute. Dryden came out of his net and was replaced by a sixth skater. Then, suddenly, there was Mahovlich—King of the Empty Nets—at the edge of the crease, 15 inches from the goal line, with the puck squarely on his stick and Esposito nowhere to be seen. "Overtime," Stapleton thought.

Incredibly, Mahovlich rolled the puck through the crease and into the corner of the rink, where Dennis Hull recovered it and fired it 150 feet down the ice and into the Canadiens' empty net. A few seconds later Jim Pappin also scored on a long-distance drive into the same empty net, and the Hawks escaped with a 7–4 victory. "I could kiss Frank," Mikita said. "I don't know how he missed."

Mikita unpuckered Sunday as the Canadiens kissed off the Hawks 4–0 to take a 3-1 lead in the series. (Over in the WHA finals, by the way, a former Black Hawk, Bobby Hull, was losing too: New England snuffed out his Winnipeg Je) By flashing in to net a pass from Marc Tardif, Cournoyer scored his 13th goal in 1973 cup play to come within a goal of Frank Mahovlich's 1971 record. "Speed," said Tardif, "will do it every time." **END**



Having sped to a lethal attacking position, Montreal's Cournoyer awaits goal-mouth pass



AN ANGEL WHO MAKES TURNSTILES SING

There is something about a strikeout pitcher that pulls people into ball parks. For California it is Nolan Ryan's fastball **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

It was unseasonably cold in Detroit and so, evidently, was Nolan Ryan, strikeout artist of the California Angels. The Tigers got three runs early, and with Mickey Lolich pitching for them that will usually do. But then something seemed to go out of the Tigers. As California Manager Bobby Winkles said, "Frank Robinson noticed it and started stirring things up on our bench. 'If they don't want this game,' he hollered, 'let's go out and get it for ourselves. It's too cold to sit around here and lose.' By the sixth inning we had the game tied and in the seventh I went to the mound to talk to Ryan. 'Nolie,' I said, 'are you getting a little tired? You've thrown 120 pitches.' He said, 'If you'd put a two in front of that 20 I'd believe you.' "

When the game between the Angels and Tigers was over last Wednesday the 26-year-old Ryan had worked 12 innings and thrown 205 pitches. "I couldn't find my fastball until the eighth inning," he said. "My rhythm was messed up. It sometimes happens at this time of the year." Ah, but Ryan had picked up his fourth victory as well as his fourth complete game in six starts while increasing his strikeout total—highest in baseball—to 66. On Sunday he added five more strikeouts but was wild and maybe tired as the Angels lost 5–0 to Baltimore.

"I really don't try to strike people out," Ryan says disconcertingly. "I am not going after any strikeout records. If they come, they come." Well, they are coming at a rate that should propel Ryan to a place alongside the only two pitchers since 1900 to strike out 300 hitters in consecutive seasons, Rube Waddell and Sandy Koufax. Three times this season Ryan has struck out more than 10 batters in a game. That makes 34 such performances in a very brief career. Until last year Ryan had never had the opportunity to pitch more than 152 innings a season. When he did get the chance he struck out 329 hitters in 284 innings—an average of 10.42 strikeouts for every nine innings of work. In their best seasons Koufax averaged 10.23 and Waddell 8.20. Bob Feller, another pretty fair fireballer, averaged 9.35.

Ryan is pitching for the Angels because the New York Mets traded him for Third Baseman Jim Fregosi during the winter of 1971, a deal that now looks like the grandest heist since Detroit exchanged Denny McLain for Washing-

Ryan kicks into a pitch against Detroit in eighth inning of a 12-inning endurance test.

ton's baseball team. "I liked the Mets," says Ryan, "but they always seemed to be in a pennant race, and I never got to work as much as I needed to just to learn how to pitch."

Admittedly, in his Mets days there seemed to be no controllin' Nolan. Today he is capable of fulfilling all the batting-cage metaphors: throwing a strawberry through a locomotive, a marshmallow into Fort Knox, etc. A wild Ryan in New York, however, might walk the opposition's entire roster as well as a passing poodle or two.

On first seeing him Rube Walker, the Mets' pitching coach, said, "His fastball has a heap of hurry on it." Others were not so kind. It was suggested that his arm needed a body transplant. In 73 starts for the Mets he finished only 13 games. And when he was not having problems with blisters on his pitching hand, he was off on military duty.

The Mets had originally come by him as the 295th choice in the 1965 draft. They dispatched him to Marion, Virginia in the Appalachian League, where that year he struck out 115 batters in 78 innings. A year later, at the age of 19, Ryan fanned 313 in 205 innings and was 17-2 for Greenville of the Western Carolina League.

He advanced to the Mets in 1968. They were developing pennant potential: Ryan, blisters. Still, such is the hunger for a thrower of strawberries through locomotives that Ryan was a semi-celebrity, and New Yorkers expected him to be Christy Mathewson, Allie Reynolds, Don Newcombe, Joe Page and Tom Seaver all at once. In 1969 Ryan was brilliant for New York in both the playoffs and World Series, but two winters later the Mets quit on him and made the trade for Fregosi—a .194 batsman when last we looked.

The trade was engineered by Harry Dalton, who in November 1971 had left Baltimore to become general manager of the Angels. What Dalton inherited was an inept and largely faceless team; in fact, he had been hired because Owners Bob Reynolds and Gene Autry were up on their high horses over front-office bungling. To get him, the Angels had to give Dalton a great deal of money. They also incurred the ire of Oriole Owner Jerry Hoffberger, having talked to Dalton without asking Hoffberger's permission. (Because of the furor over Dalton's departure from Baltimore—and the three top scouts who eventually went with him—Commissioner Bowie Kuhn has ordered the Angels not to hire anyone else from the Orioles until 1974.)

For Autry and Reynolds, Dalton had in writing "not quite 100 questions and concerns." One of the questions was whether he would have the free hand he wanted in player trades. He got it—and began eyeing Fregosi, the best player the Angel organization ever dressed. Many felt that Jim would become the team's player-manager. Dalton had other ideas. He went after a pitcher with Fregosi as bait. The pitcher Dalton ostensibly wanted was Gary Gentry of the Mets, because Dalton's Baltimore scouts had been high on Gentry and the first management man that Dalton as G.M. hired was Coach Bobby Winkles, who had handled Gentry at Arizona State. When the Mets would not yield Gentry, Dalton asked for Ryan. Some suspect he was the pitcher Dalton wanted all along.

Dalton knew that strikeout pitchers draw fans. Feller had an attendance clause in his contract with the Cleveland Indians; Koufax was generally credited with bringing 8,000 extra customers to Chavez Ravine each time he pitched. "Our ball club was so bad last year," says Dalton, "that it is difficult to judge Nolan's value off attendance figures. Still, I would say he meant at least 1,000 more people per game to us."

Virtually nobody was looking at California during the last third of the 1972 season, although the pitching staff put one excellent game atop another. Over the final 55 games the opposition was limited to three runs or less 41 times. So far this year Angel pitchers have sustained that excellence. Bill Singer has come over from the Dodgers to help Ryan, Clyde Wright and an improving Rudy May. Singer and Wright both have no-hitters and 20-game seasons behind them. Says Dalton: "I think our front four compare favorably with the Baltimore staff of Jim Palmer, Dave McNally, Mike Cuellar and Pat Dobson the year they all won 20 games. I'm talking about potential. They don't have the experience of that four, but they are men we can build on."

As Dalton builds, Ryan trys to duck comparisons with Koufax. "I don't think I will ever see a pitcher as good as Koufax," he says. "When I was in high school I went from home in Alvin, Texas to the old ball park in Houston to watch him pitch. His fastball did things I never thought a ball could be made to do." Sandy Koufax's fastball *did* do frightening things to batters. They would see it coming toward the plate at belt level and then leap armpit high. But while the Koufax fastball was best thrown high, Ryan's is best thrown low.

Jeff Torborg, who catches many of Ryan's games, caught Sandy's perfect game against the Chicago Cubs in 1965. "People think you can measure how fast a man throws a ball," says Jeff, "but you can't, at least when you get to that level of speed. Sandy was a control pitcher—a complete control pitcher. He had a superior curveball. Nolie has an excellent curve that gets better every time he works. If I had to make a comparison I'd say that right now Ryan reminds me of both Koufax and Don Drysdale. Nolan can sniff a win and really bring the ball in when he gets that whiff. In that way he reminds me of Drysdale. His speed reminds me of Sandy."

In Wednesday's Detroit game Torborg got a painful reminder of Ryan's speed. "We got crossed up on our signs," says Jeff. "I was expecting a curve when he threw the fastball. I got it on my bare hand and thought it was broken. If it hadn't caught the meat part, it certainly would have been broken. In a couple of days the swelling should go down."

Ron Perranoski, once the top Dodger reliever, now works out of the Angel bullpen. "I had read about Ryan when he was with the Mets," Perranoski says. "I watched him on television a couple of times. He could throw hard, but he really didn't seem to have too much of an idea about how to pitch. I think he does now. He is as fast as anybody. In time he is going to break all the strikeout records. Pitchers don't get their good stuff that often, but when Nolan does he is going to overpower the hitters. Look how long it took Sandy to get where he got."

John Roseboro caught two of Koufax' four no-hitters for the Dodgers. Roseboro, at present a coach for the Angels, says, "It isn't fair to compare Ryan and Koufax, but I'll say this: there is no pitcher in baseball today who is in better shape than Nolan Ryan. He knows what work is, and he works."

And when Ryan works, the Angels sing. **END**

IT WAS A NEW GAME ALL DOWN THE LINE

Yes, the Russians were coming, that was for sure. The question was, what were they coming to do: bury us, as they had in that still-controversial Munich basketball final, or simply gawk at skyscrapers and shake hands with Mickey Mouse? By the time the first week of the long-awaited tour was over, by the time the team from the Soviet Union had visited Los Angeles, San Diego, Albuquerque and Indianapolis and was on the way to New York and Baltimore, it was obvious that they had come to play—but that they just weren't playing well enough. The U.S., with so much more to lose, was busy proving that while basketball was born here, it certainly wasn't going to die here. Not just yet.

The main problem with the Russians during the coast-to-coast tour was that they appeared to be performing as if they had windup keys sticking out their uniform backs. This was not entirely true, as demonstrated by a two-point Soviet victory in San Diego after they had lost the opener. Disciplined, fiercely determined and honed to a fine edge from playing together almost year round, the Soviets rarely made mistakes and challenged a strong American team throughout the series. Mechanically, they were impressive. They used several variations of a zone defense for the first time in veteran Russian watchers' memory. Their young, big men, Ivan Dvorni and Aleksander Belov, were nettlesome with their hook shots underneath the basket, and they even unveiled a new intercontinental ballistic shooter, Aleksander Salnikov, who scored 31 points in Albuquerque.

In fact, it soon turned out that they had also come to learn. But while they were learning the intricacies of switching man-to-man defense, they were enjoying themselves, too, dancing with make-believe bears in Disneyland and feeding real-life whales at Sea World. Their traveling uniforms included gaudy Mexican sombreros given to them in New Mexico and oversized denims and double knits purchased in Indiana. They swayed awkwardly to American music and rubbernecked like awed tourists at the glass and steel canyons on the East Coast. It was apparent they were enjoying themselves—off the court.

The Americans, on the other hand, embraced the series as if it were a chance to avenge Sputnik, the grain deal and the travails of *Terry and the Pirates* as well as that embarrassing loss in Munich. The



The Russians were running but the U.S. was running faster, so after months of humiliation came revenge

by BARRY McDERMOTT



Amateur Athletic Union, sponsor of the tour, induced Bob Cousy to coach the U.S. team and, after the usual trying NCAA-AAU byplay, got Doug Collins, Bobby Jones, Tom Henderson and Jim Brewer, who were on that Olympic team, and Bill Walton, who was not, to play. They were joined by college stars Ernie DiGregorio, Ron Behagen, Swen Nater and George Karl, and when Cousy announced his team would play quarterhorse basketball instead of the dragging style so favored by Olympic Coach Henry Iba, it was all anyone could do to keep from quivering with anticipation.

Forget the Team Canada hockey series. Hadn't the Soviets needed three tries and all kinds of devious chicanery to beat us at Munich? And that was a U.S. team that for various excuses was not nearly as strong as it could have been. Walton preferred to stay in California and practice making funny faces. Nater quit because they wouldn't feed him enough cheeseburgers. Some of our top players weren't even asked, and others said no. *And Iba, it was pointed out, made the* players perform as if they were dribbling to the strains of *Moon River*.

This East-West confrontation, they said, would be different, and by the time the third game was over even the Russians were becoming impressed. The spindly Jones, a junior at North Carolina, had missed but four of his first 20 shots. In Albuquerque he hit eight of 10 and led the team in rebounding despite being bent and mashed into Silly Putty by the brawny Russians. "He's a hell of a pro prospect," said Cousy in admiration. "That kid is really something. I don't know if he has an outside shot because he never shoots outside. He doesn't have to. He has the ability to score in close with as little wasted motion as anybody I've ever seen. And he has guts."

That had first become evident back in San Diego, where Jones offered the token resistanee of a carnival dummy being knocked over with a ball. Only this time the ball was the 6′ 10″, 240-pound Dvorni. "I saw him coming," recalls Jones, "and you can't imagine the things that went through my mind. At UNC I would have stood there because we always take charges. Then I thought, 'He's 6′ 10″ and 240.' And then at the last moment, I thought, 'I'm going to do it for my country.' That was the most terrifying moment I've had in my life." When the fans, players, coaches and officials opened their eyes and took their fingers out of their ears, Jones got up, and Dvorni went to the bench with his fifth personal foul and a quizzical look on his face.

Not that the U.S. had all the pro prospects. Belov is 6′ 7″ and he handles the ball as well as anyone on the Soviet squad. In fact he brings the ball upcourt against a pressing defense. A good outside shooter, he prefers to get low position where his strength, speed and spring are handiest. He also is strong on defense and even for the Russians, very emotionless, so much so that he hardly seems capable of perspiration, sort of a John Havlicek in red. A student who is studying shipbuilding in the Soviet Union, Belov was asked if he knew he could make 150,000 rubles a year playing professional basketball in America. "I know it," he shrugged. "It is nothing. *Really. It is nothing.*"

The U.S. team assembled in Los Angeles a week before the start of the series. Collins was not there, missing because of an ankle sprained prior to an all-star game in Las Vegas. Neither was Brewer, who was embroiled in negotiations over his pro contract. Still, everyone's enthusiasm was boundless, primarily because of Walton. The UCLA star dismissed any suggestion that he was participating because of guilt feelings over skipping the Olympics, but his fervor was hard to escape. "We all but had to hose him down with ice," said Cousy. Despite a sore ankle and his bad knees, Walton wanted to take part in the two-a-day practices until Cousy assured him it would be better to work only once daily.

As coach of the Kansas City-Omaha Kings, Cousy had just completed an arduous pro season, but he was eager to go against the Russians, not because they were Russians or Communists—"I cannot understand how anyone with a degree of education can dislike any group for whatever reason"—but because he is enough of a sentimentalist to get blurred vision over the national anthem.

The coach's preparations were as complete as a teen-ager prepping for his driver's license exam. Besides the twice-daily drills, he scheduled countless strategy meetings with his assistants, Draff Young, his aide at KC-O, and Buster

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

Russia's pro-quality star, Alaksander Belov, outmaneuvers Swan Nater with his spring.

Sheary, his college coach when he played at Holy Cross. Cousy kept voluminous notes, studied films with his team and had them view a videotape of the Munich loss. All of this might have seemed an example of overcoach, especially since the Russians had left some of their better players at home. For example, Sergei Belov, a fine guard but no relation to Aleksander, missed the trip because of a sprained ankle.

The Russians arrived in America and promptly stuck their sneakers in their mouths. At a New York press conference they said they were not fearful of playing against Walton, in fact they never had heard of him. "Is he white or black?" they wondered. "You're going to have to teach the Russians how to spell your name," a delighted Cousy told Bill.

Before a packed house in Los Angeles and a national television audience, the Russians were introduced to Walton. Although the UCLA center played a measly 16 minutes, he treated the guests as if they were a college team, blocking shots and controlling the boards. One play in particular demonstrated the Walton style. Belov had the ball on a clean breakaway in the second half. As he jumped to lay it in, Walton thundered up behind him, reached over the Russian's shoulder and swatted the ball away. The crowd reacted as if their taxes had been cut. The U.S. scored an easy 83–65 victory.

True, Walton wrenched a knee as a result of battering from the visitors and would not play again; granted, some of DiGregorio's passes, which often brought oohs from the stands, reacted as if they had spaghetti sauce on them; and, agreed, the Russians outshot the U.S. team from the floor. Still, most onlookers felt that the Russians, who wore wrinkled YMCA-type uniforms with felt numbers tacked on their backs, would be better off sticking to gymnastics and leave the dunking to us.

Cousy, however, was not as enthusiastic. After flying to San Diego for the second game of the series Monday night, he said, "I think we'll split. We'll win three, they'll win three. Tomorrow night it could be reversed, and we might lose by 20. They are very well disciplined and they have strength. All I know is that the secret to this game is the boards. And they go to the boards well, they block out and they're strong. They were disciplined today and I think they will be better tomorrow."

One thing the Russians had in their favor was their understanding of the unwieldy set of international rules under which the series was played. Because the rules limit free-throw shooting, it is to a team's advantage to be rough and disorderly under the basket, a fact the Soviets quickly drummed into the Americans' sore bodies. In the loss at San Diego, the U.S.'s Behagen tried to retaliate by hitting Belov with an elbow while the two were running downfloor. "I didn't do it out of anger," Behagen explained. "I was just trying to do what they were doing to us. They look around to see where the officials are before they do anything. If they're not looking, they hit you. Coach Cousy told me to see what I could get away with." For his efforts, the confused Behagen was thrown out of the game.

The Americans were confident despite the missing Walton. "I can block his shot," Nater told Cousy at a workout when the coach fretted about Dvorni's inside hooks. Dvorni played only 16 minutes, but made eight of 13 shots, mostly hooks, and Nater is still wondering how to block them. The Russians won when Jaak Salumets hit two free throws with just under two minutes remaining, although the U.S. had several chances before Jim Oxley's last-second attempt hit the left edge of the rim and rattled off for a 78–76 Soviet victory.

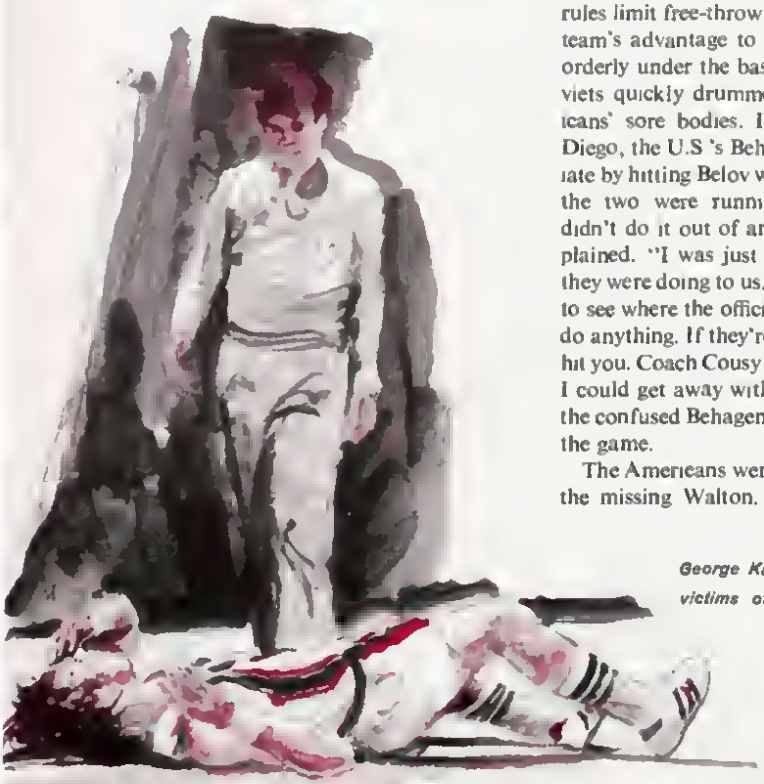
On Wednesday night in the locker room in Albuquerque, Cousy unleashed his secret weapon, his old coach, Sheary. During his seven years at Holy Cross, Sheary amazed his team with what might gently be called fanaticism. Once, striving to convince his players that they could not be hurt if they refused to acknowledge fear, he knocked himself out while smashing his head with his fist and chanting, "It doesn't hurt. It doesn't hurt."

Now Sheary got down on his 64-year-old knees and gave one of his emotional speeches, freely invoking references to God and country. Cousy was so moved that he had to leave the room to avoid tears. The players did not have that alternative, and when they took the floor they held the Russians without a field goal for the first 3½ minutes and went on to an easy victory, 83–67, leading by 27 points on several occasions. Belov had a sore ankle and did not play, but Aleksander Salnikov made 11 of 17 shots, mostly from the corners. "I tried three different guys on him and couldn't slow him," Cousy said.

At Indianapolis, strengthened by the addition of big Marvin Barnes and Len Elmore, the U.S. stars continued their domination of the Russians. Cousy's assiduous preparations were paying rich dividends. For 30 minutes the Americans played inspired ball, and behind the audacious Karl and implacable DiGregorio, the U.S. built a 20-point lead before the margin was whittled to 83–75 by the game's end.

The Russian officials on hand were as different as Nater (7 feet) and DiGregorio (6'1"). The leader of the delegation, Vladimir Khudoleev, looked like that old stereotype of a Russian: well-scrubbed pink face; deep-set eyes, scowl, rumpled dark suit, sunglasses. His personality reminded people of someone bothered with nasal drip flavored with pure lemon. After the opening Russian defeat at Los

continued



George Karl was one of many victims of the bruising play.

Anatomy of a Gremlin

1. Gremlin is the only little economy car with a standard 6-cylinder engine.
2. Reaches turnpike speed easily.
3. Weighs more than other small cars. And its wheels are set wider apart.
4. Has a wider front seat.
5. A wider back seat.
6. And more headroom in the trunk.

And only American Motors makes this promise: The Buyer Protection Plan backs every '73 car we build. And we'll see that our dealers back that promise.



AMERICAN MOTORS BUYER PROTECTION PLAN

1. A simple, strong guarantee just 101 words! When you buy a new 1973 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that except for tires it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship. This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada, and that guaranteed repairs or replacement be made by an American Motors dealer.

2. A free loaner car from almost every one of our dealers if guaranteed repairs take overnight.

3. Special Trip Interruption Protection.

4. And a toll free hot line to AMC Headquarters.

Buckle up for safety.

AMC Gremlin

We back them better because we build them better.



In 1948 veteran driver Mauri Rose was back at the Brickyard for a try at what few men accomplish. Back to back victories in the Indianapolis 500.

They said it made no sense to insure the Indy.

That same year CNA/insurance was there for the first time with a comprehensive insurance package that not only covered the drivers, but included mechanics and pit crews as well. For the first time since the race began in 1911, a single insurance company was able to insure drivers, their reliefs and crews, every participant in the race. Insured in a way that made good economic sense for all.

CNA has been making sense of it for 25 years.

CNA/Insurance 310 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois 60604. Continental Casualty Co., American Casualty Co., National Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford.



The experts never expected us to accomplish what we did. Just as they never expected Mauri Rose to win his second victory. But he did. Piloting his Blue Crown Spark Plug Special to a then record 129.129 mph. Mauri Rose never come back to win another 500.

But we've come back to insure them ever since. Adding extra protection in coverage and benefits to the participants of America's oldest race.

We've insured every Indianapolis 500 since 1948. And every sanctioned USAC race since 1956. Not because insuring auto racing is our specialty. But because writing the best insurance coverage possible is. Coverage that offers more value for each insurance dollar.

It's what made us the major part of a growing three billion dollar corporation. Growing because we've got the special skills to write insurance where others can't. Or won't. For the biggest or smallest of companies. And the special kind of people and CNA agents that make it possible. Aggressive, innovative, creative. People who write insurance not to be first. But to set precedents. To go where insurance never was. Do what insurance never did. And do it better than anyone else.

GOING WHERE INSURANCE NEVER WAS

CNA/insurance

A PART OF CNA FINANCIAL CORPORATION

Transcontinental Insurance Co Transportation Insurance Co Valley Forge Insurance Co Valley Forge Life Insurance Co., CNA Casualty of California



Smoke from the finest tobeccos filtered through a bed of reel chercoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Angeles, Khudoleev turned truculent and refused to allow newsmen to talk to the team.

At the other extreme was the Russian coach, Vladimir Kandrashin, a likable, businesslike man who has coached the team for three years. In the one Soviet victory in San Diego he proved that he knows what he is doing, completely changing the programmed Russian style into a running game that matched the Americans'. At each game Kandrashin had someone taking films of the action and he requested an audience with Cousy late in the week to talk over the vagaries of the sport. Make no mistake about it, the Russians are improving. In addition to Munich they have won the University Games and the European championships under the aegis of the 44-year-old Kandrashin.

Wherever they went, the Russians provoked curiosity. "I don't know what to think of it," said Glenn Ferguson, a past commander of American Legion Post No. 64 in Indianapolis. "Lots of people think different about it. Like how about when the Japs [*sic*] came over last year? The Jap Ping-Pong team. Lots of people thought different about that, but if it's a sports-minded thing, I'm for it. If it's a group of Communists coming over here trying to tell us what to do, though, I'm against that 100%."

In reality, the Soviets appeared no more dangerous than the Boy Scouts. With their clean-cut looks, clear eyes and earnest deportment, they seemed like so many youths off a Nebraska farm, unless they happened to be spotted eating their curious breakfast salad of one whole tomato, one whole onion and one whole cucumber. They read with incredulity about Watergate, offering the information that none of them ever had been eavesdropped upon. During a postgame reception in Los Angeles, a young and pretty California blonde named Kathy Wilcox told Soviet player Ivan Edeshko she was surprised that the Russian players could mingle freely with the Americans. "The people in America same as Russia," said Edeshko. "Same. In Italy, France, Spain, not same. America, the same!" And then, looking at the young girl, he added with a sheepish grin and a wink: "Especially the girls."

The only thing different, it seemed, was the U.S. basketball team. Since the Russians had last seen it in Munich, it had changed a great deal **END**

You can smell a great shave coming.

With English Leather you can actually smell a great shave coming. Even before you put blade to beard.

That's because we pour so much of our great English Leather® aroma into every can of our new concentrated shave cream. It's almost like putting on our famous After Shave before you shave.

Then there's the cream. Thick, rich, luxurious. With special beard softening agents. To give you a shave that's cleaner and smoother than anything you ever imagined.

And your nose will keep telling you all day long what a great shave you had.



ENGLISH LEATHER SHAVE CREAM 11 OZ. **$1.50**, 6 OZ. **$1.00**.
ALSO IN LIME AND TIMBERLINE MENTHOL

PRODUCTS OF MEM CO., INC., NORTHVALE, N.J. © 1971

ON YOUR MARK, GET SET, SELL

Mark Spitz has seven golds, $5 million in endorsements and a beautiful bride, but his image needs regilding ***by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM***

Ask Mark Spitz about his place in the world today and he replies, with characteristic bluntness, "I'm a commodity, an endorser." Raise the matter with Norman Brokaw, the Los Angeles talent agent under whose care Spitz is amassing a fortune to match his Olympic fame, and you receive an answer rather more elaborate. "Mark Spitz performs services for several major companies," Brokaw says. "He's an instant star. He's the greatest hero since Lindbergh."

In the busy days before Spitz was once again decorated with gold—this time a wedding band on his tanned left hand—Brokaw's assessment seemed hardly overdrawn. When Mark and fiancee Suzy Weiner (*see cover*) drove off one morning to pick up their wedding license, they kept their mission secret only to find, as they did almost everywhere else they went, newspaper photographers lying in wait at the Santa Monica courthouse. Sketches of Spitz' honeymoon wardrobe ("yours for cutting and folding") wound up in the local papers, and the *Hollywood Reporter* called a Spitz-Weiner wedding invitation the hottest ticket in town. Taking time out from writing thank-you notes for the silver trays, chinaware and other gifts that were pouring in, Suzy joined Mark one afternoon aboard his new 39-foot racing sloop *Samark 7*.

As the boat sailed into the Pacific, Instamatics clicked alongshore, other vessels reconnoitered for a better view of the famous skipper and a small girl aboard a cabin cruiser jumped up and down at the sight of him. "Look at that," Spitz said happily. "She sees me."

Spitz' days were darkened only when the Los Angeles *Times* suggested that he was being merchandised like "a chunk of plastic livestock" and characterized him as peevish and inarticulate. When Mark drove Suzy in his Mercedes 450SL to a steak house named Monty's, the parking attendant sympathized, "They really did a job on you, Mr. Spitz." Entering the restaurant, Spitz caused his usual sensation, although Suzy, in low-slung bellbottoms and with her blonde hair flowing, could have turned heads by herself. Suzy has modeled for national TV commercials, and she has the wholesome, dimpled prettiness one routinely expects of every UCLA coed—which is what she was before meeting Mark Spitz.

She was already showing a willingness, moreover, to stick by her man in sickness as well as health. "That story in the *Times* was demeaning," Suzy said. "It made me *so* mad."

"Some people are just going to hate me, and I don't know why," Mark said. "I guess you can't win them all." He was interrupted when the hostess approached with a problem. Mark and Suzy had arranged to hold their rehearsal dinner in the same restaurant later in the week but in the excitement of landing so prestigious a booking the management had forgotten that the private room the couple reserved had been taken by the local Kiwanis club. "This is very embarrassing," the hostess said.

But the confusion was soon cleared up, the rehearsal dinner went smoothly and, finally, in a Sunday-afternoon ceremony at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Mark Andrew Spitz, 23, and Susan Ellen Weiner, 21, became legend and wife. Curiosity-seekers and *paparazzi* were kept at a comfortable distance while 300 guests gathered in the Crystal Room, which was festooned with pink and white chrysanthemums and roses. The room was cheerful, if less lavishly decorated than it had been for Dean Martin's wedding reception a few days earlier, a party said to have cost $60,000 for flowers, another $20,000 for food.

Mark's Aunt Katie and Uncle Paul were there, as was Cousin Sherman, the best man. They rubbed elbows with Spitz' old swimming teammates from Indiana, former coaches and with the lawyers and press agents who oversee his affairs. Also present were Mark's parents, Arnold Spitz recently lost his job with an Oakland scrap metal firm and now is a paid consultant to his son.



The menu included Chicken Polynesian and California champagne. But first Mark and Suzy exchanged vows beneath a *chuppah*—wedding canopy—in a traditional Jewish ceremony that included a reading of e. e. cummings poetry selected by the bride and groom:

for you are and i am and we are (above and under all possible worlds) in love



Spitz was dashingly handsome, as always, and his bride, in a high-necked English net gown and carrying lilies of the valley, exuded all the warmth her husband has sometimes been accused of lacking. Although Suzy dropped out of college in January, she continues to model and has signed to appear with Mark in TV commercials for Schick razors, one of the products he endorses. After the wedding the newlyweds left for a two-day appearance for Schick in Florida, which was to be followed by a delayed honeymoon to a destination that the couple was trying, no doubt vainly, to keep secret. As Arnold Spitz put it, "These newspaper writers have a lot of guts. If we let them, they'd tag along on the honeymoon."

Behind that lament is the dilemma of how to keep Mark Spitz' fame flowering while avoiding all the thorns. Spitz is a singular merchandising phenomenon. The potential value of his endorsements already under contract has been estimated at $5 million. He has made guest television appearances with Bob Hope, Bill Cosby and Sonny and Cher, and in recent weeks appeared on covers of publications as disparate as the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Rolling Stone* and the *National Enquirer*. He pops up, variously, on the sports, business and entertainment pages, and his wedding put him on the society pages, too.

The exposure is not always adulatory, witness the Los Angeles *Times* story. Also unfavorable was a widely reprinted *New York Times* piece that dismissed Spitz, witheringly, as "just another pretty face." Subscribing to a similar view, few book publishers even nibbled at offers of a full-length Spitz autobiography—Mark's managers had hoped for a $100,000-plus advance—and the Chicago *Daily News* recently quoted an unnamed Schick executive as calling the company's relationship with Spitz a costly mistake. "That guy is so dumb I can't believe it," the executive said in the *News*. "He fouls up public appearances and it's devastating." Schick called the story a fabrication and considered legal action.

Where Spitz' achievements at Munich were perfect and unambiguous—seven swims, seven golds, seven world records—his new career has taken some odd turns. A case in point is the ubiquitous poster on which he grinningly poses in his swimming briefs and seven gold medals. The poster has sold 300,000 copies at $2 or more each (Spitz' cut is 15¢), making him the most popular pinup since Betty Grable. But it is arguable whether Spitz' appeal alone brought about the poster's success or whether, conversely, its success helped make Spitz. The poster is popular among worshipful swimboppers but has also sold well among homosexuals, for whom Spitz has become almost a cult figure, and as a gag gift among sophisticates amused by what they consider his bumbling manner and glossy looks.

Friends say that Spitz is pained by the ridicule heaped on him, yet he outwardly does a convincing imitation of a swimmer laughing all the way to the bank. "It's like a game to see how much money I can make," he says. "It's just amazing to me. I thought maybe I'd make $20,000, enough to pay my way through dental school. But I guess I've caught on as a symbol or something. I know I'm lucky, but I also feel I'm entitled to make a buck. If Arnold Palmer could endorse dry cleaners, why can't I endorse razors?" Asked if he still plans to go to dental school someday, he says, "Are you kidding?"

Spitz' game is not simply to see how much he can make, but also, he says, "How little I can spend." He seems to be winning here, too. The manufacturer of Spartan pools, another product which he endorses, has given Mark and Suzy a free trip to Jamaica, where they plan to spend a few weeks as a second honeymoon. They will live in Mark's $1,000-a-

continued

IN THE WEEK BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE, Spitz tries on new duds, poses with fiancee Suzy Weiner before his celebrated poster and watches a videotape of what made it all possible





month waterside apartment, which he rents, he says coyly, for "a good rate—a *very* good rate." The two-bedroom apartment is in Marina Del Rey, a Los Angeles enclave of boats and dimly lighted restaurants favored by tourists and the unattached. A sightseeing boat called *Marina Belle* plies its waterways, and passengers are alerted by loudspeaker when Mark Spitz' building comes into view.

The apartment is only a few blocks from the bank where Spitz stashes his seven gold medals. It is also within walking distance of *Sumark 7*, a custom-built, $65,000 boat that he named in honor of his wife, himself and his gold medals. The boat is owned by Schick, which leases it to Spitz for $1 a year.

Spitz enthusiastically took up sailing after Munich. "It's quiet and relaxing on the boat," he says. "It also gives me a new challenge, and that's what I need now." Spitz hopes soon to get into ocean racing, and it was with only the most fleeting tinge of nostalgia for competitive swimming that he turned on the machine in his living room one afternoon to watch a 20-minute videotape of his seven Olympic swims, which ABC-TV edited and presented to him as a gift.

Having already watched the film some two dozen times, Spitz knew the narration by heart. "Here's where Murray Rose says I have trouble with my turns," he whispered and then, right there on Mark Spitz' own videotape machine, Rose went and said it. At the end of the screening, Spitz sat quietly a moment. "I miss that—the excitement of the Olympics," he said at last. "But I don't miss the 12 years of busting my butt that went into it."

Spitz has done little swimming since Munich. Visiting his fiancée's home in Westwood, he raced a couple of times in the family swimming pool with Suzy's older brother, spotting Steve Weiner a four-length handicap in an eight-length race. Mark won once, lost once. He also got wet a couple of days before his wedding to pose for publicity pictures for a new line of Mark Spitz swimwear to be manufactured by Arena, a subsidiary of Adidas. The photo session took place at the magnificent hilltop home of Norman Brokaw, who calls his representation of Spitz "my greatest coup."

The 46-year-old Brokaw, a vice-president of William Morris, the world's largest theatrical agency, comes across as flashy and conservative in equal parts. Smooth and low-keyed, he drives a black 1973 Eldorado and wears dress shirts that are stiffly English at the collar but speak French at the cuffs. Brokaw refers to himself—in a trait he shares with Hubert Humphrey and the Pope—in the third person. He calls his approach to the merchandising of Spitz "the Norman Brokaw Game Plan," and says of his efforts on his client's behalf, "We're right on target. When Brokaw says he'll deliver, he delivers."

The first phase of the Norman Brokaw Game Plan involves product endorsements, which include, besides the deals for razors, swimming pools and bathing suits, a new promotional contract with a major manufacturer of men's clothing. Brokaw expects to ease his client into more public appearances—at $12,500 a crack—and he also plans TV specials as well as the inevitable movie debut. As he puts it, "You can quote Brokaw as saying that Spitz will make movies when a suitable vehicle comes along."

Brokaw insists on "dignity" in everything Spitz undertakes, and he can afford to be choosy. Spitz' fan mail, an avalanche after Munich, still rumbles in at the rate of at least 30 or 40 letters a day. As for business offers, Brokaw rejected a proffered $250,000-a-year tiein with a brewery ("The wrong image for a hero") as well as a Mark Spitz swimming doll ("The construction was not of high quality") and was honestly compelled to reply in the negative when RCA records sent Spitz a wire asking IS IT TRUE THAT YOU *SING*? Brokaw also maintains what he calls a proposals file, which contains letters of the kind that Spitz received from one young woman, who wrote, "I feel I could give you a lot of pleasure. You are probably very tired of swimming."

With Brokaw's blessings, Spitz has pledged to raise money for a swim-therapy facility, which will be part of Los Angeles' vast new Cedars-Sinai medical complex and be called the Mark Spitz Swim Center. Last week Brokaw received a visit from a Los Angeles businessman named Irv Terry, who also hoped to enlist Spitz' support for a sports center to be built at Israel's University of Haifa as a memorial to the 11 coaches and athletes slain at the Olympics. "Mark is the Samson of his people," Terry said. Brokaw promised to produce his client at a $500-a-couple fund-raising dinner.

Brokaw would not be distressed, of

continued



If this is what you remember best after a day bass fishing, your boat was probably built with Starcraftsmanship.

You don't buy a Bass Boat to impress your friends with a flashy boat. You buy it to impress your friends with a flashy catch.

At Starcraft, we never forget that fact. That's why we build our boats with Starcraftsmanship. Starcraftsmanship is, basically, a standard of excellence.



Coming up to that standard required us to ask a professional to help us design our bass boat. Bill Dance is recognized as one of the best bass fishermen in the United States.

Between Bill and Starcraft, we've got a boat that he believes he can use successfully in competition and you can use successfully for pleasure. Bill sees 4 outstanding features in the 16′ Pro.

First there's the basic stability guaranteed by a tri-hull and flotation unit approved by the BIA. At Bill's suggestion we built a molded inner liner into the Pro-hull for easy maintenance.

There's additional storage space. Lockable storage—big enough to hold six 7′ rods.

And all the storage space is in more convenient locations.

Almost everything on the 16′ Pro is a little more convenient.

The 16′ Pro is also comfortable. You could almost forget you're fishing. Almost.

But more than all the features on our boats, our craftsmanship will impress you.

It impressed Bill.

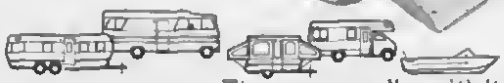
When we install a recirculating pump in one of the live wells, it recirculates.

If you turn around to get in one of the storage compartments, your chair doesn't get stuck half way round the turn.

Little things like that are important to Starcraft. Important to Bill Dance. And important to you. We know. They're the reasons you can remember a day like this one. And every bass fisherman in the world deserves that.

Write to us for more information about our 18′ Pro I.O. and O.B., 16′ Pro O.B., 16′ Bassmaster Deluxe O.B., 18′ and 16′ Bassmaster O.B.; and the name of your nearest dealer. Dept E11-5 Starcraft Company, Goshen, Ind., 46526





STARCRAFT

The more you live with it, the more you appreciate it.

A Bangor Punta Company

course, if these charitable activities helped repair, once and for all, Mark Spitz' image. In Spitz' case, the line between confidence and cockiness has never been surveyed to satisfaction, and some took it as a presumptuous comparison when the ex-swimmer explained away a particularly wooden TV performance by saying, "Not even Laurence Olivier could have done anything with the material I had." Betraying few doubts about his potential as an actor, Spitz is even surer of his ability to handle his new boat. Asked if he needs more sailing experience before he starts racing in a big way, he replies, "I only need a more experienced crew." He has, in fact, very quickly become a competent sailor.

Spitz has difficulty engaging in the glib, hail-fellow chatter expected of public personalities. Dining one night in a Mexican restaurant in Marina Del Rey, he was approached by a stranger making a great show of presenting him with a glass of milk, a scene Mark has endured all too often since making commercials for the West Coast milk industry. "Thanks," Spitz muttered in embarrassment, scarcely looking up. He went off at another moment to a trendy Beverly Hills men's shop, where he was fitted for a matching plaid slacks-vest ensemble. "It's the Spitz clan," the salesman said, but Mark was too busy examining the fabric to appreciate the little joke.

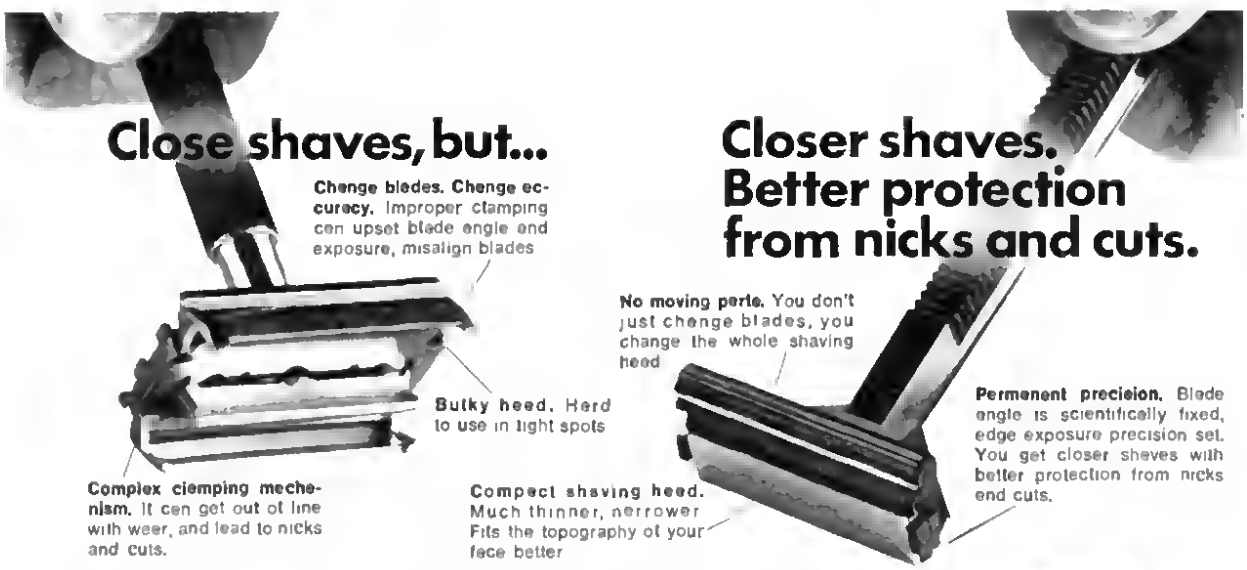
When reporters try to draw him out, Spitz sometimes babbles on, at other moments abruptly clams up. He is capable of splendid irrelevancies, as when he said of buying a dining room table, "It's like going through a book and selecting a face for your child." At the same time, he can be a bit of a wise guy. Asked at a press conference how many endorsement offers he has received, Spitz asked in return, "How many clouds are in the sky?"

The task of steering Spitz through the jungle of gossip columnists and other press sharpshooters falls to Jay Bernstein, a 35-year-old transplanted Oklahoman who, in a decade, has become one of Hollywood's most successful press agents. Polite, professional and boyishly disarming, Bernstein travels in a chauffeured limousine equipped with TV, telephone and stereo tapedeck, the better to serve a clientele that includes Burt Bacharach, Dionne Warwicke and George Peppard. He also does publicity for Dr Pepper, which calls itself the most misunderstood soft drink. Bernstein obviously feels that Mark Spitz is misunderstood, too, which is why he assumes a beleaguered air when discussing him.

"Mark is intelligent, but he's not an intellectual," Bernstein says. "He's not up on his Socrates. He's also a loner, and everybody knows it's easier to deal with somebody who's outgoing. Mark simply hasn't learned the art of talking and saying nothing."

Bernstein's earliest approach to handling Spitz was reminiscent of the Goldwater partisan in 1964 who, during a speech by the GOP presidential candidate, cried in alarm, "There are men out there writing down every word he says!" Bernstein seldom granted interviews with

continued



Up till now, men liked their double-edge razors for close shaves. But now there is something better... the Wilkinson BONDED Razor. It not only shaves closer, but also gives you better protection from nicks and cuts.

The Wilkinson BONDED is so advanced that when tested against the most popular double-edge razor, with hundreds of men, it won in *every* category of shaving performance. The Wilkinson BONDED was superior for less irritation, better first shaves, longer blade life, *and* closer shaves with fewer nicks and cuts.

Clearly, the Wilkinson BONDED Razor is a major advance over the kind of razor most men shave with.



THE WILKINSON BONDED RAZOR.
A BETTER WAY TO SHAVE

© 1973 Wilkinson Sword Inc

Trademarks are the property of Wilkinson Sword Limited London England



ALL THESE MOWERS START A JOB YOU HAVE TO FINISH.

EXCEPT ONE.

Most mowers cut the grass and let you take care of the clippings. This Bolens 22" Mulching Mower has an exclusive multi-pitch blade that cuts the grass, then cuts and re-cuts the clippings into tiny particles. These particles are blown down into your lawn—where they decompose into a rich mulch. Out of sight. You have no cumbersome bags to empty. No clippings to rake. The job is finished in one pass.



Since this mower doesn't throw out clippings, it has no discharge chute. You mow with greater safety. And trim with both sides of the mower. It has an adjustable handle. Console-mounted controls. Front wheel drive. It's also available in 22" and 18" hand-propelled models. You'll find the same quality and ingenuity in Bolens tractors, riding mowers, snowthrowers, mulcher/baggers and tillers. Built to keep you a good yard ahead.

BOLENS®
FMC CORPORATION
A good yard ahead

CONFIDENCE: THAT'S WHAT THE RADIAL MEANS TO YOU

THE NEW CUSTOM STEELGARD RADIAL TIRE HAS 5 GUARDS TO HELP PROTECT YOU 5 WAYS

It's the radial that gives you confidence in just about every driving situation you'll come up against. The confidence of superb ride, strength, traction, cornering, and response.

No other radial offers you this combination of features. Five specific guards are built into every Custom Steelgard radial tire to help protect you 5 ways—to give you the 5 guard feeling of confidence.

And when you're behind the wheel, that's a mighty good feeling.

THE CUSTOM STEELGARD RADIAL – A 40,000 MILE TIRE



GOODYEAR

Custom Steelgard T.M. © Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company Akron Ohio

Available in the following sizes: DR 78-14, LR 78-15, GR 70-15, HR 78-15, HR 78-14, JR 78-15

NEW GOODYEAR STEELGARD





1 Guard 1: Against Rough Ride.
Every Steelgard radial tire has a flexible polyester cord body. This is the backbone of the tire—a tough, pliable carcass of shock-absorbing polyester to cushion the bumps for a smooth, comfortable ride.

2 Guard 2: Against Penetration Under the Tread.
Steel is strong. Double steel belts help guard against hazards on the toughest roads you'll come up against. It's a nice, secure feeling to know you're riding on a Goodyear Steelgard radial tire that puts tough steel cord between you and the road.







3 Guard 3: Against Wet Skids.
The Steelgard radial tire has a computer-designed tread pattern. In wet weather, four deep grooves provide an effective route to channel the water from under the tire. This action helps keep the tread firmly on the road in the wet.

4 Guard 4: Against Loss of Road Contact on Curves.
Two special grooves help the tread and the sidewall to work independently of each other. In some radial tires the tread may tend to lift from the road on curves. In the Goodyear Steelgard tire, the sidewall can flex outward while the tread remains firm for traction.

5 Guard 5: Against Sluggish Handling.
Every Goodyear Steelgard radial tire has special stabilizers built into the lower sidewalls. They act as a reinforcement to provide positive reaction to changes of direction. This helps allow recovery on sudden swerves—for confident handling and control.



King Size, 18 mg. tar, 1.3 mg. nicotine, Long Size 19 mg. tar, 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

his client, which left Spitz prey to silly rumors, as when Los Angeles columnist Joyce Haber reported that he had been hospitalized to have his nose bobbed. Haber later issued a retraction, but not before deftly labeling Spitz "a 23-year-old Howard Hughes."

Denying that he ever tried to muzzle his client, Bernstein points out that Spitz was swamped with so many requests for interviews that it was impossible to honor all of them, especially since Mark has only recently recovered from a two-month bout of hepatitis. Bernstein still sits in on most interviews but only, he insists, to smooth over the kind of misunderstanding that occurred when Spitz, talking in a Hollywood restaurant with syndicated columnist Norma Lee Browning, mentioned that he had been a predental student at Indiana.

"What do you have to major in to go to dental school?" Browning asked.

Spitz blurted, "Everybody knows it wouldn't be home economics." The columnist huffed out of the restaurant, but Bernstein rushed after her to patch things up and bring her back. "Norma Lee was upset because her cat had died that day," he says.

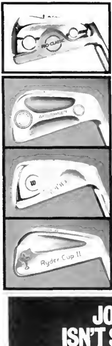
To Jay Bernstein's credit, there were no efforts to promote phony romances for the sake of getting Spitz into the gossip columns. Of course there was scarcely time. Not only was Suzy Weiner the first and only girl Mark took out after becoming an international sex symbol at Munich, but their courtship had the old-fashioned flavor of a family arrangement. Suzy's dad owns a scrap iron firm in Los Angeles and at the time Mark's father was still in that line up north. A salesman who did business with both fathers called on Arnold Spitz one day and showed Suzy's picture to Mark, who was still living in Sacramento.

Impressed, Spitz called Suzy long distance, but she wasn't home. "I talked to her dad," he recalls. "I said, 'Mr. Weiner, you've got a beautiful daughter.' I felt like an ass." Later, visiting Los Angeles, Mark took Herman Weiner's daughter to dinner at the Beverly Wilshire hotel.

"I was excited and curious," Suzy says. "I'd read that Mark was arrogant and conceited, and I figured if the guy was what they said he was—forget it." She smiles. "He was lovable and shy."

On New Year's Day, barely two months later, Mark slipped a two-carat

continued



There is only one difference between a set of our investment cast irons and theirs

About $100

Any golfer worthy of the name knows investment cast irons are absolutely the finest clubs money can buy. And the four brands shown above are the finest investment cast irons made. All have been made with the "lost wax" method which assures that each iron is the exact duplicate of the master. Such perfection is impossible under normal production conditions with conventionally forged irons. All are made from lifetime stainless steel. All have lightweight steel shafts and pro grip. All have the wider hitting surface with the weight below and behind the ball, and up and out on the toe and heel, to maximize the hitting area. All will beat the par out of any conventional irons. On the golf course, you simply can't go wrong with any one of them.

But there is one difference. Our Ajay Pro Classic set costs about $100 less at your sporting goods or department store. If you buy a set of irons and woods, there's even a bigger difference. About $150. And that's the only difference.

THE ONLY WAY TO PLAY
Ajay Enterprises Corporation
A Fuqua Company
Delavan, WI 53115



But you can get fast relief with Cruex, the spray-on medicated powder specifically made to fight Jock Itch.

Cruex soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation. And absorbs per-

... So fight Jock Itch seriously (and help keep it from recurring) with cooling, soothing Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

CRUEX. THE MEDICATED SPRAY SPECIALLY FORMULATED TO FIGHT JOCK ITCH.

PHARMACRAFT

Introducing Comet/88.



Good looks. Good works. Great price... at only $5.75

We've taken our popular butane automatic Comet and made it better...at a new low price. Comet/88... trim, rugged, lightweight...with distinctive metal band. Fully automatic. Fuels in seconds...lights for months. Fingertip adjustable flame...perfect for pipes, cigars and cigarettes. Spare flint storage. Top swivels for easy replacement of sparkwheel and flint.

RONSON

DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

1973 Ronson Corporation, U.S.A. Price is suggested retail. Also available in Canada

marquise on Suzy's finger, and he now notes that "It was a good investment—the prices of diamonds are up," a typically Spitzian remark. Asked why he chose marriage when so many Hollywood starlets were his for the asking, he says, "I'm afraid of maternity suits"—meaning, of course, paternity suits. Only when pressed does he confess, softly, "I've never been so happy as I've been since meeting Suzy."

Despite his rakehell appearance, Spitz seems born to be a family man. He doesn't smoke, drinks only beer—and not even that since contracting hepatitis—and his own father says of him, "Mark's so square it's pathetic."

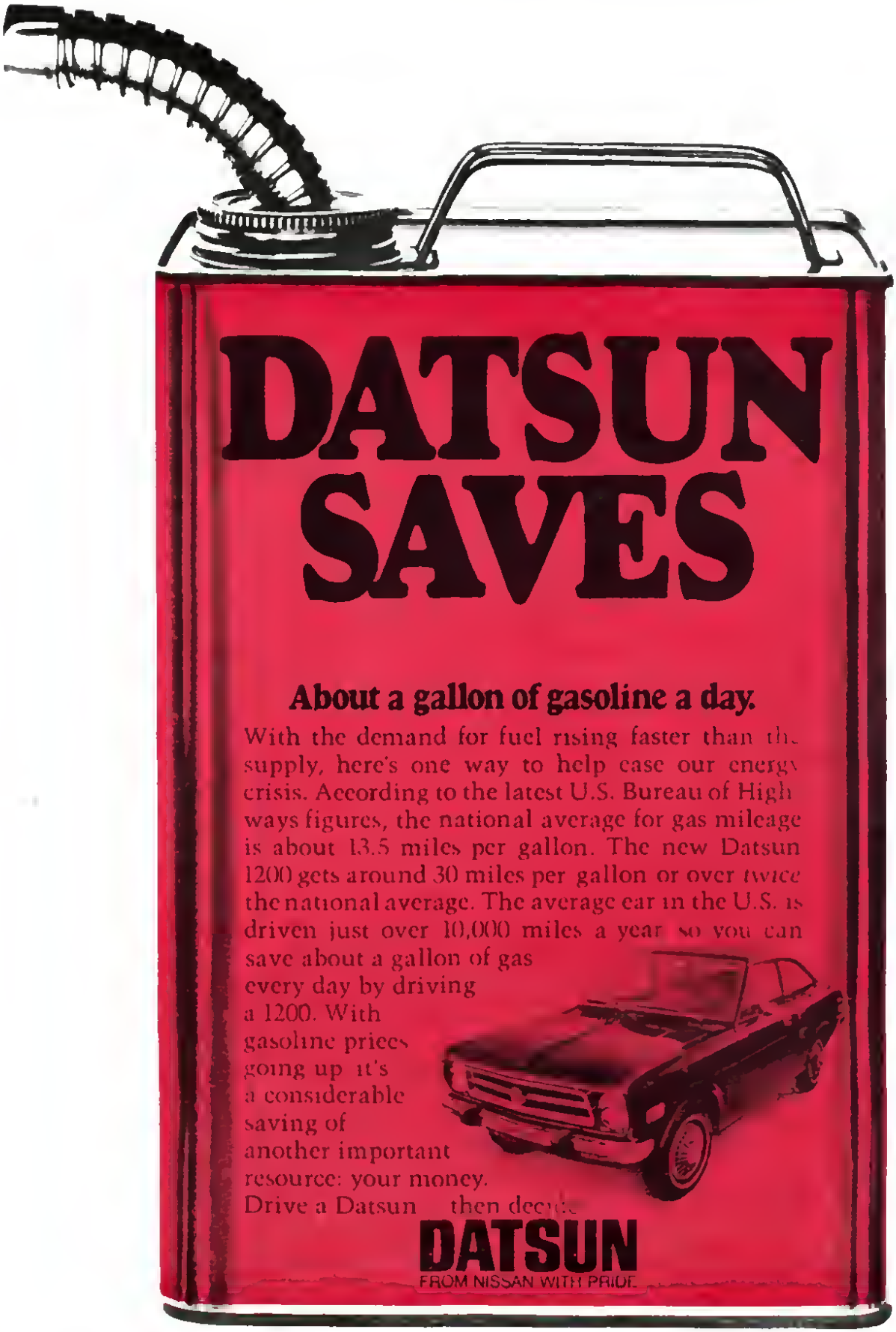
One day last week Suzy Weiner and Mark Spitz, whose shared taste in furniture runs to strictly modern, went off to buy a bedroom suite for their apartment. "I told the kids to get themselves a decorator," the manager of the furniture store said. "They're doing it the hard way." But Spitz said, "It's more fun decorating the apartment ourselves."

The pleasure Spitz was obviously deriving from these domestic chores set him apart from Johnny Weissmuller, with whom he is unavoidably compared. Weissmuller also made money after his Olympic swimming days, only to squander most of it on a succession of Hollywood marriages and bum financial deals. Where Weissmuller was gullible and garrulous, Spitz' true nature seems harder to define, lending credence to his own claim that he has more facets than Suzy's diamond. "People want to know what I'm like," Spitz says. "Well, I've lived 23 years, so I'd need 23 years to explain everything about my life. I'd be 46 then."

It could be that Spitz, who is sometimes accused of caring too little about what others think, actually cares too much—which would help explain the importance he attaches these days to his material success. Puttering around his boat one afternoon, Spitz turned to a friend who had met Suzy for the first time earlier in the day. "What do you think of her?" Spitz asked.

The visitor spoke favorably of Mark's bride-to-be and added that the Indiana swimmers who were coming to Los Angeles for the wedding would be impressed, too. Spitz energetically hosed down the *Sumark 7's* canary-yellow hull.

Then he began to chuckle. Wickedly, Mark Spitz said, "I wonder what they'll think of my boat." END


DATSUN
SAVES
About a gallon of gasoline a day.
With the demand for fuel rising faster than the supply, here's one way to help ease our energy crisis. According to the latest U.S. Bureau of Highways figures, the national average for gas mileage is about 13.5 miles per gallon. The new Datsun 1200 gets around 30 miles per gallon or over *twice* the national average. The average car in the U.S. is driven just over 10,000 miles a year so you can save about a gallon of gas every day by driving a 1200. With gasoline prices going up it's a considerable saving of another important resource: your money.
Drive a Datsun then decide.
DATSUN
FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE



KING OF THE THUNDERBOATS

Starting a new season at age 44, Bill Muncey is the one superstar of unlimited hydroplane racing but a most unusual hero. He consumes fudge sundaes and 'passes out' from pain

by KIM CHAPIN

Bill Muncey is a man of contradictions. At 44 he is the elder statesman of unlimited hydroplane drivers, but he refuses to grow old gracefully. There is in him a refreshing innocence about racing and life. He is a duffer on the tennis court but, as one opponent said after watching him swing away with unfailing good humor, "He's like a little boy who never grew up." Lee Schoenith, the owner of his boat, says, "I never have to worry about Muncey the night before a race. At nine o'clock he has his third hot fudge sundae and goes to bed."

Muncey claims he notices neither the searing cockpit temperatures nor the deafening noise of his thunderboats as he jounces along from wake to wake—"a stale and stagnant atmosphere," he calls it—yet there is no it's-just-another-race nonsense about him, either. He has wept unashamedly after particularly satisfying wins, and in Detroit last year when he coasted into the pits after a four-heat sweep of the Gold Cup he flashed his gap-toothed, Terry-Thomas grin and clapped his hands so hard he almost fell out of the boat.

Although he is outgoing enough to have made as many as 300 speeches in a single year, played with the Seattle Symphony, deejayed a radio show (his tastes run to modern jazz) and campaigned (unsuccessfully) for the lieutenant governorship of the State of Washington, by his own admission he is something of a loner. "If I get on an airplane with all the seats reserved except one," he says, "the empty seat will always be next to me. I don't know what it is. I feel friendly and I like people, I really do, but there's something about the way I present myself in conversation that scares them off."

The unlimiteds do not treat their jockeys gently—nearly all of Muncey's contemporaries from the halcyon days of the 1950s and early 1960s are either dead or retired—yet he does not consider himself particularly courageous or brave. He usually passes out during bad accidents. "I have a low threshold of pain," he says. "I think about dying a lot, and I don't want to die. Other people may see what I do and call it courageous, but I don't think of it that way at all.

"I don't consider myself very different from other people. I'm an unlimited hydroplane driver, and I define as accurately as I can everything I'm expected to do—and can do—and then go out and do it."

For doing so well for so long—he has been driving boats of all sorts competitively for 30 years and the unlimiteds full-time for 18—Muncey receives an annual racing income of only $20,000. He is surely the most underpaid superstar in professional sport. The $20,000 is guaranteed by Schoenith; he gets no prize money. He has other sources of in-

continued

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD KASPER



come, but these scarcely put him in the tax bracket of a Wilt Chamberlain or Dick Allen. Said his wife Fran in a moment of innocent candor, "If Bill were killed racing I'd really be mad, because considering what he's done over the past 20 years I don't think he's gotten enough out of it."

Muncey disagrees. "Naturally I'd like to make more money if I could," he says, "and I know there are people in other sports with my degree of success who are making 10 times the dough, but I have to question whether they're 10 times as happy. I'm a happy man, and to me that's important. Three years ago I almost gave up racing. I didn't, obviously, but for the first time in my life I concluded I was going to make it, no matter what happened. It takes a long time to reach that point. As you move through your 20s and 30s you may be making a fortune, but you're still frightened, still insecure. It took me until I was 40 years old to conclude that I wasn't frightened about my future. If I stopped doing everything that interests me right now, I feel confident that by the end of next week I could find something else equally rewarding."

That will have to wait, however, because next week when the unlimited fleet assembles in Miami's Marine Stadium for the first race of the 1973 season Muncey, driving the awesomely successful *Atlas Van Lines*, will be in the catbird seat without a care in the world except the pressure of competition—under which he thrives. "If I were going to have ulcers I would have had them by now," he says.

Equally front and center will be the owner of *Atlas*, the aforementioned Lee Schoenith, president of Gale Enterprises of Detroit. If you appreciate the irony of that situation, you are probably a sports trivia nut. If you don't, a little history is required, because if anybody had suggested 10 or 15 years ago that Bill Muncey would ever drive a boat owned by Lee Schoenith, he would have been laughed off the dock.

Muncey, like Schoenith, was a Detroiter, the son of a prosperous suburban Chevrolet dealer. He was lured to Seattle by Ted Jones, creator of the revolutionary *Slo-Mo-Shun* hulls, to drive a Jones boat called *Miss Thriftway* for Owner Willard Rhodes in the furious Detroit-Seattle Gold Cup races. "Seattle was a young, new country," says Muncey, "a place where a young guy could grow as it grew. It was hard to leave Detroit because the business was mine for the taking, but all over town I was known as E. L. Muncey's son, and I wanted to see if I could be Bill Muncey, if I could make it on my own."

In the next eight years Muncey and the three *Thriftways* he drove (the third was temporarily renamed *Miss Century 21* in honor of the Seattle World's Fair) made it very well indeed. Beginning in 1956 Muncey won four Gold Cups in seven years. In 1960 he won the first of three straight driving titles. During these years he gained more than a nodding acquaintance with Schoenith, who was both a driver and an owner, and who, with his father Joe, was the leader of the Detroit fleet. Their flagships were a succession of *Gales* named after the company Poppa Joe had bought from its founder in 1937. After the 1962 season Muncey went into what everyone but himself considered a rather steep decline. By 1963 the last of the *Thriftways* was a "tired" boat, and at the end of the season it was retired. Muncey was laid up for 12 weeks in 1965 by an operation to remove two battered disks from his back (he now wears a steel corset when he drives, the metallic stays of which frequently work loose and bloodily stab him in the thighs).

Nor was the sport itself doing well. When the last *Thriftway* was retired much of the spirit went out of the Detroit-Seattle rivalry. The size of the fleet, which at its peak numbered as many as 18 boats, declined on more than one occasion to a mere half a dozen, attendance was down, and beginning in 1966 the unlimiteds, which had killed only three drivers in 20 years, wiped out seven in the next five.

Then, in 1969, everything happened at once. Muncey obtained a divorce, met and wooed a lovely woman from San Diego and quit the *Miss U.S.* team, which he had joined in late 1965. Finally came the ultimate irony, considering the fact that 13 years before, Bill Muncey had come within 10 inches of killing Schoenith: Bill went to work for him.

"I did something terrible," Muncey says of that incident, which took place during the 1956 President's Cup. "That year Lee was really flying in *Gale VI*, a big, heavy boat that always made the water rough. My little ol' *Thriftway* was so light I could hardly control it, but eventually we got into a helluva battle. Lee was running a wide lane, and going into a corner I tried to duck under him and went into the next corner way over my head and just about nailed him. He had the right-of-way and I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Fortunately, Lee made all the right moves and got out of it.

"When we came in, his dad was blue, just absolutely blue. He's not even as big as I am, but he was going to tear me apart, and he had a perfect right to. I had almost killed his son. I don't think Joe will ever forgive me for that."

Despite the long-standing rivalry, by 1969 Muncey and Lee Schoenith had become fast friends. They are so close today that Muncey considers Schoenith and his wife Shirley his only real intimates outside his family. "When I left *Thriftway* I started socializing with Lee a lot more," says Muncey. "We were still competitors, but down underneath, where people find real meaning, we began to gain a certain respect for one another. Never, however, to the point where I could imagine driving for Gale Enterprises."

False pride would probably have prevented either man from popping the big question, and it ultimately took Shirley Schoenith to bring the two together. In late 1969, Dean Chenoweth had abruptly quit the Schoenith team, and Lee was shopping for a new driver. Shortly after Bill and Fran were married they found themselves honeymooning as Lee's houseguests in Grosse Pointe Shores.

One morning in the kitchen Shirley and Bill were talking about their various racing problems—Gale Enterprises being without a driver and Muncey being without a ride. Out of the blue, Muncey recalls, he asked Shirley, "Hey, how about me?"

Shirley, taken aback, sort of chuckled and said, "We might like that," and before the honeymoon was over, Muncey and Schoenith had struck the deal that last year produced one of the most successful teams in unlimited history.

Muncey is the best unlimited driver in the country these days for many reasons. One of them is simply his longevity. He claims that he has never been seriously injured, which is puzzling because he has ruptured both kidneys and has had his stomach torn loose from

continued

Your golf clothes should be as beautifully made as your clubs.



Your golf clubs should feel just right in your hands. And you should feel just right in your golf clothes.

Which is precisely why you ought to try Arrow's Teestuff. This is Arrow's elegant new collection of knitted golf clothes. Subtle, tasteful colors that won't pull your eye off the ball.

And soft, knitted fabrics that give you the freedom to take as big a backswing as you want. Good-looking, comfortable Arrow Teestuff. Because what you're wearing is as important as what you're swinging.

Arrow

A division of Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc.

Colorful golf wear from the colorful shirt company.



The new Roadmaster Bicycles from AMF. Number One in leisure time fun.

Bicycling. America's fastest growing sport. It's good for you. And it's good fun.

Specially when you're riding an AMF Roadmaster bicycle designed for top road performance.

For the serious cyclist there's nothing better in its class than the Roadmaster Lightweight 10-speed bicycle with racing handlebars. It's one of four 10-speed Roadmaster Lightweight racers, including a new woman's model.

There are 13 other diamond frame lightweights with touring handlebars, ranging from coaster brake to 10-speed models.

Challenge the wonderful world of bicycling on a Roadmaster Lightweight bicycle from AMF . . . the Number One name in leisure time fun.

AMF Wheel Goods Division, Olney, Illinois 62450.

AMF
Wheel Goods



the abdominal wall. Once he nearly bit his tongue in half; another time he almost severed the big toe from his left foot, he has suffered literally hundreds of lacerations and abrasions and on at least two occasions he has temporarily been given up for dead. "I've been banged around and bruised and a lot of that jazz," he admits, "but I've never broken a bone, and I consider that the most serious thing that can happen to you."

So Muncey is a survivor, but he has also had the intelligence to use his experience well. To Muncey driving is almost a creative experience. "You've got to be fairly imaginative to figure out what's wrong when the boat's doing something strange," he says, "and to try and make it perform a little better than the competition. But the most important thing is knowing an engine's limits, and I think my record shows that I've been able to keep equipment alive."

Over a decade ago with the *Thriftways* Muncey once started and finished an unbelievable 56 heats in a row; last year *Atlas* lost not a single engine in competition. Schoenith says, "Bill's got the smoothest foot around."

"When you hit a hump and get thrown out of attitude and you know you've got to take the time to bring the boat back—when you can do that and not decrease your boat speed, then you've done something," Muncey says. "It involves absolute control of the throttle with your foot and a real coordination between the throttle and the manifold pressure. It's all very slow, very coordinated. It can almost be a . . . no, not a sensuous experience, but certainly an artistic one."

No stranger to artistic endeavor, Muncey was first of all a musician, and a good one. His mother got him started on the saxophone, and he quickly became proficient on the piano and clarinet as well. Later he studied under Larry Teal, then the concertmaster of the Detroit Symphony, composer Ferde Grofe and concert pianist Percy Grainger. It was his early dedication to music, in fact, that propelled him toward boat racing. His parents, fearful that Bill's world was too narrow, encouraged him to pursue another activity.

"Music certainly represents the fun side of my life," Muncey says. "Even now I'd rather be involved with that more than anything else I can think of. There isn't anything that can compare with the reward of creating a composition, presenting it to an orchestra and hearing it played. I haven't done that for a while, and I miss it."

The music Muncey *et al* play on the water still comes from modified Rolls-Royce Merlins and General Motors Allisons that were designed decades ago and came to maturity in the British Spitfire and American P-51 Mustang fighter planes of World War II. Schoenith currently owns some 40 Allison and 30 Rolls-Royce engines—enough, he calculates, to last the team another six or seven seasons. He recalls that he bought his first large batch of engines at auction in 1953. Their original market value

continued

Beat the high cost of leather with a

Super-Grip glove . . . grips great rain or shine

A critical shortage of leather has increased leather golf glove prices substantially. But you can beat the high prices by swinging to Super-Grip. It will cost you less — and give you extra benefits. For example, if you get caught in the rain, your Super-Grip glove won't lose its grip — so you won't lose yours. That's because the palm and thumb are vinyl-treated to grip tightly — wet or dry. The Super-Grip is also washable, and always dries soft without shrinking or losing its excellent grip. Plays cooler too with the open mesh nylon back. Buy a Super-Grip at your Pro Shop and save yourself some money.



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If not satisfied with it, return glove to us, with proof of purchase, for a refund of the advertised value price.

Look for this display wherever you buy golf gloves.



Two styles: the one shown is a $4.25 value, comes in 7 colors. Other style is a $3.75 value, in 3 colors. Men's and women's sizes.

Edmont-Wilson

DIVISION OF BECTON, DICKINSON AND COMPANY B-D

1210 Walnut Street, Coshocton, Ohio 43812

Edmont and B-D are trademarks

had been approximately $32,000 per unit. Schoenith got his for $125 each and the government threw in 15 tons of surplus parts at a penny a pound. The next unlimited power plant probably will be the jet turbine engine, but such are the economics of the sport that this will not happen unless and until they, too, come cheaply onto the surplus market.

With the addition of a sophisticated supercharging system, exotic booster fuels and specially machined parts, a racing Rolls-Royce now generates 2,500 to 3,000 horsepower—almost twice what the manufacturer intended. Properly geared, at 4,000 rpm it produces a prop speed of 12,000 rpm. That is on the far frontier of development, but year after year the mechanics undoubtedly will squeeze a little more and a little more from gallant old iron that, some say, deserves a decent burial. That they are obsolete bothers Muncey not in the least. "I get a little sick of this improving-the-breed nonsense," he says. "Why can't you just have one helluva event that attracts people because it's dramatic? I've gone to races where the winner was a foregone conclusion a month in advance, and yet we drew fantastic crowds. People are not necessarily interested in seeing a competitive experience. We're there to put on a show, to provide a dramatic experience, and I think we do that very well."

Muncey's present showboat was first tested in April 1971. "It was extremely fast right from the beginning," he says, "and it was a delicate boat. You couldn't make a driving error because it would bite you. To be honest, I kind of liked that because it taxed my ability to the limit and it was fun to drive."

In the season's first race, at Miami, *Atlas* qualified fastest, an unprecedented feat for a new boat, but also developed what later became known as "the Atlas Van Lines hop."

"It would just jump up and down the racecourse time after time after time after time," says Muncey. "I was getting banged around a little, but I didn't really mind because I was getting such a good performance." Until the race, that is, when the gremlins went to work and Muncey failed to finish a heat.

Then came the 1971 President's Cup—and success. "I know grown men are not supposed to cry, but coming into the pit area after the last heat I bawled my head off. It was my fifth President's Cup, but it was Atlas Van Lines' first victory ever." Muncey won two races that year but also sank twice and was beaten for the national driving championship by Dean Chenoweth, who now was driving *Miss Budweiser*.

Schoenith's crew manager was—and is—Bill Cantrell, a man in his 60s who has worked for Schoenith for many years. As a driver he had been one of Muncey's first heroes. But Chenoweth had been Cantrell's protege on the Schoenith team, and such a loyalty was not easily displaced.

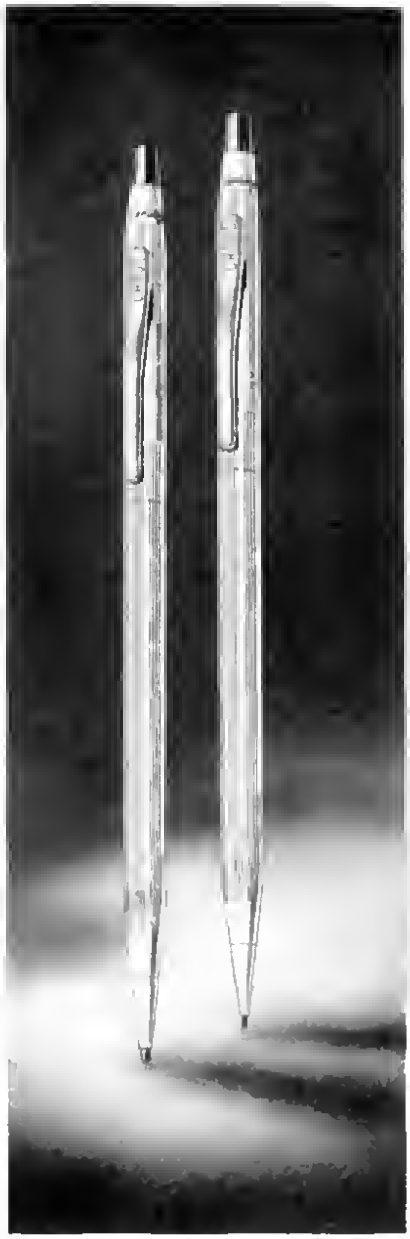
"The crew didn't want me," says Muncey. "They didn't want anybody except Dean, and it took them two years to reach the point where I felt I was welcome on the team."

Muncey refuses to discuss in detail the problems they had, but he noticed a change during preseason testing last spring. "I could just tell everything was all right, and, believe me, something like that has a tremendous effect on a driver."

With that difficulty smoothed over, Muncey and *Atlas* entered all seven events on last year's truncated unlimited schedule. They won 18 of 21 heats and six of seven races. Muncey won the driving championship for the fourth time and Schoenith won the owner's title. Muncey also won his fifth Gold Cup, symbolic of all that is good in the strange world of the unlimiteds, thus ending a 10-year drought. And he won it on the Detroit River.

The Detroit venue is the most treacherous and demanding of all. The three-mile course is not an oval but shaped rather like a top. The bottom, or West turn, has a radius of some 1,200 feet and presents no particular problem, but the East, or Roostertail turn (named for Schoenith's Roostertail Restaurant, which stands at riverside at that point), has only a 400-foot radius, and this tight little monster has frustrated drivers for years. Also, the north shore of the river is completely bulkheaded, and the violent chop caused by the churning props, instead of dissipating harmlessly on a beach, slams up against the bulkhead and comes right back out into the middle of the course. Thus the delicately balanced three-pointers are guaranteed just one clean lap per heat, if that, and rough water, upsetting that nicety of balance, has contributed to the deaths of at least two drivers.

continued


Pen $8.50 Pencil $8.50 Set $17.00

12 Karat Gold Filled
writing instruments
Guaranteed
for a lifetime of
writing pleasure

CROSS
SINCE 1846

Go ahead, sell your own home, you riverboat gambler, you.

You might get lucky and save a buck or two.

A lot of folks have tried to sell their own homes and succeeded. A lot more have just tried.

Most people realize that selling your own home can be a costly, time-consuming, even risky affair. And unless you're just naturally lucky, you need the help of a professional Realtor. He can save you a lot of time and headaches. For a lot of good reasons.

If you're thinking about selling your own home, maybe you should consider some of them.

What's your price?

The first thing a Realtor can do for you is recommend a fair and reasonable asking price.

Do it yourself and you will probably ask too much or too little. Either way, you lose.

And don't be fooled by the belief you know pretty well what your home is worth. Market demand, seasonality of sales, location and many other variables often alter your home's value.

A skilled Realtor knows all about these things. Most important, he knows people.

Don't talk to strangers.

If you love talking to strange people at strange hours, by all means sell your home yourself. That "For Sale by Owner" sign in your front yard means you're fair game for everyone—even those passers-by who "just kinda wanted to see what the place looked like."

That sign may not get all the prospects you want, either. You may have to advertise. And that means phone calls at all hours.

A Realtor can solve these problems. First of all, he will screen the prospects. He'll know their needs, desires and financial situation. And he'll know who is seriously looking for a new home and who is just looking.

Best of all, he'll show your house only when it's convenient for you.

That beautiful art.

Okay, tiger. You're selling your own home. You know the needs and desires of your prospective buyers. And you know what to say, how to present your home to convince them. Right?

Wrong.

Realtors are trained in the art of salesmanship. (And believe us, it is an art.) His study of sales techniques has shown him how to get the indecisive buyer to make up his mind, how to close the sale. In fact, he's gone to school to find out.

After all, selling is what it's all about.

Formal negotiations.

What happens when a prospective buyer makes you an offer—one that's well below your asking price?

You're going to argue. And that's the worst thing you could do.

As a principal, you'll discover it's pretty hard to bargain with a buyer—to negotiate about such things as price, terms and possessions. Misunderstandings may crop up. And those small disagreements can spoil a sale.

When a Realtor helps sell your home, he takes on the difficult task of negotiation. He's sort of a go-between and advisor. And he's objective. He'll tell you when the buyer is right. And he'll tell you when to stick to your guns.

He's usually a heck of a nice guy, too. He knows how to smooth over, or completely avoid, those sale-killing misunderstandings.

How to shop for money.

Many prospective buyers don't know much about financing—how or where to get a mortgage.

Sell your home yourself, and there's not much you can do to help him.

A Realtor knows just about all there is to know about financing. He works very closely with all kinds of financial institutions. He knows their methods and requirements.

Very simply, he can help your buyer find the money he needs to buy your house.

Red tape.

Selling a house involves many details. Paperwork, title searches, finance arrangements. There are a hundred little things to be done.

Unless you have a mind like a computer, you'll need a Realtor to get everything done and keep it straight. He and your attorney will guide you through the tangle of details as painlessly and safely as possible.

Be it ever so humble.

Crowded closets may make a home look lived in, but it doesn't do much for a prospective buyer. Neither does a dripping faucet, unkempt lawn or loose doorknob.

There are dozens of little things you can do to make your house more saleable. A Realtor can show them to you. (Some of them would never have occurred to you.)

Showmanship is all it's cracked up to be.

In conclusion.

You may be wondering why Chicago Title Insurance Company cares about how you sell your home. After all, we're in the business of insuring titles to real estate, not selling it. It's just that after serving title needs for over 125 years, we've come to know how important Realtors are and how much they can help you.

We wanted you to know, too.



Chicago Title Insurance Company

Chicago, Illinois 60602

A nationwide network of more than 1000 offices and agents plus several thousand approved attorneys

Member of the Lincoln National family of corporations



Hitachi brings your favorite sport to your favorite sport.

All you have to pack along are the hot dogs and beer. Because these Hitachi portables need no external battery packs when you're away from an AC outlet.

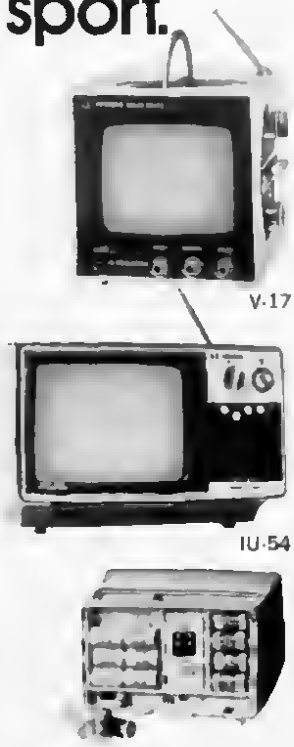
They work off your car battery, your boat battery or their own self-contained rechargeable D-cell batteries which can't overcharge or overdischarge.

The picture won't get all shook up out of doors, either. Because Hitachi's automatic gain control keeps interference from interfering with the game. Even around motors.

And because Hitachi TVs are 100% transistorized solid-state, we guarantee they'll go through years of innings and outings without striking out. We give you a five-year replacement guarantee on the transistors, two years on the picture tube and other parts (accessories excluded), with one year free labor, carry-in.

For more about the Hitachi 7-inch* V-17 (above) or the 9-inch* IU-54, write: **Dept. SI-7, Hitachi Sales Corporation of America, 48-50 34th Street, Long Island City, New York 11101.**

*Picture tubes measured diagonally.



Quality always comes first at
HITACHI

TV picture simulated

The Detroit River fully upheld its reputation during the four days of last year's Gold Cup. In practice *Miss Madison* sank, injuring her driver, Charlie Dunn, and in the four heats of the cup itself five more boats were damaged and two more drivers were injured. Muncey himself was so shaken about during the third heat that for a few minutes there was some question whether he would be able to drive the final. Said one driver grimly, "This course is either a test of courage or stupidity."

Muncey qualified fastest in the fleet and won the first three heats with ease, gaining enough points so that he needed only a third-place finish in the fourth to ensure victory. In the Atlas trailer shortly before the start Cantrell said, simply, "Why don't you go out like a champion?" and so Muncey did, nursing bruised ribs that would bother him for days afterward.

"In the patrol boat that took me to the victory presentation," says Muncey, "I stood up and said to the river, 'I've beaten you today,' and that's something I never could have said before."

Later that night in the Roostertail, Muncey quietly left the victory celebration that swirled about him and walked outside into the cool night air. "I had just gotten to the point where I wanted to be alone and think a little bit," he says. "And so I had a talk with The Man. I had a helluva long talk with Him. I thanked Him, and I was very proud. And you know? The feeling of accomplishment is getting greater and greater all the time."

Muncey is often asked why he does not retire. "Retire?" he retorts. "Why should I retire? Why are there those in our society who think you should quit when you're ahead? When I can no longer drive a good race or fulfill my responsibilities to the fans and crews and sponsors and owners, then I'll think about quitting. Whether I'll have the guts to do it then, I couldn't tell you. But gee, I'm winning. I'm driving as well as I ever have, or better, and I expect to continue unless something happens that physically prevents me from doing so. There's a demand for my services. When nobody wants Bill Muncey around anymore, then I'll quit. I'll take my savings and get a paper route." He chuckled at the thought. "But I can guarantee you, it'll be a big one." **END**

"THE JCPenney Pro-shop and I play the same way. We both shoot for the low numbers."

Bruce Crampton

Just take a look at the prices on this page – and bear in mind that this equipment has all the pro features you're looking for.

The clubs are swing-weighted, matched and registered, and adjusted for correct loft and lie.

The irons are designed with a cavity back, so the "sweet spot" is enlarged, allowing the golfer to be less penalized for hitting a less-than-perfect shot.

The same care was put into the design and construction of all the Bruce Crampton accessories – bags, balls and gloves. The JCPenney Pro-shop has it all. Everything you need to birdie every hole – and all at double-eagle prices!

JCPenney

We know what you're looking for.



Deluxe headcovers to match bag 8 99

Bruce Crampton LTD Clubs 3 woods and 8 irons 119 99

Bruce Crampton LTD pitching wedge 11 99

Bruce Crampton LTD #5 wood 14 79

Bruce Crampton Golf Glove 3 99 (Velcro model 4 99)

Bruce Crampton Deluxe Pro Golf Bag in 4 color combinations 37 99

Bruce Crampton Golf Balls (Surlyn* cover – high compression) 9 96 dozen

Matching Weekender Bag 17 59

JCPenney golf shoes 26 25 available in our shoe department

Available at most large JCPenney stores.

Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.

THE HAPPIEST HOMES ON CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S



Over 80% of the motor homes in the U.S. use a chassis engineered by Chrysler Corporation.

If you're one of the thousands of families who live on the road, you know how important it is that your home have a solid foundation. That's one reason why 8 out of 10 motor homes are built on a chassis by Chrysler Corporation.

Extra care in engineering makes a difference.

For example, we've designed a steering column that's adjustable in length to allow the motor home manufacturer to position the steering wheel for the most comfortable arrangement of seat height and floor pedals. We've also moved the steering mechanism closer to the front and the left. Result: vastly improved visibility, more open floor space. What's more, the column tilts forward and backward for easy adjustment by the driver.

Power takes the strain out of driving.

The dependable Chrysler Corporation engines available on these chassis have been engineered to help give you the power you need for the long haul. And many premium quality features help provide the durability you can rely on.

Power steering, power brakes and LoadFlite automatic transmission are standard on every motor home

WHEELS ARE BASED ON ENGINEERING.



Dodge
Dodge Trucks

:hassis Chrysler Corporation makes.

In addition, Chrysler Corporation's Electronic Voltage Regulator, with no moving parts, helps reduce ervice costs and extend battery life.

Vlore dependable starting and reliability.

And now, every chassis has Chrysler Corporation's Electronic Ignition system available—it delivers up to 35% more starting voltage than conventional systems. It has no points to wear out, no condenser to replace. It functions like new at 50,000 miles with no ignition tune-ups, just a spark plug change at approximately 18,000 miles. Exceptionally reliable and especially nice when you're far from home.

The specially engineered frame with reinforced stress points, and the straight side rails clear the way for a liveable arrangement of all the living essentials—kitchen, bath, sleeping and dining and lounging quarters.

80% of the U.S. motor homes are built with a Chrysler Corporation chassis. See for yourself how they drive, ride and accommodate people. See how extra care in engineering makes a difference in Chrysler Corporation trucks, cars, and motor home chassis.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

CHRYSLER • PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DODGE TRUCKS


Get away from the crowd.
Get the flavor you want in
Old Gold Filters.
OLD GOLD
FILTERS
OLD GOLD
FILTERS
5
Gift
Stars
20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Finding new awards for Basketball Coach **John Wooden** is down to the nitty-gritty, or is it nitty-witty? A Purdue graduate, Wooden has been selected as UCLA's Alumnus of the Year. How's that? Well, he became eligible when he was made an *honorary* alumnus in 1969. Don't worry. Purdue Campbell College of North Carolina, where Wooden has coached in summer clinics since 1966, is conferring a degree on Wooden, as Doctor of Humanities. It's honorary, of course. So far.

When **Wilbur Snypp** retires as Ohio State University sports information director on July 1, he will break up the best name game in the Big Ten. Snypp's assistant in the publicity office is **Stephan Snapp.** And can you possibly be ready for this one? The new editor of *Outdoor Life* is **Chet Fish.**

Interior linemen seldom win acclaim for their running and passing but **Jon Kolb,** offensive tackle for the Pittsburgh Steelers, certainly did. Kolb was 100 yards away from the century-old farmhouse he lives in when he saw plumes of smoke rising from the second-floor nursery where his son and niece were taking an afternoon nap. Sprinting to the house, Kolb succeeded after three attempts in fighting his way through the choking smoke to the nursery. Then he leaped through the shattering glass of a window onto a porch roof, from which he passed 18-month-old Eric and Cindy down to neighbors before the house burned to the ground.

◆ But Larry, they made the pants too wrong! Still, it was the best American League Umpire **Larry McCoy** could muster when his uniform failed to materialize in time for a Brewers-Athletics game in Milwaukee. The jacket, cap, spiked shoes and shin guards are courtesy of the Brewers, the soigne pants belong to a County Stadium usher, and McCoy created the baseball bag himself out of a beerseller's apron.

Doug Rader is a third baseman for the Houston Astros. **Dave Rader** is a catcher for the San Francisco Giants. They are not related. Except, that is, in other people's minds. Almost everybody outside Houston and San Francisco assumes they are one and the same. "Even the Louisville bat people send me his bats," Dave Rader says. "I wonder if he gets my bats. There's no hits in them if he does get them." Doug Rader is equally sure Dave wouldn't want *his* bats. "They've all got Dutch elm disease," he says.

When he came up to the Minnesota Twins in 1962, **Tony Oliva** recalls in his autobiography, *Tom O'*, he wanted to be "the black Al Kaline." The left-handed slugger now has more than his wish. He not only wears No. 6, the same as his hero, but he is pictured on the cover of his book batting right-handed, à la Kaline. A spokesman for the publisher, Hawthorn Books, Inc., which ordered 10,000 first-print copies, says that the picture was reversed "for design purposes." The only thing I can tell you," says Oliva's collaborator, Bob Fowler, "is don't judge the book by its cover."



◆

• **Colin** and **Rosie Swale** are that British couple who are sailing around the world, taking along their two toddlers, James and Eve. Colin and the kids are thriving on it. Rose only thinks she is. Since setting sail from Gibraltar in December 1971, she has 1) fallen overboard into a section of the Caribbean inhabited by sharks, whales and sea anemones, 2) had to make an emergency flight 2,700 miles from Tahiti to Hawaii for a small operation, 3) knocked herself out falling down dockside steps, 4) broken a finger on a jib pole and 5) suffered a mid-ocean miscarriage that necessitated a seven-day dash to the nearest hospital in Recife, Brazil. "This was the first time I've been really ill," Rose said. "The trip has been worth it. Nobody is quite the same after such an experience."

What does a sportswriter do with an Elvis Presley cape? Well, he sits around and waits for offers. **Bruce Spinks** of the *Honolulu Advertiser* is finding that the offers get better all the time. The latest was for $2,500. Spinks' new popularity was triggered when he attended a concert in Honolulu and caught the cape Presley threw into the crowd. "Ever since then I keep getting calls from girls I never met," he says.

Now here's a coach for the hooks. **Johnny Orsino,** seven years a catcher in the major leagues, is in his fourth season as head baseball coach at Fairleigh Dickinson University—and also in his senior year as a



•

Fairleigh Dickinson undergraduate Orsino, a 34-year-old business major with a 3.2 grade average, is joined in one of his classes by three of his players. They study with Orsino in his apartment and the university library, an arrangement that could lead to all sorts of complications but one that hasn't fazed the coach in the least. He plans to go on for a master's degree, providing, of course, those grades don't slide.

Manager **Bobby Winkles** has added yoga relaxation exercises to the California Angels' training routine. "I figured, 'Why not?'" Winkles says. "So far it's been great, and the guys like the teachers, too." The first college baseball coach recruited to manage in the majors, and a considerable innovator, Winkles has taken up yoga too. "Look at me, I'm in my 40s and most guys that age can't even bend over," he says, putting both hands flat on the ground without bending his knees.



It's enough to make a man see red

Spring training had gone well enough to permit a modicum of optimism. For one, the St. Louis Cardinals were a happy crew. In contrast to last spring's bitter strike struggle, Owner Gussie Busch had reopened his treasury and then had retreated to his beer command post on Pestalozzi Street. Almost everyone was given a raise, although some were modest. And so, no one was upset when Manager Red Schoendienst (*above*) scheduled extra drills, a supplemental homing reflected in a winning (13-12) exhibition record. The team left Florida with a new confidence. It lasted less than eight innings into the season.

The crash came in Pittsburgh, where Bob Gibson had taken a 5–2 lead into the eighth inning and then departed with one out and the bases loaded. Schoendienst brought in his entire 1972 bullpen: Diego Pablo Segui. Last season Cardinal relief pitchers had but 13 saves, and nine were Segui's. Now Segui struck out Bob Robertson for the second out. Rich Hebner, the next hitter, swung on a pitch, broke his bat—and the ball looped in for a two-run double. Then Gene Clines drilled a two-run triple off Lou Brock's glove in left field and the opening game was lost.

"Since then nothing has gone right for us," sighed Schoendienst. Arms folded, he sat in a dugout last Wednesday night in San Diego and watched as his troops prepared for battle with the struggling Padres. The night before, the Padres momentarily shed their dissension and walloped the Cardinals 10–5. It was St. Louis' 16th loss in 19 games, the club's worst start in 73 years. In that same game the Cards made five errors, running their season total to 30. If the Hall of Fame ever beckons, their bats may go to Cooperstown, but their gloves surely will go to Barnum and Bailey.

"It's just been a combination of everything," Schoendienst said mildly. "We get a well-pitched game and we don't get any runs. We get a few runs and we get bad pitching. And our defense is not too good. It's hurt us more than anything, and we haven't been hitting."

At this stage, most managers would be rabid. But not Schoendienst. He is by nature a gentle man, a strong but quiet leader, and he is no stranger to adversity. When he was 17 and working on a dam as part of a Civilian Conservation Corps detail near Greenville, Ill., he was struck just above his left eye by a flying nail, but the accident did not prevent him from hitting .289 in 19 major league seasons. In 1958 doctors discovered he had tuberculosis and they had to remove part of his right lung. Undaunted, he came back and played four more years.

"I've seen good years and bad years, good streaks and bad streaks," he said. "But we just can't seem to shake this."

Nothing has gone right. On April 25 Second Baseman Ted Sizemore pulled a hamstring muscle and was put on the 15-day disabled list. There are fears he will be out even longer. At the time, Sizemore was leading the club in hitting (.333) and in RBIs. He was replaced by Mike Tyson, a .232 hitter at Tulsa last season. Another rookie, 6′ 4″ Ray Busse, won the shortstop job in the spring, then lost it to a case of nerves. Schoendienst temporarily set him down and then began easing him into a starting role. Still another rookie, Ken Reitz, is the Cardinals' third baseman of the future, but for the present he is hitting under .200.

But then, no one is really hitting. At one point, Joe Torre, Ted Simmons and Jose Cruz—the heart of the batting order—were 0 for 49. And what hitting the Cards have managed has hardly been timely. In their first 18 games they drove in but 48 runs, and Sizemore had nine of those.

"Under these circumstances," said Schoendienst, managing to laugh, "I think that Rick Wise should be named player of the month for April."

After the first 19 games, Wise was the only pitcher on the staff with a victory. He had all three. "Naturally I'm happy that I'm doing my job," said the 6′ 2″ righthander, "and while I'm enjoying some personal success, it's naturally tainted because the club is struggling. We just can't seem to get out of the rut. We can't believe it is happening to us. Now we obviously are starting to press. What happens is that you try to do more than is physically possible, you try to make up 12 games in one and that's impossible. The little guys can't try to hit home runs. They have to bunt and hit singles and do what is natural. We have to go for .500 and then take it from there."

Wise came from Philadelphia to St. Louis last year in a trade for Steve Carlton in what may have been the strangest barter in baseball history. Busch was angry with Carlton for demanding a salary increase to about $65,000. The Phillies were upset because Wise was demanding around the same amount from them. And so they switched pitchers—and without argument gave the new pitcher what they had refused to give to the old. Then the St. Louis writers said the Cards had made a bad deal; the Philadelphia writers said the Phillies made a bad deal. The whole thing was absurd.

"That's all I heard last season; how do you feel about being traded for Carlton?" said Wise, grinning. "And I'm sure that's all he heard. There's enough pressure in this game without being com-

continued

The Creation of the $100 Accutron.



It took us twelve long years, but we finally did it. The makers of the world's *first* tuning fork watch have now created the world's most inexpensive tuning fork watch—The $100 Accutron.

Don't worry. We didn't leave anything out.

The $100 Accutron watch is guaranteed to give the exact time to within a minute a month.*

A minute a month accuracy. Now how many $100 watches do you think can make that claim?

A Bulova Accutron watch for $100!

Shown: #21118 Stainless steel case, silver dial, sweep second. $100. Many other styles at fine jewelry and department stores.
*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Co. Inc.



Get out there on the double.

Take all of Evinrude's stamina, power, speed and efficiency

Now multiply by two

You come up with twin Evinrude outboards. And the power to take on an ocean. On the double.

You get where you're going. Fast. And once you arrive, you can troll smoothly and economically on one engine. Then double back home with your catch.

You'll find 16 brand-new Evinrude motors, from 2 to 135 horsepower, at your Evinrude dealers. Take a good look at the 1973 line.

And while you're there, try on a pair of Evinrudes.

For free catalog — write Evinrude Motors 4276 N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53216

EVINRUDE

DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORP

first in outboards

pared to someone else all season. Instead of worrying about one club, you find yourself worrying about two. The one you're pitching against and his. I knew when he was pitching but I certainly wasn't hoping he'd lose. I like Steve and I still have a lot of friends in Philadelphia. I certainly didn't want to see him lose just to make me look good."

For Wise, there are more important things to think about anyway. He is a prolific reader, a World War II history buff and a collector of cookbooks. In the last few years he has become a master chef at the barbecue pit. "I love to cook, but only outside so far. I'm not like Gibson, he's a gourmet cook inside. When I go inside, Gibby said he'd help out with some recipes."

At the moment, Gibson was worried more about getting some help *at* the plate. By the time the Cards got to San Diego, he was 0-3, Wise was 3-1 and both had 2.57 earned run averages. Against San Diego on Wednesday night, the Cardinals finally gave the 37-year-old right-handed ace some help. They museled out two home runs—just one less than they hit all spring—gave him a four-run spot and made but one error. He made it stand up for a 5–4 victory, with help from Segui over the last three innings. The next night Reggie Cleveland pitched a wobbly nine-hitter but won 3–1.

"Maybe we've finally got it turned around," Wise said hopefully. But, no. Friday night the Cardinals went into Los Angeles, sent Wise against the Dodgers, and although he pitched reasonably well, the Cardinals lost in 10 innings 6–5. They also lost Saturday and Sunday, making their record 5-19. The season is still young, but to the Cardinals it must feel like September.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST May Day. A day to remember in Milwaukee, the day the Brewers beat the A's 4–3 and moved into first place with an improbable 10-9 record. Bill Parsons walked the first three A's he faced and was replaced by Jim Colborn, who pitched nine innings of five-hit relief and won when Johnny Briggs homered in the ninth. Thereafter, it was May Day of another kind as the Brewers looked ev-

continued



Maybe you've seen our Firestone Steel Radial 500 tires demonstrated this way on television. When you drive a set on your car we think you'll say, "They're the best tires I've ever owned." • A 40,000 mile radial (that's 3 or 4 years of average driving) • Two belts of brass plated, high tensile steel cord under the tread • Better handling and steering than any conventional tire we have on the road today • A computer designed quiet running tread • And six ways to charge it at most Firestone Dealers and stores.

Let Firestone put the 40,000 mile Steel Radial 500 between you and tire trouble.

Firestone

The people tire people

Let the neat times roll.

On the new Harley-Davidson X-90.

Imagine yourself trucking along a forest reserve trail, with your wheels churning and a smile on your face a mile wide.

'Cause you know you and your Harley-Davidson X-90 are gonna have some really neat times.

Driving and twisting, feeling and whipping your way through ankle deep streams.

So run tell your dad that you'd like a 90cc, 4-speed, oil-injected, fold-down handlebar experience.

Then get it on.

Harley-Davidson,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201
Member Motorcycle Industry Council

AMF
Harley-Davidson



Harley-Davidson X-90.

The Great American Freedom Machine.

crywhere for help, found none, blew a five-run lead and lost three straight

East teams were 12-18 against the West, with Baltimore being the No 1 victim The Orioles dropped three one-run decisions, were 0-5 overall and plummeted from first place to fourth Mike Cuellar was giving up homers at a record pace, four last week and 11 in all Brooks Robinson's 2,417th hit moved him past Pie Traynor as the third baseman with the most hits ever

Resting atop the East was Detroit, the only club with so much as a .500 record "We're not mean enough on the field," said Manager Billy Martin "We have to battle, battle, battle" Among those who were mean enough were Joe Coleman, winner of two games, and John Hiller, saver of two

After Sparky Lyle finally notched his first save, the Yankee Stadium organist played *It Seems Like Old Times* And the way New York started off they seemed like the old Yankees as they produced 23 runs and 32 hits in three quick wins But after that they played like the more recent editions, scoring only three runs in three losses

Three times the Indians came from behind to jump from last place to second George Hendrick homered in the ninth to put down the Angels 3-2, and Chris Chambliss had a two-run double in the eighth to beat the A's 6-5 Against the Twins they got six innings of scoreless relief from Ray Lamb and a two-run, 10th-inning hit from Leo Cardenas to turn a 4-0 deficit into an 8-4 victory

Orlando Cepeda of Boston socked a grand slam to take care of Texas 6-2, and Bill Lee switched from the bullpen to pick up his first win of the year as a starter when he defeated the Twins 5-1 In their three other tries the Red Sox came up losers and took up residence in the basement

DET 12-12 CLEV 11-13 MIL 10-12
BALT 10-13 NY 10-13 BOST 9-12

AL WEST There was almost nothing to Chicago's rise to the top of the West as far as opposing batters were concerned, anyway Only once did opponents produce runs—five of them by the Orioles But the White Sox countered with six, two on homers by Dick Allen, who became only the 15th man in 62 years to loft a ball over the 71½-foot-high left-field grandstand in Chicago White Sox pitchers took care of the rest of the work as the team ran its winning streak to eight games, the club's longest since 1967 In the process they hurled four shutouts, three in succession Terry Forster pitched 6⅓ innings of two-hit relief to wrap up wins over the Yankees for Stan Bahnsen and Eddie Fisher Earlier, Wilbur Wood blanked the Red Sox and Orioles, giving him three shutouts in a row Asked what he did in the locker room during a rain delay in the Oriole contest, Wood replied

continued

You can't expect great music unless you have great equipment.

Pioneer components are matched for the finest, most natural sound in music. AM-FM stereo receivers . . . speaker systems . . . record players . . . tape decks . . . stereo headsets. We make them all. Regardless of which Pioneer units you select, they combine to perform the best and most authentic music reproduction. Ask your Pioneer high fidelity dealer for a demonstration.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

PIONEER®
when you want something better



West 13300 S Estrella Los Angeles 90248 Midwest 1500 Greenleaf Elk Grove Village Ill 60007 Canada S H Parker Co Ont



Examine the elk tanned cowhide upper Buri[illegible] salt [illegible] which refuses to pick up sand or pebbles Lay hold the waterst[illegible] rawhide lacings Handsewn by Yankee craftsmen Sebago Docksides mean quality

Docksides available in New York at B Altman & Co Philadelphia Strawbridge & Clothier Los Angeles J W Robinson Co San Francisco Joe Harris Co Chicago Lands End Washington D C Woodward & Lothrop London England Carl Ziegler Yacht Agency and other fine stores

SEBAGO

Sebago Inc Westbrook Me 04092

I did what I always do. I had a cigar."

Artful pitching was also the trademark of the Angels, who won four of five. For Rudy May it was a 1-0 two-hitter against the Orioles, his third straight shutout. For Nolan Ryan (*page 26*) it was a 12-inning, 5-3 win over the Tigers. And for Bill Singer it was a two-hitter and a five-hitter as he put down the Orioles 3-1 and the Tigers 6-2. Three times last week the Angels played games in less than 2:15, making it 10 times in all.

Ninth-inning rallies gave Texas back-to-back wins as Dave Nelson and Toby Harrah drove in runs to beat the Brewers 2-1, and Jeff Burroughs finished off the Red Sox 7-6 with the last of his four RBIs. Ranger fielding was also impressive, but not even seven double plays in their final two outings could prevent losses.

Steve Busby, trying for his second no-hitter in a row, ran his hitless parade to 14⅓ innings before Dave May of the Brewers homered. The American League owns sole rights to the designated hitter this season, but that did not stop the Royals from resorting to the ancient National League tradition of using a pinch hitter. John Mayberry, who spent much of the day soaking his injured wrist, hit a two-run pinch single for a 9-7 victory over the Brewers.

Chuckholes in the outfield, slow infield grass, dead air, low attendance—those were among the complaints lodged by the A's against their Oakland Coliseum. "And look how drab this place is," lamented Sal Bando. "Gray cement. We've nicknamed this the Oakland Mausoleum." Catfish Hunter picked up two of the A's three wins, but the team remained below .500.

Things weren't so hot in Minnesota, either. The Twins hit just one homer, were outscored 36-18, left 41 men on base and lost four of five games. Rod Carew was fined $250 for not hustling. Harmon Killebrew was slumping along at .189 and the day after George Mitterwald hit his first homer he hurt his back while lifting his baby. Something had to be done, so Club President Calvin Griffith complained to League President Joe Cronin that Bert Blyleven's curves moved so much that umpires were calling them balls instead of strikes. Next time out Blyleven's curve—and just about everything else he threw—was moved for eight hits and four runs in 4⅓ innings.

CHI 14-8 KC 16-9 CAL 13-8
MINN 10-10 OAK 11-13 TEX 7-13

NL EAST

So much for Montreal's youth movement. Last week the oldtimers took over and the Expos won four in a row after losing to the Astros 4-3 on a ninth-inning balk. It was an unlikely lot who got the team going. John Boccabella, 31, a .220 career hitter, Bob Bailey, 30, and .252, Ron Hunt, 32, and .271, and Ron Woods, 30, and .238. Boccabella batted .375, Bailey .385 and Hunt .500 while Woods hit .500 to take over the league lead in batting with a .429 average. Woods produced nine runs and Hunt seven as the Expos fought from behind for all their wins. Manager Gene Mauch, who enjoyed the turnabout but was confused by it, said, "Anyone who tries to analyze success is crazy."

There was little success to analyze in New York. Only Jerry Koosman could crow. "One of my goals in life was to throw a 3-2 changeup to Henry Aaron in a 1-0 game with two out in the ninth inning and get him," said Koos. "I did it."

The Chicago Cubs made just two errors, hit .310, won four of six and jumped to first place. Leading the assault were Jose Cardenal (.353 for the week), Glenn Beckert (.381) and Ron Santo (.435). Sandwiched between four one-run setbacks for Pittsburgh were

All central air conditioners can keep you cool.



Model shown is High Efficiency Series Model No. 81643 or 81683. Available at most [illegible] Roebuck [illegible]

three wins. Two came on the strength of slugging by Al Oliver and Rennie Stennett, who took turns getting two homers and six RBIs against the Giants.

While the Cardinals were struggling, so were the Phillies, although they did win a marathon. Denny Doyle of Philadelphia led off with a triple, the next two batters were intentionally walked and then Jose Pagan punched a fly ball to left field. Although he neglected to slide, Doyle was safe at home on a close play. And that was how the Phillies beat the Braves 5–4 in a 20-inning game that lasted 5.16. Twice the Phillies came from two runs down—in the eighth and 13th innings—and hung in there by stranding a record 27 Braves. Oh yes, the Phillies lost their other four games, three on shutouts.

CHI 14-10 PITT 11-8 MONT 11-11
NY 12-12 PHIL 12-12 ST. L 6-12

NL WEST

Bottom of the ninth, trailing the Pirates by six—it was time for even the most ardent Giant rooter to head for home. Even Bobby Bonds put on his jacket and started to leave. "But at the last second something told me I should stay for the final out," Bonds recalls. So he did, saw Chris Arnold hit a pinch grand slam and soon after found himself at bat with the bases again bulging. Bad cold and all, Bonds doubled, cleared the bases and the Giants won 8–7. The rest of the week was not so fruitful, the Giants losing four of five.

Houston climbed to within 1½ games of the Giants with a 5-0 week. When Jimmy Wynn was shifted from his customary No. 3 spot in the batting order he was upset. Now, however, he is all agrin. As leadoff man he has hit .297 with eight home runs; batting elsewhere occasionally, Wynn has hit .167. "I've never seen as many fastballs as I have leading off because they don't want to walk me with our heavy hitters batting behind me," Wynn explained. Last week he hit one homer, Bob Watson added three and Jerry Reuss blanked the Phillies. Tommie Agee scored the winning run in the 14th inning against his former Met mates when Pitcher Jim Ray, batting because the Astros had run out of players, singled him across.

Another ex-Met, Larry Stahl of the Reds, beat the New Yorkers with a three-run homer as a pinch hitter for a pinch hitter. He hit it off the first pitch thrown this season by rookie reliever Hank Webb. That was the third straight win for the Reds, who earlier had beaten the Phillies on Jack Billingham's shutout and had used three home runs to defeat the Mets 6–1. Then they took on the revamped Expos and dropped two games.

Los Angeles had the most productive of all outfields last week. Willie Davis had 10 hits, Manny Mota had 12 and Willie Crawford added 13. That kind of hitting enabled the team to win five of seven and go over .500 for the first time. Manager Eddie Mathews announced that his Braves would start a new season in May, not a bad idea considering their 7-13 showing for April. So the new season began and the Braves lost and lost and lost. The Braves won at last when Carl Morton, aided by Henry Aaron's third homer of the week, downed the Phillies 7–0.

There was talk of a player rebellion against San Diego Manager Don Zimmer. After player representative Steve Arlin was sent to the bullpen he snapped. "I'm accused of being the instigator [of the rebellion story]. They're making an example of me." Leron Lee hit .342, Fred Kendall .354, Nate Colbert .448, John Grubb .500 and Dave Campbell .524, yet the Padres lost four of six.

SF 20-8 HOUS 12-10 CIN 15-10
LA 14-13 ATL 8-12 SD 8-12

But Sears has 10,000 *Air Men* to keep you comfortable.



The Sears Air Men are made up of almost 10,000 trained central air conditioning experts who can plan a central air system that exactly meets your needs. So you get effective, efficient and economical cooling for your home. Then they make sure the system is installed with care. So it works right and as trouble-free as we can make it . . . the first time. And when you need service, the Sears Air Men are only a phone call away.

Of course, with every Sears central air system you get Air Assurance. Sears 5-year guarantee. The first year Sears will repair any part found defective. For the next four years, Sears will replace the compressor if found defective . . . at no charge to you for parts or labor.

Central air conditioning is more than just equipment, it's the people who stand behind it. And Sears has the Air Men. Call them today for a free home estimate. Ask about Sears convenient credit plans.



For a **free** copy of "How to Buy Central Air Conditioning", go to your local Sears store.

Sears AIR MEN



Titleist's Corrective Action vs. other heel and toe irons.

When the mechanical golfer



hits the ball here...



The big news in golf irons is the heel and toe weighted concept. Basically, this concept is a good one. It redistributes the weight of the iron blade to where it can do the most good. That's why we started with this concept. But we found that simply moving metal around was not the real answer to correcting mis-hit iron shots.

In developing Titleist's Corrective Action principle,* our goal was to broaden the sweet spot to its maximum size, and thus produce the largest effective hitting area that could be found on any iron.

We achieved this through the use of two precisely positioned tungsten inserts. (It took two years of computer testing to find the perfect weight distribution for our irons — and the perfect size and placement for the inserts.) The result was — and continues to be — a complete breakthrough in iron design. No other design can be as effective, since only our tungsten inserts enable you to concentrate maximum weight throughout the maximum impact areas.

In countless tests, our new irons have proven themselves superior to all other heel and toe clubs, including clubs costing considerably more money.

Utilizing a mechanical golfer, thousands of shots were hit in exhaustive field tests. Some of the shots were hit right on the sweet spot; some high on the face; some low; some towards the heel and toe. The balls were hit the way you hit the ball (even a scratch golfer only hits the sweet spot 40% of the time).

The chart below is typical of the results. Titleist's Corrective Action consistently delivered more effective shots, with less loss of distance, than irons with simple heel and toe weighting.

The ultimate proof, of course, is what Acushnet's Titleist irons can do for your game. Ask your pro to let you hit a few balls with one of our irons. Then hit a few balls with some of the other new clubs that have recently come on the market. . .even much higher priced clubs. You'll see what Titleist's Corrective Action can mean to your game.

Acushnet: We're out to improve your game.



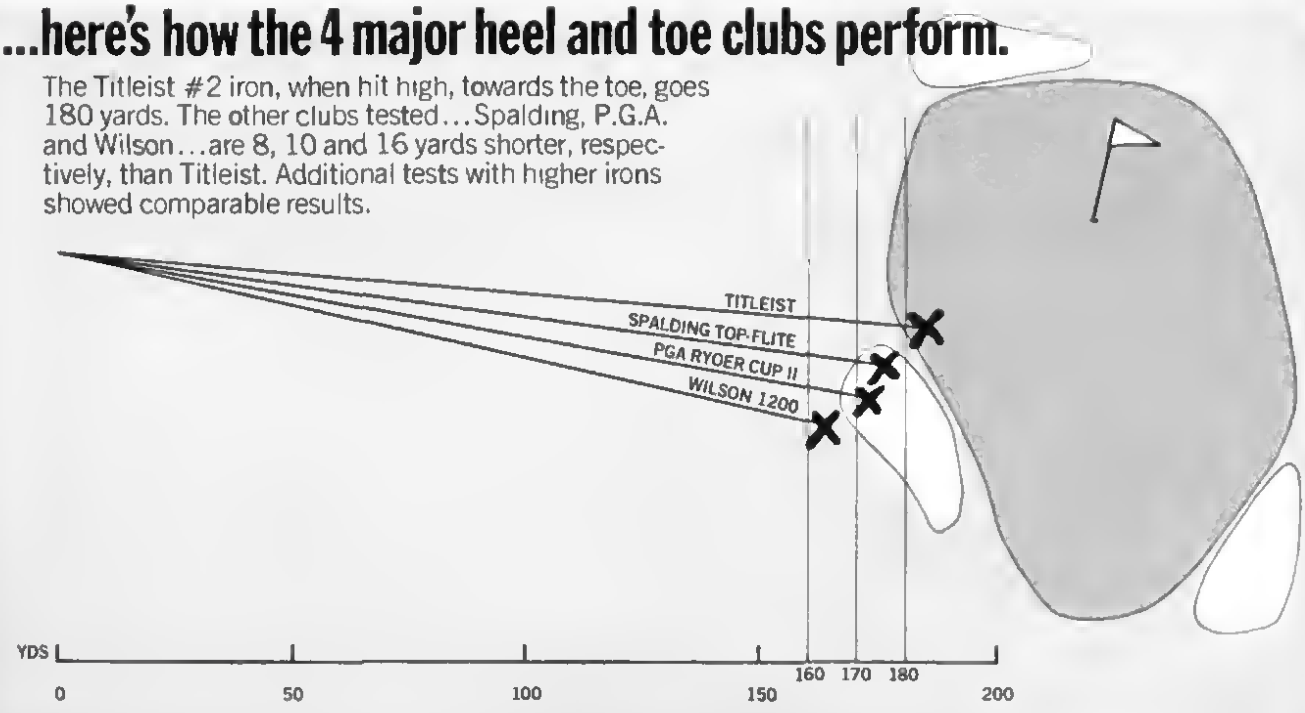
Patent pending

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT
sold thru golf course pro shops

Suggested retail price $22

...here's how the 4 major heel and toe clubs perform.

The Titleist #2 iron, when hit high, towards the toe, goes 180 yards. The other clubs tested... Spalding, P.G.A. and Wilson...are 8, 10 and 16 yards shorter, respectively, than Titleist. Additional tests with higher irons showed comparable results.





FRENCH CHAMPION MORELON AND COACH



MULTIPLE MEDALIST RON SKARIN OF U.S.

Fastest pedalers in the west

To admire the wax figure of Daniel Morelon at the Musee Grevin in Paris one must first pass by Napoleon Bonaparte, who, in another time and place, was also a champion of champions. But of the two, only Morelon was voted that highest title in French sports and only Morelon has won every world championship he has entered since 1966 and a clutch of Olympic gold medals as well.

At the Grand Prix of the United States bicycle races at Encino, Calif. last week the 28-year-old Morelon was operating with his accustomed aplomb around the high-banked velodrome—taller, perhaps smoother and just as imposing as the emperor himself. "For Daniel Morelon," said Denmark's successful insurance salesman and Munich gold medalist Neils Fredborg, "it is only important to win, win, win. And that is what he usually does, though it seems he sometimes takes it too seriously."

Morelon's two weeks of racing won for him a 1,500-meter gold medal and a 10,000-meter bronze before a sore back and Australia's John Nicholson upset him in the sprints on the last day. His victories in the two longer races were testaments to his versatility against a field whose high quality suggested more a world championship than only the second U.S. Grand Prix. Sprint races, Morelon's specialty, explode at the end with a mad dash of 200 meters after more than two laps of tactical maneuvering that may even include dead stops. No one has ever beaten Morelon's best time over that distance of 10.68 seconds. But at Encino, Morelon's dash was not so mad after a bad spill during warmups the day before.

"When I am sitting at the starting line," said a healthy Morelon earlier, "I am thinking only of my opponent: 'I am going to beat you. I'm really going to beat you.' I do this no matter what kind of race it is. I know the sprint gives me my best chance to win, but still I try. If I lose the longer races I can admire the Fredborgs and the Reno Olsens. I see them as I see myself."

Those two Danes combined to give Denmark the most impressive showing of the 13 countries represented at Encino. Between them they won nine gold medals and two silvers and a bronze. But the leading individual medal winner was, unexpectedly, an American—and not the highest-rated U.S. rider in the competition, either. Nineteen-year-old Ron Skarin of Van Nuys, Calif., a member of the U.S. team at Munich, collected eight medals, including two golds in the 4,000-meter pursuit and the 20-mile team race. He had silvers in the 30-mile criterium road race, the 15,000-meter, the 10,000-meter point race, the miss and out and bronze medals in the 20,000-meter and 10,000-meter. "I'm just now learning how to ride, so I thought I would get stomped here," said Skarin, whose performance earned a World Bicycling, Inc. scholarship to compete this summer in Europe. "I guess I'm starting to show brains and brawn both. I used to think I was more insane than anything."

Brains and brawn is precisely the combination that has taken the contemplative Morelon to the pinnacle of amateur bicycling, though the word "amateur" ignores the appearance and prize money routinely doled out at Grand Prix events all over the world. Morelon's true benefactor, however, is his coach, Toto Gerardin, whose longtime popularity as a rider in the professional sprints ended more than 25 years ago.

"Daniel was just a local road-race rider who happened to do well in our national sprint championships one year," said Toto last week. "I decided to put him on the track and before long I realized just what I had discovered. I said I would make him a world champion. He had the ability and I could tell he was willing to work."

Encouraged by Gerardin, Morelon left his brothers to toil alone in the factories of Bourg-en-Bresse. "They are still there," says Daniel, "and they are terribly jealous. But I understand. I know myself how fantastic it is to hear the cheers. I want to win for myself and for the public. I do not want to disappoint

continued

Photographed on English Bay, looking toward Vancouver from mainland British Columbia.



Canada at its best.

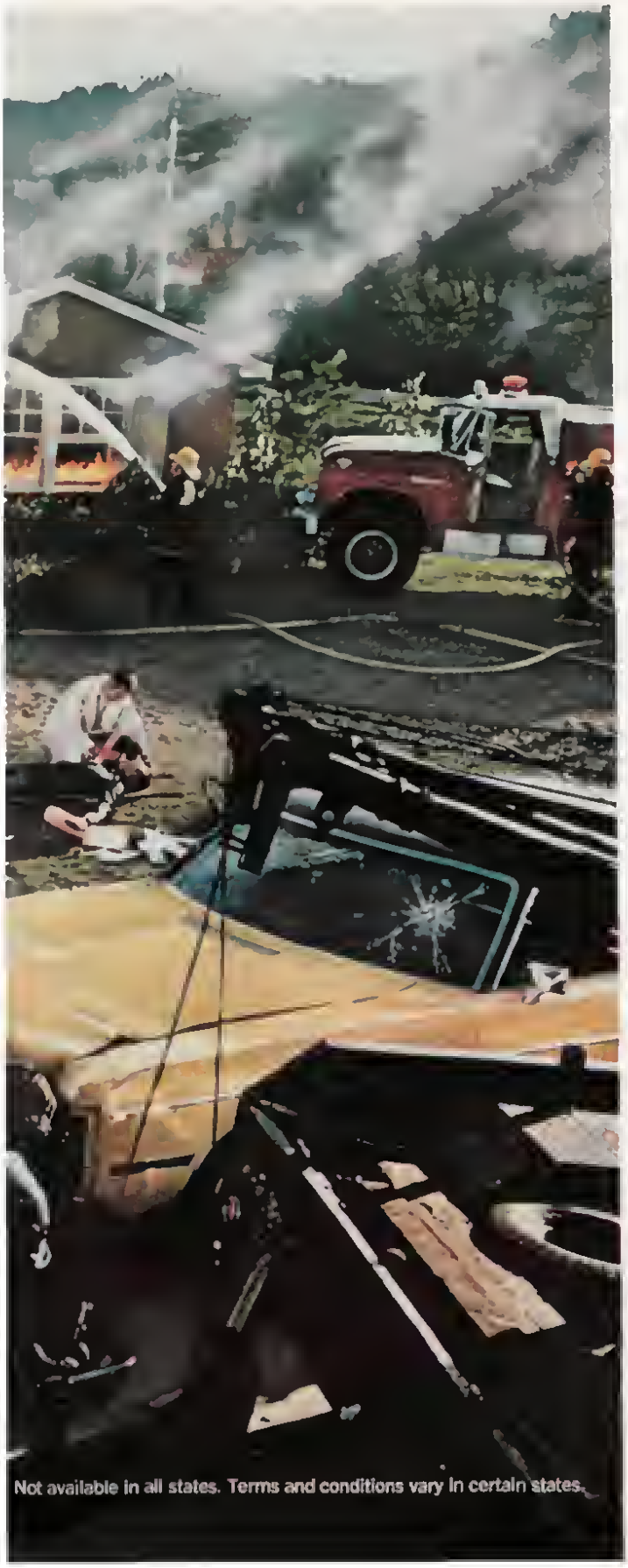
Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist.

CANADIAN WHISKY – A BLEND, 80 86 8 PROOF. BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY N.Y. N.Y. 1972

Now one Continental Insurance plan



can cover you, your home, and your auto.



Not available in all states. Terms and conditions vary in certain states.

You Get More Insurance Coverage for Your Insurance Dollar.

Now all the things covered in your homeowners policy and all the things covered in your automobile policy can be covered in one policy.

Continental's new Personal Comprehensive Protection plan: PCP.

It's so comprehensive, you can even include hospital, disability income, and mortgage life insurance.

By combining several policies, it actually gives you more insurance coverage for your insurance dollar.

Combined Liability Coverage.

With separate homeowners and automobile policies, you have separate limits of liability coverage.

(For example, let's say your homeowners coverage has a limit of $50,000 and your automobile coverage has a limit of $100,000.)

With PCP, you have a single limit for both your homeowners coverage and your automobile coverage.

(You choose whatever amount you feel you need: $50,000. $100,000. $200,000. Or more.)

Now if you're sued—whether because of an auto accident or a home accident—you're protected by the new single limit.

Combined Home and Personal Property Coverage.

With a homeowners policy, you have separate limits of coverage for your home and your personal property.

If a loss occurs, and it's more than one of these limits, you can't use the other limit. Even if it isn't used up.

With PCP, you don't have to worry about separate limits on your home and personal property.

You have one overall amount of insurance.

And it's your limit, whether you have a loss on your home, personal property, or other covered items.

Inflation Protection.

Each year, inflation increases the value of your home. So we automatically increase the amount of your insurance coverage based on one of the most accurate measures available: the U.S. Commerce Department's Construction Cost Index.

In addition, your home is covered on a *replacement* cost basis. We don't deduct depreciation if your home is damaged, or if you have a loss on your household furnishings that exceeds $2,000.

Easy to Convert to PCP.

You don't have to cancel your present policies.

Simply join Continental's PCP plan and let your old policies expire.

We'll credit your PCP premium accordingly.

Guaranteed Renewal.

After 60 days, we guarantee annual renewal of your property and liability coverages at then existing rates for 5 years—unless any one of the following occurs: you don't pay the premium; you sell your home; a member of your household has his driver's license revoked.

One Plan, One Man.

To cover everything you see here in one plan, call your Continental Insurance Agent.

(He's in the Yellow Pages.)

Tell him that starting today you don't want to carry a lot of different policies with a lot of different companies with a lot of different premiums and a lot of different expiration dates.

Now one is enough.



The Continental Insurance Companies

Home Office: 80 Maiden Lane, New York, New York 10038



Built to be seen. Not heard.

Take a good look at the new Satellite Sebring-Plus. We've restyled it to give it a look we think a lot of people are going to like.

But that's only the beginning. Here's the inside story.

You know all those irritating little noises your car makes when you drive down the highway? Like windwhistle. Tire noise. Traffic sounds.

Well, we've built a car to quiet those noises. This transparent car has colored areas showing where we placed sound silencers in the new Sebring-Plus. We've added special door and window seals, for example.



And things like floor silencers and roof pads to keep the street noises outside the car.

It all means that the Sebring-Plus will be a quieter car than ever before. "Super-Quiet" we call it.

If Satellite sounds like your kind of car, stop at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Take a good look at our new Satellite.

Drive it, listen to the quiet, experience the new ride and the way it handles. Then decide. We don't think there's a better choice in a mid-size car.

Mid-size Plymouth Satellite

Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.

CHRYSLER
Plymouth

either of us. If I lose, I always know why. If I win, it is because my form is as it should be."

For all his drive to succeed, Morelon has remained popular with foreign competitors and his teammates as well. "We are more brothers than friends," says Pierre Trentin. "although things did change for me when Daniel came along. I stopped thinking about the sprints and took up the kilometer. I've been world champion in both but I would still like to win a sprint gold medal. With Daniel around, that is not so possible."

If anyone does surpass Morelon at the world championships this summer, it might by Olympic silver medalist Nicholson, who lives and trains in Europe. "I think perhaps it could happen this year," he said at Encino, "but as much as we all want to beat him, we respect and like him, too. It could be that his success is due to his character. He is not at all arrogant. If he were he might not be so aware of other riders' strong points and how they can be overcome."

While a Trentin usually tries to beat his opponent by as large a margin as possible, Morelon is content with the narrowest of victories. "I tell him many times to be more aggressive," says Gerardin, "but he knows too well what he is capable of. All I can really do is teach him how to see a race, what to look for in a track and an opponent. I don't have to tell him to train the long hours on the bike or to take the flat skis onto the snow in the winter. He will do these things. If I say anything, it is to stop, that he is working too hard."

Because Morelon has dominated amateur cycling for so long, there are some who criticize him for not turning professional. But neither the road races nor the six-day races popularized by the professionals are suited to Morelon's quick bursts of speed. "In my day," says Gerardin, "there were more than 90 professional sprint races a year. Now there are no more than a dozen."

Like many international stars Morelon remains an amateur in name and spirit if not by strict definition. When he is at home with his wife and his 7-year-old son Francis, he is obliged to work only 24 hours a week as a physical-education instructor for police recruits.

"I would like one more Olympic gold medal," he says. "I'm not thinking much beyond that. I only know I very much enjoy what I'm doing now. Perhaps I could become a coach. Perhaps I could help my own son do as I have done."

Young Francis is already taking his bike onto La Cipale, the high-banked track in Paris. Toto Gerardin's brilliant blue eyes sparkle at the idea of another Morelon. "I'm afraid there are no more world champions in France," he says. "Without Daniel it would be some other country. Eastern Europe is coming around. The United States only needs the coaching. Jackie Simes of Santa Monica [now a pro] might have succeeded with proper training. But world champions come along so seldom. So much is needed to help them develop. For me, I fear Daniel is the last." END

Overhaul your hair.

Living is hard on hair. There are the elements, like sun, wind and humidity, not to mention the general run of harsh alkaline shampoos and soaps. RK Protein Reconditioner works to undo the damage with a scientific formula that contains organic protein.

The organic proteins in RK Protein Reconditioner are hydrolyzed to the right molecular size and weight to be absorbed by the hair. So RK can restructure limp, weary hair by becoming part of the hair structure.

Hair that looks and feels good is slightly acidic. Acidity is measured in the laboratory by the pH scale. (Scientists use the 0-14 pH scale to determine acidity or alkalinity, 0 being extreme acidity and 14 extreme alkalinity.) The natural pH of hair and skin registers from 4.5 to 5.5. So does the pH of RK Protein Hair Reconditioner.

A scientific hair tune-up nets some other bonuses: less dryness and flakiness; stronger hair that holds style and keeps your mane tame. RK's Scientific Approach to Hair Care—a whole new ball game with a full line of acid-balanced, compatible hair care products. Just ask your barber stylist. He uses RK himself.



RK SCIENTIFIC HAIR CARE CENTER

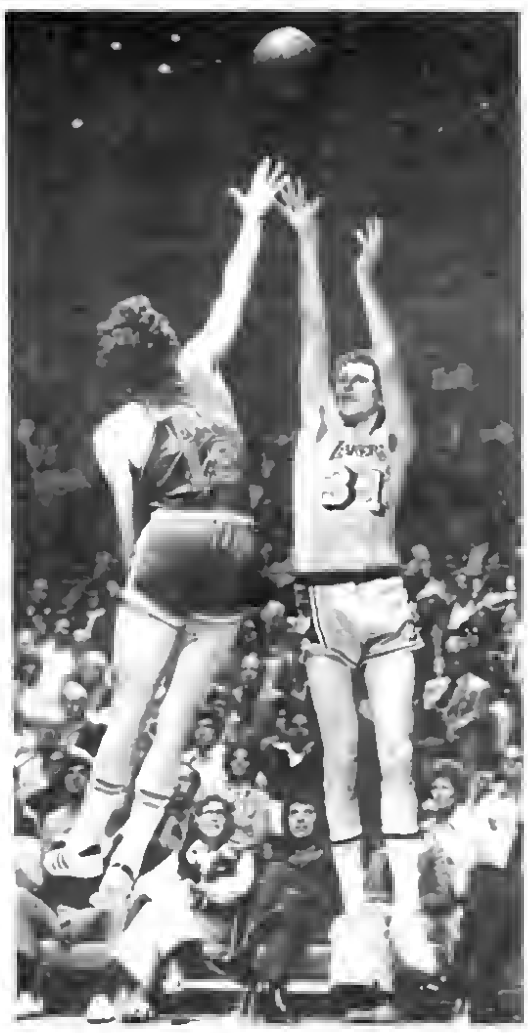
Only at your barber stylist.

PRO BASKETBALL / *Peter Carry*

The not-so-grand finales

As the championship rounds in the NBA end the ABA got under way, the basketball wee e little sloppy but the competition was plenty tough

The third game of the NBA championship playoffs between the Knicks and Lakers was a curious affair. Take, for example, Bill Bradley and Dave DeBusschere, who spent the afternoon at Madison Square Garden shooting like a couple of guys playing half-court at the Y: they sank eight of 27 shots. Then there was Walt Frazier, whose game is usually as classy as the Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III he drives. He looked more like a secondhand Morris Minor in first gear as he played his third subpar scoring game of the series, finishing with 14 points. On the Lakers' side there was Wilt Chamberlain, who only two days before had said his team needed more offense from Wilt Chamberlain to win, taking only three shots as the Lakers lost 87-83 and fell behind 2-1 in the series.



JACKSON AND COUNTS: RARAE AVES

Still, Los Angeles almost pulled the game out with a last-period rally, which is when the Lakers look to Jerry West to provide the clutch plays. Alas, Mr. Clutch had already done all his pulling out for the day—in the form of two strained hamstring muscles—and was on the bench.

Indeed, most of the regular stars of the annual Knick-Laker finals had taken the afternoon off and the game showed it. For long stretches the Knicks felt lucky if one of their shots struck the rim a glancing blow. For longer periods Los Angeles made more turnovers than a German bakery. Inevitably, somebody had to do something right—to wit, Willis Reed and Keith Erickson, both of whom were injured during last year's series involving these teams, and Earl Monroe, who was healthy but hurting in 1972 when his man, Gail Goodrich, outscored him 76-17 in the first three games.

Reed helped put the Knicks ahead by as many as 10 points with medium-range jumpers and quick drives past Chamberlain that added up to 22 points. Monroe kept New York in front when the Lakers charged back by scoring nine of his 21 points in the fourth period. And Erickson, subbing for West, hit a baseline jumper and a drive down the lane in the final 1:39 to bring the Lakers within two points of New York. In the end, however, he took the most fitting shot of the day. With 22 seconds remaining and Los Angeles in position to tie, he fired a 15-footer that missed the rim and backboard, but not the tenor of the game. All of which led the Garden organist to strike up the *Ode to Joy* from Beethoven's Ninth, the classiest play of the afternoon.

The mere presence of the Knicks and Lakers in the finals put to rest some old tunes about the playoffs. Traditionally it has been felt that the length and intensity of postseason competition is too much for elderly teams (excluding the Bill Russell Celtics, who won at any age).

According to that logic, Los Angeles and New York should have been out of the playoffs weeks ago. The eight Knicks who play regularly average 29 years of age, two years per man younger than the top seven Lakers. Overall, these are the two oldest teams in the pros and their personnel had 1,344 games of playoff experience going into the finals. Late in the third quarter of the fourth game, the 36-year-old Chamberlain will probably compile his 7,498th minute of playoff action, thus surpassing Russell's record.

"The playoffs are very tough mentally and psychologically, but they are really the easiest part of the year physically," says DeBusschere, who does a TV commercial in which he dyes the gray out of his hair. "During the regular season a young, quick team can play four or five games back-to-back and still do well. An older team like us or the Lakers can't do that, but during the playoffs our experience takes over. You get a day or two of rest between each game, so physically you don't get as worn down. And you scout your opponents much more thoroughly, you watch movies so you can spot your mistakes and their weaknesses and adjust to them. That makes knowledge and experience the things that count most."

Proving which team is the wisest and wiliest may end up being what counts, since the usual incentive for winning—money—barely exists. The victors' share of the pot will amount to only about $2,500 a man more than the losers', small potatoes for many of the Knicks and Lakers who earn salaries far in excess of $100,000 and then pick up five-figure fees for TV spots like the one in which Chamberlain tells viewers how they can smell like he does and stand out in a crowd and another in which Jerry Lucas gives his follicles a 60-second massage.

Despite the absence of significant financial inducements, Lucas and the

continued



A fine Scotch—like Ballantine's—
is a civilized drink.

It comes over to your side,
smoothly.

A bit of quiet comfort in the middle of a
screaming world.

No wonder the Scots invented it.

other Knicks and Lakers turned the first two games at Los Angeles into hairy workouts indeed. In the opener the Lakers once led by 20 points and seemed about to take complete charge on numerous occasions throughout the first three periods. New York refused to cave in, however, and Los Angeles needed Erickson's rebound and pass to Bill Bridges for a breakaway layup in the closing seconds to ensure a 115-112 victory. During the second game, the visitors held 10-point leads five times in the fourth quarter. New York's advantage was still nine points with 1:24 to play, but it won 99-95 only after Jim McMillian missed both his chances at a crucial free throw with 26 seconds remaining.

In games that tight involving teams so resolute, the importance of defense reaches cold war proportions. Los Angeles Coach Bill Sharman, the John Foster Dulles of the NBA, believes in a policy of massive retaliation. And well he might. In Chamberlain he has the biggest weapon this side of the B-52. While other Lakers gamble for steals and invite opponents to drive into the middle, Wilt stakes out a zone around the basket and tries to swat incoming projectiles right back at the men who fired them. The Knicks follow a strategy of flexible response, a defense that Bradley likes to call "supportive." New York attempts to deny opponents the pieces of territory they most covet and brings up extra defenders to help a teammate in danger of being overpowered.

In each of the first three games, the victor's defense was the key. In the series opener Chamberlain blocked seven shots and clearly intimidated shooters on five other occasions. Forced to fire from outside, the Knicks turned few of their missed shots into offensive rebounds. Instead most went to Chamberlain and Bridges, who used them to start fast breaks that yielded 26 points, an unusually high total against New York.

Other Laker defenders benefitted from Wilt's imposing presence. McMillian harassed nervous New York shooters with four blocks of his own, and West and Erickson, who alternated on Frazier, held him to what he called "my worst playoff game I can remember." Frazier scored only 12 points, and twice late in the game he shook free but passed up open shots from foul-line range when he saw Chamberlain loitering nearby. Meanwhile, West was driving freely past Frazier and seemed headed for one of his storied playoff scoring binges. After 24 minutes of play, West had 24 points but he also had five fouls. He sat out 13 minutes of the second half, committing his sixth personal with 3:09 to go.

The only Knick challenging Chamberlain in close was Bradley, who sneaked along the baseline behind him, taking passes and putting up short, quick-release jumpers and even a few reverse layups. Bradley scored 24 points in the opener, many of them coming on shots within 10 feet of the basket. He followed up with 26 in the next game, even though Chamberlain had said the day before, "I could've had Bradley on some of those



shots except I forgot how fast he gets rid of the ball."

Bradley's success reportedly led him to tell teammate Dean Meminger that Chamberlain cannot block a shot if the shooter is able to release it before Wilt squats, a fair theory since he hunches down before he jumps. Frazier overheard the tip and leaked it to the press, which prompted the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*'s Alan Richman to say, "Frazier guards secrets about as well as he does Jerry West."

West, with 32 points, and McMillian, who totaled 53 in the first two games, were the only Lakers over 14 in the second game. New York's defense was supportive and superlative, jamming Los Angeles' patterns, causing 19 turnovers and holding the Laker fast break to 14 points. The defending champs might still have won if they had not missed 13 free throws, including eight of nine by Chamberlain, who admitted his game that night was not worth squat. "I'm not contributing enough on offense, and I realize I must if we're going to win," said Wilt, who was intentionally fouled by New York on almost every field goal he attempted.

Another reason for New York's success in the second game was the play of reserve Forward Phil Jackson who, like Bradley, was unafraid –or foolhardy enough– to shoot over or around Wilt. Jackson finished with 17 points and seven rebounds to make up for the first game when his man, Laker sub Mel Counts, had 11 points and nine rebounds. Jackson, 6′ 8″ and gangly, and Counts, 7′ and ganglier, often enter and leave games together. This may be because they are well suited, esthetically (or unesthetically) as well as by size, to guarding each other, but then it may also be because neither Sharman nor New York Coach Red Holzman wants to risk the well-being of one of his starters by putting him in close proximity to the pair. The resultant matchup would delight any vertebrate paleontologist interested in avifauna. Both men have long, wobbly legs, about 80 more bones than the average human being, and they flap their long arms and pointy elbows like unfeathered and unfettered wings. They run fast breaks with all the grace of gooney birds, and yet they are surprisingly effective. Jackson and Counts have accurate jumpers, play with exceptional tenacity and are viewed by other players as injuries in search of victims. The last is no small advantage in a series where the wise and the wily are showing a proclivity for the woolly.

•

Twenty seconds remained in the third game of the ABA finals between the Indiana Pacers and Kentucky Colonels when Pacer Forward George McGinnis roared down the right side of the court, grabbed a long lead pass from Bill Keller with one huge mitt and took off to plunk in a layup that would have tied the score 90–90. Would have, that is, if 7′ 2″ Colonel Artis Gilmore had not swooped in and tipped away the ball. It was Gilmore's seventh block in a brilliant performance in which he scored 28

continued

But if you play with all your clubs, you need the new Maxfli.





Let's face facts. Off the tee, all long-distance balls fly about the same distance. But golf is more than just distance. That's why Maxfli's new thread chemistry, improved winding techniques and center construction are so important. They make the Maxfli livelier, for distance; more sensitive, for control.

When you hit and compress a Maxfli, it hangs on the club face a split second longer, picks up all the control, direction and finesse you've put into your shot.

Even with a layer of sand between the ball and the club face, Maxfli will pick up a backspin, hit the green and bite. And off your putter, Maxfli responds to any style, any stroke.

So if you want distance, but don't want to lose on the fairway or the green the advantage you had on the tee, play the new Maxfli.

Maxfli By DUNLOP

Sold only by Golf Professionals



Your eyes devour about 25% of all your energy. Bad sunglasses will make you use up even more.

This may be somewhat astonishing. But the truth is that if your eyes are tormented by badly made lenses, your energy will be drained. You'll tire a little faster—not just your eyes, but all of you—and you probably won't know why.

All this simply because you were never told what sunglasses are and are not.

Real sunglasses are for eye comfort and protection. Good lenses filter out infrared and ultraviolet rays and only glass can do that. Each lens must have the same density and pass no more than 30% of the light. And they should be of prescription quality.

All Bausch & Lomb Ray-Ban® Sun Glasses meet these requirements. Ever since the 1930's when the Army Air Corps asked us to develop truly protective sunglasses for their pilots.

If you don't wear sunglasses meeting these standards, your eyes will have to work harder trying to compensate. And you won't win. You'll just become more tired.

You need energy. It's criminal to waste it on bad sunglasses. Now that you know the difference.

For more details, write for our free booklet "Sunglasses and Your Eyes": Bausch & Lomb, Dept. 705, Rochester, New York 14602.

Bausch & Lomb
OPTIMUM OPTICS

Arnold Palmer is wearing one of the popular Ray Ban metal styles. Others from $10

points and led Kentucky to a 92–88 victory.

"Artis was still at the free-throw line and I had just one step to go to the basket," said McGinnis. "If I had it to do over again, I'd pull up for my jumper or call time or something."

Gilmore's play was both extraordinary and typical of the series, which was tied at two wins apiece at week's end. Three of the games—Indiana's 111–107 overtime victory in the opener, the Colonels' third-game win and the Pacers' 90–86 fourth-game victory—were decided by late heroics, and Kentucky won only when Gilmore was at his shot-blocking, slam-dunking best.

The Colonels' other win (114–102)—the only decisive one of the series—occurred in the second game in which Gilmore scored 29 points, hit 11 of 16 shots, grabbed 26 rebounds and blocked seven field-goal attempts.

Artis was far from dominant in the other two games, however. Indiana broke to a 19-point bulge at the end of the first period of the opener, Kentucky rallied by scoring the first 17 points of the third quarter and the game remained close throughout the fourth period. With 2:01 to play, Gilmore was whistled for a three-second violation, a call that so enraged Colonel Coach Joe Mullaney that he announced he was completing the game under protest. Then, with 35 seconds left, Kentucky Guard Jim O'Brien hit a jumper that apparently gave the Colonels a 102–100 edge. Pacer Coach Slick Leonard objected, claiming that the 30-second clock had been improperly handled and should have expired before the shot. Leonard won his point and the game when Guard Freddie Lewis scored eight of his 29 points in overtime.

Two thin men, Indiana's Don Freeman and Kentucky's Rick Mount, duked to a draw in the second quarter of the fourth game, Leonard was ejected just after the halftime buzzer sounded for batting the refs and Gilmore incurred his fifth foul with 9:41 to play in the third period. That left the middle open for Darnell Hillman, the 6'9" forward-center who has been the Pacers' defensive ace. With Gilmore inhibited by fouls, Hillman won the opening tap of the last period and outplayed Artis the rest of the way. He scored seven of his 17 points, pulled in six rebounds and blocked a shot in the fourth quarter to enable Indiana to even the series. END



It's hard to tell where your hands stop and Wilson Staffs start.

When you've got $25,000 riding on a golf tournament, you get very picky about your clubs.

You want cluhs that'll give you maximum control and maximum maneuverability.

In short, clubs that feel and perform like part of you.

That's a perfect description of Wilson Staff* clubs.

And that's why more touring professionals use Wilson Staffs than any other set of cluhs.

Less is more.

Why do Wilson Staffs feel so natural?

Because they were designed to be superbly maneuverahle. So you can bring your skill to bear almost anywhere.

The sole of the Staff iron is narrower. And it is contoured both from heel to toe and from the leading edge to the back of the sole. This enables you to put your club exactly where you want it. And get more cluh on the ball in almost every situation.

More power to you.

If you could hit a golf ball with your arm, you'd put all of your weight behind the spot that meets the ball for maximum power.

That's exactly what you get when you hit a ball squarely with a Wilson Staff iron. Because we've taken the inefficient weight out of the heel of the irons with our drilled-through principle and moved it in the direction of the toe.

The result is more hitting weight in the center of the club face and toward the toe to hit balls farther and with greater accuracy.

As you change, they change.

Unlike most other clubs, your Wilson Staff cluhs can change as your game changes—thanks to our Variahle Swing Weight feature.

For the first time, it is incorporated in the irons as well as the woods.

So if you think a modest change in "feel" might help your game, visit your club professional, and he'll change your cluh's swing weight to fit the new you.

Famous golfers don't sign them. They design them.

Our Wilson Advisory Staff is the largest in golf. And these 43 top professionals do more with our Staff clubs than pose for pictures with them.

They play them.
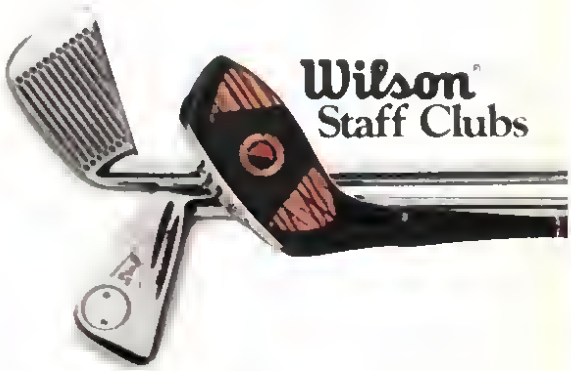
Then men like Sam Snead, Julius Boros and Billy Casper provide us with specific recommendations which are, in turn, tested and played.

This never-ending process of refinement is another reason why the Staff is the club most played by touring professionals.

Take a look at a set of Wilson Staffs at your professional golf shop.

And if they feel like an extension of you, remember that they're also an extension of a lot of other great golfers as well.

You don't have to be a pro to "feel" the difference.

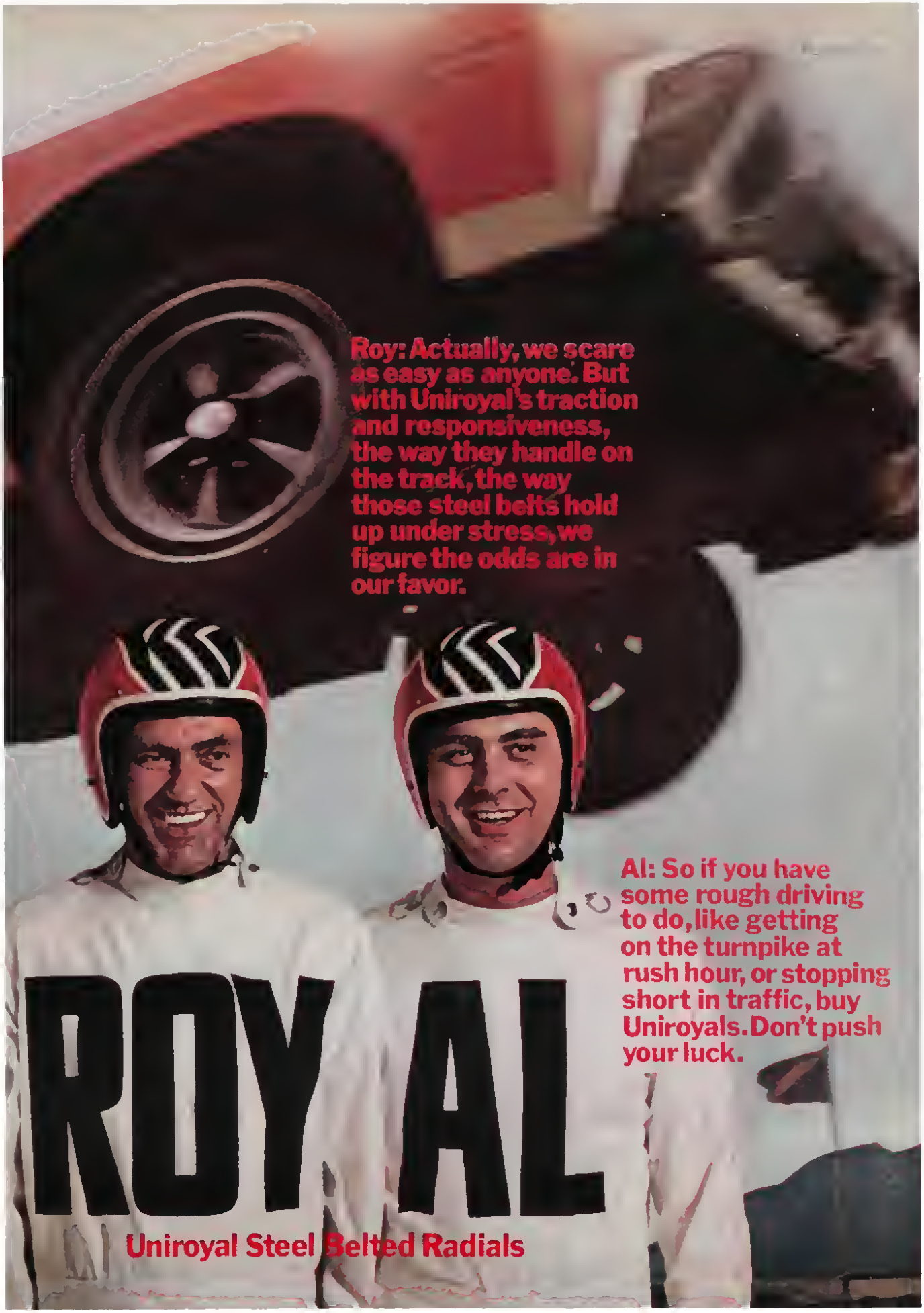


Wilson and Wilson Staff are registered trademarks of the Wilson Sporting Goods Co

"We don't push our luck."



Uni: Maybe you think leaping off a ramp and flying 40 feet through space is daring. But for thrill show drivers like us, it's more a matter of confidence. And we feel confident on Uniroyal Steel Belted Radial tires.


Roy: Actually, we scare as easy as anyone. But with Uniroyal's traction and responsiveness, the way they handle on the track, the way those steel belts hold up under stress, we figure the odds are in our favor.
Al: So if you have some rough driving to do, like getting on the turnpike at rush hour, or stopping short in traffic, buy Uniroyals. Don't push your luck.
ROY AL
Uniroyal Steel Belted Radials

Getting the rocks in the Johnnie Walker Red bottle is a lot easier than getting the Johnnie Walker Red in the bottle.



Only a master blender with years of priceless knowledge can make every single drop of Johnnie Walker Red taste the same year after year.

He has to have over forty of Scotland's finest whiskies at his command all of the time to achieve the smooth, satisfying flavor that has made this the world's favorite bottle of Scotch.

Anybody with a bottle cutter can get the rocks in.

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying "Scotch."

New York, N.Y.

He socks the sizzle to 'em

The name is Bucky Woy, the game is the women pros. Some are pretty, some are super and, if Woy has his way, they are sport's next big time

I told the girls, 'You don't sell a steak, you sell the sizzle and that's what we have to do in bowling.' " The speaker was Bucky Woy, commissioner of the Professional Women Bowlers Association for the past 21 months and a sizzler himself. "I made the girls cognizant of their image," Woy said last week at the U.S. Open in the Garden City Bowl on Long Island, N.Y. "We had cosmeticians talk to the girls about how to fix themselves up, and when they needed it we loaned them money to buy blouses or to go to the hairdresser. There are a lot of girl watchers and now our girls are proving they're worth watching.

"I told them, 'This is a show. People like attractive girls. If you look attractive and shoot 150 they'll watch you. If you look attractive and shoot 250, then *the game is on.*' "

Well, the game is on, for as the girls' skirts have gone up so have their scores. Many have rolled 250s and one—June Llewellyn—recently rolled a 300. That perfect game was worth $5,000—$1,000 for her and the rest for the PWBA to perpetuate a policy Woy took out with Lloyds of London for 300 games.

Bucky Woy is 36 and his face is as round as a bowling ball. As sports commissioners go he may be the most upbeat one operating today. He claims he has to be. He uses a hard-sell sales pitch because he is trying to squeeze his girls into the already glutted realm of professional sports, and they started from way back there, behind the men in those now thankfully forgotten two-tone shirts with AL'S AXLE SERVICE on the back.

Woy once roomed with Masters champion Tommy Aaron at the University of Florida and even played briefly on the pro tour. When he spotted Lee Trevino in 1968 he knew, he said recently, "With his charisma and with his swing he *had* to make it big. I became his agent and told him he'd make a million dollars. No one else believed it. One day after Trevino got going good I went to my hotel room and laughed out loud for 25 minutes because I knew he was going to make it. The same is going to happen to women's bowling.

"Eddie Elias [founder of the men's bowling tour] told me I should take over the women's tour. I laughed at him. I had never seen women bowl, so I went to a tournament in Las Vegas. I was flabbergasted. The girls were drawing full houses in Las Vegas, where there are show girls and so much else to see. Then I found out how good the men's TV ratings were and I decided women's bowling couldn't miss.

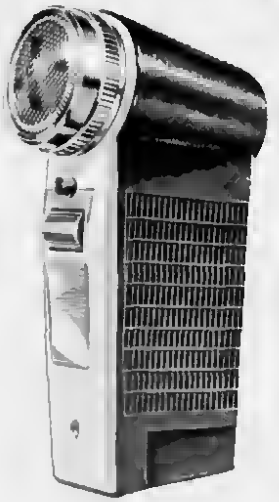
"I signed a 10-year contract with the PWBA and told 'em I had just one stipulation: 'I'm gonna be boss.' Now I'm always bugging people about women's bowling. Some tell me, 'Hey, quit banging on the door.' "

Others have braced themselves and with some trepidation opened their doors. What they have found is that women bowlers are no longer "performing pachyderms," as Joe Richards of the New York *Daily News* called them years ago. These days some people come to ogle them but often when they do they leave fascinated by their ability. Patty Costello of New Carrollton, Md. had the highest average on the tour last year, 205. And Millie Martorella of Rochester, N.Y. has had 42 sanctioned 700 series and in four of the last eight years has led all women bowlers in the nation with league averages ranging from 212 to 219.

Last week's Open came down to a struggle between Costello and Martorella, both of them 26-year-old lefthanders. Costello came to the Open with a PWBA high of 10 career titles, four more than Martorella. She insists that she bowls because "I hate to work. I used to work in a potato-chip factory, where my job was stapling packs of flower seeds to the bags and then putting them in boxes. I also sold encyclopedias. When people said, 'Those encyclopedias sure are expensive, aren't they?' I used to say, 'You'd

continued

CRAZY OFFER



Rechargeable Havershaver just an incredible $19.95

Yes, it's really crezy! You would expect to pay at least $30 for a shaver like this—but, in order to gain you as a customar and friend we are offering it here at the incredible price of just $19.95. We don't blame you for being a little wary. How can a truly quality product sell at such a price? Here are the reassuring facts. Havershaver features paper thin shaving foil and four self sharpening blades that cover the entire area of the large shaving head and spin at a speedy 3600 rpm. This combination will give you a fantastically clean and close shave. The nickel cadmium power plant takes 500 recharges, each good for 20 to 30 shaves. So it should last you for many years. And of course, there's our Guarantee. Try the Havershaver for two weeks and if you don't think it's the greatest shaving experience ever, pack it up, send it back and we'll promptly refund your money. We also guarantee against manufacturers defects for one full year—repair or replace free of cost, only charge for postage and handling. And that isn't all. We will also send you our colorful 64 page Catalog AND (will wonders never cease?) a $2.00 Gift Certificate that you can apply to your next purchase. So if you like things really smooth and wish to take advantage of this crazy bargain, send for your Havershaver today. You'll love it and be our friend for life.

Send me the Havershaver. My check for $20.95 ($19.95 plus $1.00 for postage and insurance—California deliveries please add tax) is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

364

haverhill's

584 Washington, San Francisco 94111

S10514

The drawer un-sticker.
Surform® tool shaves
wood, metal, plastic. Takes
no adjusting, can't clog,
easy to use!



Surform by
STANLEY
helps you do things right

Don't
ruin a good
drink with
bad water!

The Aqua-Pure Water Filter.
For spring-fresh water right from
your kitchen tap. Like having
bottled water with everything
you drink, including reconstituted
drinks. You or your plumber can
install it easily. From then on,
you've got crystal-clear bottle-
quality water without the
fantastic cost!



Cuno
Aqua-Pure®
WATER FILTERS

better believe it." Some saleslady."

As for Martorella, her father owns a bowling alley and she virtually grew up on the lanes. She has a 4-year-old daughter, is a whiz at playing gin and insists that the only interesting thing that ever happened to her on the tour was when she was thrown into a swimming pool after winning a tournament. What made that so interesting was that she could not swim. Millie wears a copper bracelet on her right wrist to try to cure the sciatica in her legs. The sciatica is still there but her wrist has turned green.

In Garden City two days of qualifying cut the field of 128 to 24 finalists. Midway through the two days of 24-game match-play finals Costello led Martorella by 78 pins.

Watching it all was Hall of Famer Andy Varipapa, 82, who is to bowling what Casey Stengel is to baseball. From the '30s through the '50s he taught more women to bowl than anyone in the world. As the finalists warmed up, he said, "Women at first were pathetic, but today I am so proud because they have proved they can bowl well. They call me the Toscanini of bowling because I am so critical, but here I have nothing to complain about. They're too good. Costello is the best woman bowler I've ever seen. Right now the pins are not falling for her. Tonight she will be much better. You'll see."

Just as Varipapa had forecast, Costello came on strong. While Millie lost two of her first three matches, Patty bowled beautifully and won three times, picking up 30 bonus pins for each victory and taking a 42-pin lead with just three games left. Then her game collapsed, all at once, completely and inexplicably. She rolled a 159 and a 173 and not even her final-game 247 could keep her from losing to Martorella by 49 pins.

After Martorella got her $4,000 check and Costello one for $2,000 from the $30,000 pot, both sounded off. They were upset, they said, by what they felt was the excessive publicity given to the "glamour girls" of the tour. "I'd like to see ability emphasized instead of the sex angle," Martorella said. Costello still rankled at the memory of 1971, when she had the best record of any woman on the tour yet was not chosen Bowler of the Year. That distinction went instead to Paula Sperber, who had just one win but gobs of sizzle.

The complaints are minor, growing

continued



Used all-aluminum cans are worth as much as $200 a ton. Unfortunately, many communities are just throwing them away, and that's what Alcoa thinks ought to be stopped.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. Only aluminum has all these things going for it. It's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens with a snap, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly. It's plentiful, too.

When you recycle aluminum, you save energy. It takes only 5 percent as much energy to recycle aluminum as it takes to make it the first time. Recycling aluminum, then, is very practical. And possible.

In 1970, Alcoa started a "Yes We Can" campaign to reclaim all-aluminum cans in the San Diego and Dallas-Fort Worth areas. Since then, over 200 million cans have been reclaimed for recycling in those cities alone.

Alcoa will pay as much as $200 a ton to any community reclamation center for all the used aluminum cans they can collect. We'll pay it because aluminum is a practical packaging material to recycle.

Alcoa would like to tell you how one community established its collection center.

Write for our brochure. We'll also send you a list of America's aluminum can reclamation centers.

Aluminum Company of America, 819-E Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

Aluminum: Pass it on

ALCOA



yesterday

today



times change

Remember when every person who went camping had to be a part-time service station attendant to keep his gasoline-fueled appliances going? When the stove was full the lantern was empty and when the lantern was filled the stove needed pumping And not only was gasoline inconvenient, it was smoky smelly and troublesome to handle

That s in the past

Today there s a new fuel in the picture – *propane* – the perfect fuel for modern camping And there s the Traveler Twinfold by Zebco – the perfect picture of outdoor cooking convenience! There s no filling or spilling with the Twinfold Finger pressure connects it to a propane cylinder or tank in an instant and it provides hours of constant, even flame without bothersome pumping Its clean propane flame produces no smoke to blacken pans and no odor to spoil the taste of food Two big burners are independent and fully adjustable from 2,000 to 6 400 BTUs

See the Twinfold at your camping products dealer And see the complete line of outstanding Traveler by Zebco propane appliances – stoves heaters, lights – made for camping *today*

Times change The good times get better with Traveler by Zebco!

TRAVELER by ZEBCO

CONSUMER DIVISION BRUNSWICK CORPORATION
POST OFFICE BOX 270 TULSA OKLAHOMA 74101

pains really With Woy at the controls the tour has increased from five to 20 events annually and the prize money has risen, though it does not yet approach that available in Japan Even with her five wins last year, Costello earned only $14,600 on the tour. In Japan the top woman bowler in 1972 pocketed $38,000 at tournaments and, with exhibitions and an almost unending variety of TV bowling shows and numerous commercials, made $100,000

One of the spectators at the open was Susie Reichley, who spent the past 12 months in Japan as an instructor "I asked over and over in Japan why women bowlers are so popular there, but nobody could explain it," she said.

The answer probably is Japanese men, who like to look at pretty women Patty Forbes, a statuesque 21-year-old blonde, bowled in Japan last year and was so popular she became a foldout (fully clothed) in a Japanese magazine. The Japanese and most anybody else would be just as pleased watching Sperber or Patty Forbes or Cheryl Kominsky or Doris Day-lookalike Carolyn Hallgren.

They all bowl superbly, too, mostly because they have learned to take their game seriously. Pat McNeill found out how much so when she bugged an opponent during a match and had a glass of water poured over her head. And determined Betty Morris won last year's Showboat Classic in Las Vegas despite being five months' pregnant.

Because of the many gaps in the tournament schedule and because of the relatively slim purses, many of the women have other jobs Some are nurses, bookkeepers, secretaries, accountants, teachers and real-estate agents. One owns a restaurant, another operates a nightclub and one designs jewelry. And Toni Calvery is a dean at the University of Oklahoma. There are a Pat Kocinski, a Cheryl Kominsky and a Betty Kuczynski. And there are a Marilyn Clark and a Charlene Kent, who seemingly should do wonders as doubles partners.

Meanwhile, Woy sells on and predicts big time all the time. While in Garden City he got calls from bowling lane proprietors wanting to stage tournaments. He also received word from Japan that a $100,000 international event might be in the offing, and he showed off his troupe to a prospective sponsor and to TV officials Where there's Woy there's a way. Ask him. **END**

GE helped introduce us to two great innovations in lighting. The dustrag and water.

Chester L. Nourse, Jr.
President and Chief Executive Officer
Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank, Lynn, Mass.

"Believe me, that introduction saved us a nice little piece of change.

"The fluorescent lighting in our bank was so dim, we used to make cracks about working in the dark ages. It was so bad, we figured we'd have to rip out the whole system, fixtures and all, and install something entirely new.

"Fortunately, before we did that, we talked to GE and a local lighting maintenance firm (A-1 Lighting Service, Inc.). They suggested something a little less drastic.

"They recommended that we replace our old 40-watt fluorescent lamps with GE Staybright™ fluorescents. (Which only cost a few cents more per lamp.) They also urged us to sign up for a systematic program of lighting maintenance. That included, among other things, regular cleaning of lamps and fixtures, so we'd get full advantage of the lamps we'd bought.

"Well, it was hard to believe the difference new lamps and a little elbow grease could make. The light meter showed we were getting twice as much light as we had before. Suddenly, the wisecracks stopped. A number of customers even complimented us. I was very pleased.

"And you know, whenever I think how little this 'new' lighting system really cost us, I laugh all the way to the bank."

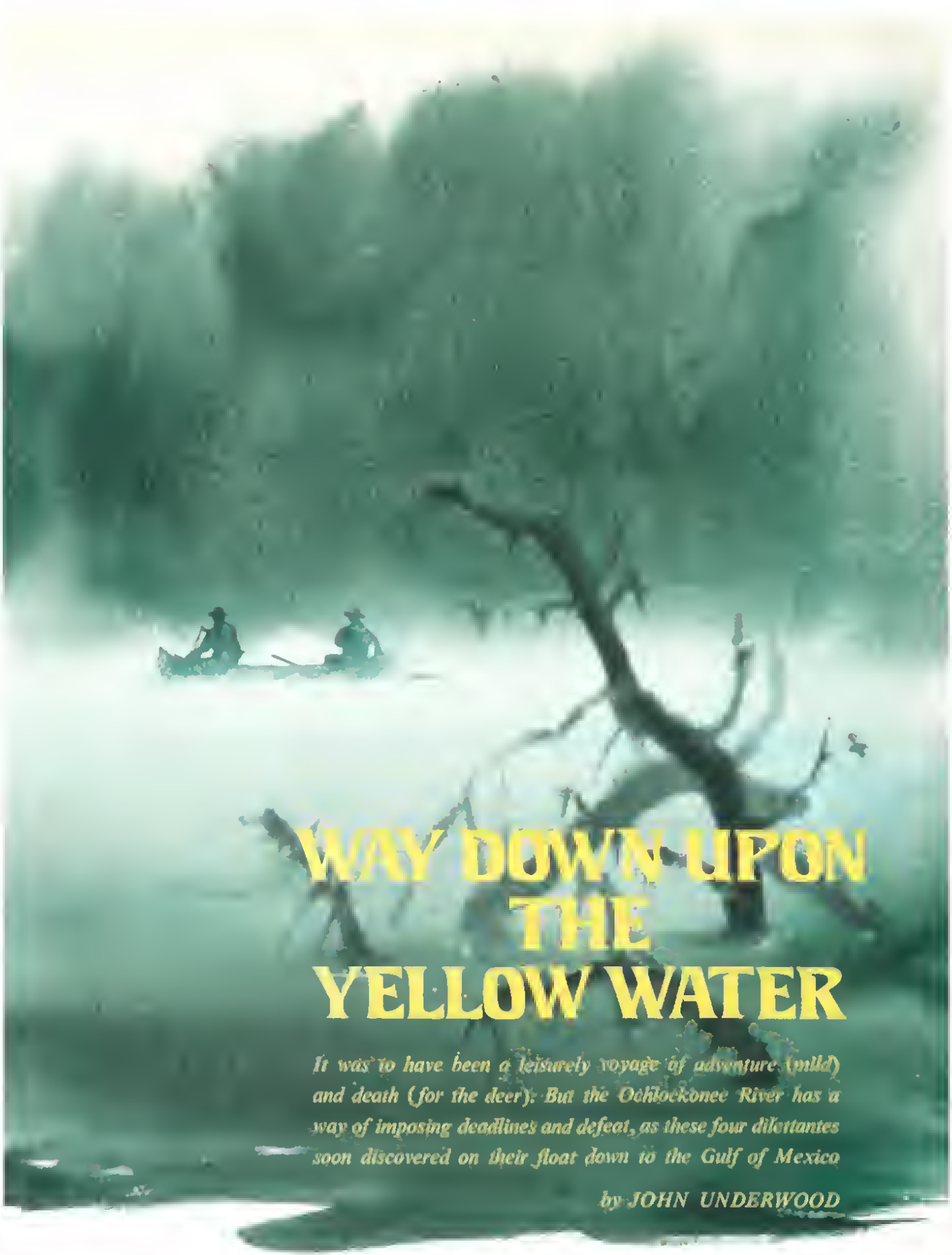
GE has helped a lot of businesses get more light for their money. If you'd like to know more, contact your local GE lamp representative. Or write General Electric Lamp Business Division, Dept. C-305, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio 44112.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Ask how General Electric's Savings in Light Association can increase your profits one way or another.







WAY DOWN UPON THE YELLOW WATER

It was to have been a leisurely voyage of adventure (mild) and death (for the deer). But the Ochlockonee River has a way of imposing deadlines and defeat, as these four dilettantes soon discovered on their float down to the Gulf of Mexico

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

CONTINUED

YELLOW WATER

The pulse of the river came to the tent in the predawn on muffled, even steps, like an army tiptoeing. Paul had his woolly orange and aqua Miami Dolphins cap pulled down over his ears but he could still hear the river. He said if it wasn't for the brass knob that had grown in the valley of his shoulder blades he would as soon get the paddle right now and go take a few more slaps at it. Just for fun.

"It'll wait 10 minutes," I said, my eyes closed, listening for the consolatory twang of crickets. "Make a false move in the dark and Marshal's liable to shoot you."

"Do you think he sleeps with it on?" Paul said.

"On?"

"His .38."

"No. But it's probably right there in the tent next to his trigger finger."

Marshal has a thing about falling out of the canoe. He is a born insurance man. He says if we were all swept over in a sudden reckoning he'd be the only one with anything left to face the wilderness. Shotguns, fishing rods, flashlights, compasses, our five-day supply of fruit and cookies—all over the side. Everything that's not strapped to us. Over and gone. In my mind, in the snug tourniquet of the tent with the sleep leaking out of me, Marshal's calamity is very clear, except that I am unable to resist a garnish. We are *all* wearing holsters, but as we capsize into the brawling water down some yet unseen (and unlikely) gorge we grab for our holsters and only Marshal has a gun. The rest of us are packing Mallomars.

"Maybe he's right," I said. "Maybe the Ochlockonee takes no prisoners."

"I don't think it's that tough," Paul said. "Just a lot of nice curves and some tricky places. And pretty. Per-retty."

"Are you talking about the river or your secretary?"

The sleeping bag swished beneath him as Paul altered his position to get at the tent flap. He was zipped up to the eaves of his bushy brown mustache. The heavy rains of the night had been shoved through by a broad front that plunged temperatures near freezing. A slight tug and the outside moved in on us. Sweet, woods-redolent, nostril-flaring cold.

"Ahhh. Wouldn't Onassis love to be in my shoes," Paul said, genuinely at ease. Which he is in most situations, a maddening quality of his. That and his consideration. He is a maddeningly considerate person. He has decided, for example, that although he is crazy about guns and subscribes to the rifle magazines and talks blue streaks about foot-pounds and muzzle velocities, he would leave the shooting to Marshal and me. This is because Frank, his canoe mate, is essentially a pacifist. If Frank can't kill it with a fishhook, he would as soon leave it alone. Frank does not buy hunting licenses.

We have come but a few miles south of the Georgia line, but 20 or more as the Ochlockonee flows—twisting, curling, giving ground, taking it back. At some Noachian time the river had to struggle to make it, and if it was contorted at birth, age did nothing to soften its figure. It is a reluctant conveyor, the Ochlockonee. I find it difficult to stay oriented, but what does it matter? West. North. East. We are polyps on the vine, riding with it. Hopefully, to the Gulf.

The paddling, sometimes hard but often effortless, is mainly for direction, to take the quick turns and to avoid the scaffolds of fallen trees protruding like antlers and the smaller spidery snags and zippers that suggest deeper, darker trouble beneath. The paddling is fatiguing, but no more than an overdose of push-ups. I am aware of being six or eight years behind in my push-ups.

The memory moved me. Unzipping to the waist, I stretched my arms up, seeking relief. My hair was stiff and refrigerated, like a wig of bean sprouts. I thought how ingenious Paul was to be a Dolphin fan and be married to a girl who knits.

"I have only one regret when I do something like this," he said. "That I won't see all the Ochlockonees of the world before I die. It's the feeling I get when I walk into a library and realize I won't be able to read all the books."

"Next time check out an easy-method deer-slaying manual. Or 'How to Harass a Largemouth Bass,'" I said. "We can't live through this on grits and store-bought meat. It's unpure. What will Al think?"

Al Burd is our guide, more or less. He comes and goes. He is a man of the river, to look up to, and for, at crucial times.

"If you don't get something today, there's a fellow in Crestview who has deer fenced in, corn fed twice a day," Paul said. "You can shoot one for $550. He lets you shoot right out of the jeep. How's that grab you?"

"Where'd you get that one?"

I can feel, more than see, Paul's grin lifting the mustache. He draws from what he calls his Personal Treasury of Nonessential Information. He is a professional records manager by occupation and a voracious 10 p.m. to one a.m. reader. I have a theory, privately held, that he once thought he was going blind—he wears powerful glasses—and in a controlled desperation memorized every issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*, 1956 to 1972.

"Al wouldn't exactly cut a bouquet if we shot a pet deer," I said.

Typical of dilettantes—typical, for that matter, of even the most experienced hunters—we have developed a need to please our guide. It is not necessary. Al Burd does not lay on us the contempt professional outdoorsmen usually have for clients. The fact is, he is not a professional; he is more our substitute pro, our taxi-squad guide, and that should be explained. So while you picture us getting fires going against the sight of our own breath, slapping our ears and beating our hands together, pumping up the propane stove to cook another pot of grits that will be enough to feed the Boy Scouts of America (I have difficulty mastering the formula: I add grits and they clot. I add water and they run like broth. Invariably the pot swells), and while Marshal agitates openly for a speedy return to the deer he knows is waiting to be killed in a place we have scouted, I will, *sotto voce*, fill you in on Al Burd. You never know when you might need him.

Al Burd, as best I can figure, is part Choctaw Indian. From Muskogee, Okla., he says. I think the Indian part would be his jaw, which has a resolute bricklike quality, as if it were fired rather than grown. Otherwise he is a broad, friendly, weathered, tea-colored, young middle-aged man who has led a life worth uncorking around a campfire and passing around, like a prized Cognac. His shrapnel scars jump in the shadows of the fire. He seems, in repose, to be illuminated by a deep-seated serenity.

A couple of beers and it comes to light that Al Burd fought with Merrill's Marauders in Burma and spent considerable time in prison camps and buried in rice paddies, sucking air through a

reed while Japanese soldiers padded around overhead. After the war he helped in the occupation of "the finest hotel in Canton, China," a push of the call button from all the firewater, women and song a part-Indian could want. "I sent the bills up to the colonel's room," Al says. "He charged everything to 'charcoal.' "

Things would naturally tend to balance out after that, and Al wound up in Tallahassee where the touch-and-go life of television repair finally claimed him. But the remnant Choctaw blood still washing in his bilge surges up every now and then and he retires to the Ochlockonee, to establish camp, to hunt and to fish for weeks on end. That, at least, is my interpretation. He says he does it to get away from those grieving people who suffer problem picture tubes and vertical roll.

A couple of seasons ago, near midday, Al was squatting Indian-fashion on the downwind bank of the Ochlockonee, along a remote stretch where the mud at the edge is thick and white as boiled icing. He had a line out for speckled perch and was sipping a beer when he suddenly dropped the beer and leaped to his feet and went crashing into the river. In the noonday glare, at an oblique angle from his fishing spot, a deer with a small but lovely rack was emerging from the water. Like a ponderous, attacking goose, Al swooped down on it. The woods and water exploded with the sound of thrashing hoofs and antlers, of flailing arms and legs, of human cries of excitement, outrage and joy.

Al had the deer in a kind of indecisive half nelson and had his knife out, trying to make a proper incision. The deer fought gamely. At that point two of Al's hunting buddies appeared on shore. They were slower to react, being a few beers ahead, but they now had their rifles out and commenced a crossfire of intercession. Fortunately, their aim was faulty, and Al was able to wrestle through to a final, if bloody, victory. He says it was nothing, really. "The tough part was getting those bastards to stop shooting." That's Al Burd.

"Where is Al?" Paul said. We are down on the river washing up, loading up. The others are breaking camp. Marshal is looking at the sky, complaining that dawn is gaining on us.



"Off hunting cowboys," I said. "I dunno. Somewhere."

Today Marshal is confident there'll be deer. Marshal is, hands down, our most intrepid hunter. Thanks to his insurance-selling prowess, he is always jetting off to Timagami or someplace where I picture him leaping out of the plane and, simultaneously, into his hunting clothes and a jeep, bagging his moose by midday and then, in the airport telephone booth, changing back to coat and tie for the night flight home.

Marshal has picked a slough that parallels the river a quarter-mile upstream. We were having a last look in there before reaching the campsite the night before and found fresh tracks.

"I don't care if I ever dirty a gun barrel," Paul said. (See? Maddening.) "It's beautiful. Not another canoe on the river. I used to think this kind of thing was impossible anymore without beer cans all over hell. But you know what? I'm convinced now it won't happen. And you know why?"

"I give up."

"Because the more available these places become to people, the deeper people will be buried in their family rooms, growing pale by the light of their TVs. Lethargy. Think of it Lethargy's the thing that'll kill pollution So I now feel I can relax and enjoy."

It was Paul who had touted the Ochlockonee, though he had never seen it. He is an enthusiastic tout. "Ok-*lock*-nee. Apalachee Indian for yellow water," he announced one night on the patio of his home in Perrine, Fla. He was half-slumped in a vinyl lounge chair, his favorite position for dispensing N-E.I. It

continued

was summer then, and the warm doughy air and a third wine cooler had put sand in his itch to be someplace else.

"But it's not yellow at all, just wild," he said, plunging into his plan. "We gotta do it in a canoe, the way the Apalachees did it. And obviously, you gotta do it in the hunting season."

"You've been reading up," I said knowingly.

"Naturally. There are 15 or 16 canoe courses in Florida, most of them pretty primitive, but safe, and some of them, like the Withlacoochee, full of rapids and damn hairy. But the Ochlockonee's probably the best all-round. It's long enough. Starts way past Moultrie someplace, west of the Okefenokee Swamp, but no sense starting there because you'd have to portage a lot and you'd need too much time to make it to the Apalachicola National Forest, which is the prettiest part.

"I gotta tell you, though. It's not exactly a stroll down Collins Avenue. It's virtually wilderness. There's a point nearer the Gulf where there's activity now, but years ago it got the name Tate's Hell. A man named Tate went in there to hunt, into the pine thickets and the cypress swamp, and got lost. When he came out his clothes were in shreds, his eyes were wild. His hair had turned snow-white. He'd only been lost a couple of days, and he looked like that. And he was snakebit. A rattler. He staggered out and keeled over dead."

"You'd make a marvelous travel guide," I said. "Tell me about the cannibals. How about the smallpox and the malaria?"

"I have a friend, an archivist, who's been on it three or four times. He says the deer crossed right in front of his canoe. And teal, mallard, wild turkeys. Wild hogs. Bear. And a few rednecks."

"What's the limit on rednecks?" I said.

But he had me and he knew it. We got out his Hammond atlas and voyaged with our eyes the Ochlockonee's retreat from Georgia—a jagged blue ribbon squirming down and to the west of Tallahassee and then bleeding into the tidewaters of the Gulf of Mexico. Like all map rivers, it struck me as being inviolable and totally dependable, like a railroad track, its destination locked in. By contrast, when I contemplate the charts for a long boat trip on salt water and see the desolate expanses of potential error in navigation, I am filled with a sick sense of disaster.

After that night, one wheel geared into another and arrangements were soon made. Now, in mid-November, our party is intact: the four of us, each with only a vague intuitive notion of what we are up to, and two like-new canoes—a green fiber-glass Apache, 13 feet long, and a somewhat clumsier aluminum model. In advance of our coming, Al had run the river from the landing at Ed and Bernice's Fish Camp, just below the dam at Lake Talquin on the junction of State Highways 20 and 375, using a battered, flat-bottomed curio of an outboard, making sure the river was navigable the 100 or so miles to the Gulf. He has

1973 Charger SE. This beautiful body covers a whole carful of new ideas.

One look at this year's Charger SE and you'll be convinced it's one stunning car. And no wonder, with the SE's impressive louvered windows, its luxurious family-sized interior with Rallye Instrument Cluster, hideaway center armrest, embossed door panel trim, and plush pile carpeting. If you don't want to look just like everyone else, Charger SE might be the car for you.

Electronic Ignition System . . . standard. The Electronic Ignition System eliminates points and condenser. It cuts down recommended spark plug changes to once every 18,000 miles. (Compare that to the 6,000 and 12,000 miles some of our competitors are recommending.)

Torsion-Quiet Ride . . . standard. This is like the silencing system once used only on Chrysler's full-sized cars. It helps reduce those annoying road and engine noises that sneak into the passenger compartment.

Super Quiet Charger SE. For more than a year, Chrysler engineers have worked to make the SE one of the quietest medium-sized cars on the road. For a quiet treat, test-drive the SE and let what you don't hear tell you what a fine job our engineers have done.



marked with red streamers, which stand out like knife wounds against the hanging Spanish moss, the places he thinks we might get lost. He has penciled the route on the outside of a Publix Super Market shopping bag that I keep; bold, crude strokes designate campsites.

Al left the bag-map with Ed and Bernice Lane, expecting never to lay eyes on us, for Ed was to guide us downriver. But Ed Lane was not able to make it. When we gathered at his camp, the sickness read on his face like an address—a small, haggard man with the taste for food gone from him. But Ed did not really know the Ochlockonee anyway, the way Al Burd did, and at camp that first night, when Ed came to us in the tiny outboard, he had grown crabby, as if wrung by his own doubts and infirmities.

"How many squirrels you want me to shoot?" he said. "I ain't cleaning 'em, so you better tell me how many you want."

"None," I said, letting go my irritation. "I don't want you to shoot anything. Squirrels, deer, elephants. I didn't come here to have you shoot for me."

I immediately wished I hadn't said it, because with Ed it was pain talking. It was therefore a relief all around that he gave up after the first day and turned us over, unofficially, on a part-time basis, to Al, to return to his fish camp and the business of getting well and, coincidentally, to see to it that our equipment got downriver to the various points marked on Al's Publix map.

We had needed the time anyway, alone, at our leisure, to sort out our individual needs, to try our tackle, to feel the river under us and sort *it* out, too. Getting the kinks out of a skill none of us possessed to any degree was no great difficulty. Marshal knew which was the business end of the paddle, as did Frank, so they were logical heirs to the stern seats of the canoes. Marshal is a blond, vigorously friendly fellow who as a schoolboy swim star developed poise in groups and a winning smile I suspect has been enhanced over the years by chlorinated water. He enjoys command.

Frank, on the other hand, allows his gifts to creep up on you, like an old-maid aunt who flips a page in the photo album and shows herself to be an ex-Rockette. He confessed to having been in a canoe "a couple times," and from the first day handled it without a hitch. Whip-lean and graying, Frank is the perfect model of the retired bush-league shortstop (good glove, no stick), except that he is an artist and is, as artists go, noncholeric.

The darkness has begun to weaken as we scramble, hurly-burly, into Al's outboard for the return upriver to Marshal's deer run. Al had left us for the night and has not returned. "Probably sitting up with a sick horizontal output tube," Frank says. Paul's flashlight cuts the black sheet of the river ahead. Bare yards from shore the mist hits us like a fist, heaving back the light, and then swallows us, and we grope for direction.

continued



YELLOW WATER — continued

We had taken the outboard because while a canoe is a breeze going downstream it is a scow when you have to dig against the strings of moving water. The overloaded outboard, however, was a worse problem. It waddled through the turns, scraping the snags we had easily avoided before; we were on them before the light could seize them, or we did not see them at all. The river crooked and looped, backward now, and the sky slowly grew color, giving swaying dimension to the rigging of the hickory and bald cypress.

"Gotta hurry. We'll be late getting in position," Marshal said.

"Don't give up yet," I said. "Did you bring the cookies?"

"Under your seat."

And then with a grind, an oddly dry scrape, we stopped. Hung up. Pinned like a note on a bulletin board to something we could not see. The stern of the little boat washed around in line with the current, the water creaming up on either side.

"Reverse," Paul said, unalarmed, because we were not teetering, only held. I gunned the engine, but there was no relief. We seemed to be on something pronged, at the center of the boat's balance, and it had us like a claw. Paul ran the flashlight around the bow, held and pushed at the higher shoots of a snag. Marshal, with a small paddle, shoved downward and away on something solid near midships. We rocked the little boat, gently at first, then with vigor, an exercise worthy of any suicide club. We slid and resettled in the grasp of the unseen thing.

"Geezus," Frank said.

"Call a tow truck," Marshal said.

Getting out and pushing crossed my mind, briefly. Without daylight there was no guessing the depth around us. The Ochlockonee's deeper runs average four to 10 feet, and here it was probably less, but Al said he had fished good catfish holes that were 20 or 25 feet deep. None of us wore a life jacket either, which, I remembered bleakly, was against a law or two. A double humiliation presented itself: 1) drowning haplessly, and 2) having a stark white summons sticking in among the funeral arrangements.

Then, as rudely as we had been caught, we were free. For no apparent reason. At least none of our making. The outboard bucked; then there was a slackness, then a backward sluicing, and we were again in control.

"We gotta hurry," Marshal said.

"Stay in the right-hand lane," Paul said.

We finally came to the last turn, and the iridescent streamer Marshal had hung from a laurel that wept down over the river was there, marking the entrance to the slough. The mist was lifting now; out of the waning purple to our right front there came suddenly a massive panic-stricken rush of wings. Thumping the air, 10, maybe 12 bluebills took off upriver, low and then rising like a golf shot, presenting their crinolines as perfect targets.

there's a ROPER that's right for you!



for a 3-acre estate... to a 30-foot lawn... or any size in-between!

That's right! You'll find exactly the right Roper for your lawn and garden care needs. Roper offers you the most complete choice in quality power equipment. For lawn care, for garden preparation, for shredding grass clippings, leaves and twigs, for snow removal there is a Roper that's *right for you* . . . for your lawn . . . for your budget!

ROPER yes...we're the famous kitchen folks, too!

• GARDEN TRACTORS • RIDING MOWERS • ROTARY MOWERS
• ROTO-TILLERS • ORGANIC SHREDDERS
• CHAIN SAWS • SNOW THROWERS

Six Roper Tractors from this big, powerful and *quiet* Twin-16 HP to an economy-minded 8 HP and four rugged, dependable models in between.

Eleven Rotary Mowers (push and self-propelled) ▶ cut your grass neatly, cut your budget expense too.

Ride in style on any of five new Roper Rear-Engine Riding Mowers - choice of 5 or 8 HP models. ▶





ROPER SALES CORP. / KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS 60901

"My gosh," said Marshal.

"Somebody grab Marshal's gun hand," Paul said.

It was a sight oft repeated in the days ahead. Teal, mallard, wood duck, bluebill. And it never failed to thrill us. But our timing was bad. Ducks were out of season.

We watched their silhouettes out of sight, which was not long in that light, and then plunged the snub bow of the outboard into the bank, threw the anchor-can of cement onto the shore and gathered up our weapons. Marshal had his .30-30 Marlin and, of course, his nickel-plated Colt .38; I had my Winchester 12-gauge, loaded with buckshot, and a pocketful of No. 4s. Paul had consented to bring his Iver Johnson 16-gauge, in case, he said, he was attacked, and Frank, as Paul's backup, had his fingernail clippers. We trudged into the slough behind the riverbush as silently as we could and, one by one, stopped at our stands, roughly 50 yards apart. I was at the end of the slough, where the brush opened onto the river; I settled down, back against a hickory tree.

The river was at my far right, rutfling with first light and grunting like an infant. I checked my perimeter of fire, straining to see against the solid tangle ahead of me. Listening. Waiting. Hearing only the river. And on the other side, far off, the throaty echo-chamber voice of a solitary hound.

The light condensed, in front of me the bush began to thin. The shadows leaped around. I saw deer, sometimes two or three, standing and watching; I saw raccoon, bobcats and bears, and alligators crawling out onto the limbs of oak trees. I saw nothing. In the mud around me I could now pick out the fresh spoor of deer that had passed through. The other tracks had been watered down. They all led to the river and then away toward what looked to be a long-abandoned logging trail.

I thought it that—a logging trail—because from his registry of obscure facts Paul had remembered that 150 years or so ago, in John Quincy Adams' administration, the Florida panhandle had been plundered by lumber exploiters who sickled through the oak forests. The Florida live oak was perfect for warships—tough, shaped almost to order. The hull of the *U.S.S. Constitution* was supposedly made of live oak. The cannonballs bounced off. But the lumbermen who ravaged the area did not waste time planting new trees. "Ships of iron, men of wood," Paul said.

The shrill, unmistakable call of Marshal imitating a bobwhite interrupted my reverie. On the first day, when we chose to hunt off the river and encountered the density of the underbrush, we worked out a three-part signal, of sorts. One bobwhite for identification and position. Two bobwhites for game (something's coming). Three bobwhites for boredom (let's scram). The first time we tried it, I could envision bobwhites for acres around holding their little bellies with their wingtips and rolling on the ground in laughter. So far we had used only signals one and three. This, alas, was another three.

"I'm sure we'd get something if we stayed here," Marshal said as we reassembled at the boat.

"Yeah, but we've got a lot of river to cover. We'll stop farther down, wherever it looks good."

Back at the campsite Al was sitting on the riverbank ("Nothing, uh? Maybe one of you was wearing after-shave"), and we switched to the canoes. With the mist in tatters, and full color coming to the river, tinseling the black water and lessening its meanness, we again headed downriver. The carapaces of turtles the size of soup plates glistened on the snags, then fell in comic dives at our approach.

I got out my spinning gear and, in the other canoe, Frank his fly rod, and thus occupied, the canoes gradually separated, almost as if they had minds of their own. We would go minutes without seeing one another. Then hours. I fished while Marshal, not then inclined, looked longingly at the passing woods. We tried one bank and then the other, zigzagging or letting the canoe dictate, taking one turn close, then flattening out and scudding to the opposite bank.

I am not sure what quarter the moon was in, but it was not in mine. Except for a nudge or two, a couple of small bass and one fairly nice bream, I was not supplying the groceries. Neither, as it turned out, was Frank, though his collection was better. Paul caught a nice trout using a live worm and declared with a grin that he had mastered fishing on the Ochlockonee.

Just before lunch Marshal shot an oak tree. ("A tree?" Frank said later. "A *tree*?") One of my Chinese casts had arched into a small cluster of live oaks. My favorite lure, a red and white Rebel, was hung up good and I couldn't reach it, and the current was yanking us. Without a word, Marshal pulled his nickel-plated .38 and shot the branch off. Actually it was a pretty good shot, when you think about it. I retrieved the branch. A genuine oak-leaf cluster. I told him he could get it mounted.

We sat on shore eating lunch, shoulder blades against oak trees, me facing the water, Marshal inland, and rummaged through the secrets of life, the pitfalls of success and sex, trying priorities out on each other. It was deep stuff, and before we were done I had polished off half a box of chocolate pinwheels.

"Better hide the rest of 'em," I said. "You never know when Paul's going to want a share. Let 'em eat tangerines."

For a while we foraged there for tracks, found some that were old and some new, but all ultimately ran out, or led too deep in the brush to chance.

And downstream, just about at that hour, Frank was guiding his canoe headlong into a watering deer, and, of course, we got the story from Frank later.

They had heard the deer's splashing, just beyond a hidden place where the river slewed and looped to one side, and Frank suddenly put his finger to his mouth. Paul hiked his paddle, and they glided silently, approaching. The splashing indicated a deer of considerable size. Paul held his breath and reached tentatively for the 16-gauge. But now the river was driving them into a snag that blocked the turn. No choice—they had to paddle. And when they dipped in, ever so gently, their arrival was announced. The supple emanations from the deer stopped and then suddenly turned to anarchy, as if the water had detonated. Frank dug in hard, completed the turn and got into position—to see the flag of a huge Virginia whitetail being swallowed up by the bushes on the river's east bank.

"Wow," Paul said. He had his hand on his gun, but it was still in the bottom of the canoe.

"A beauty," Frank said. "One-ninety, 200 pounds." He could not judge the rack because he had caught only a glimpse, but it was "formidable."

"Marshal," he said, "would have gone ape."

That night we were finishing Al's

continued

make-do bream dinner, tasty enough despite the paucity of the main course, when a red panel truck backed down a nearby sand road to the edge of our camping area. Two men in camouflage suits got out to pick up a skiff they had left on the water. We went over to the truck and there, the tips of its rack protruding outside the tailgate, was a still-warm buck, not large but large enough

They were agreeable, country-talking men, with short hair and no sideburns. One said he had shot the deer less than an hour before. He was skinning a raccoon at the edge of his camp just as dusk closed in, "and the doggone thing walked right up on me." He had only No. 4 shot in his double-barrel—for the raccoons, he said—but at that range he could have knocked it over with a load of fried rice

Marshal said there was no justice.

A dilemma is growing. Our plan had been to cover 20 miles a day in order to make the Gulf But now, with greater resolve born of an enlarged frustration, we have intensified our hunting, which, in turn, slows us down. Paul and Frank leisurely fish and scout the banks; the river is opening up more, a lovely untethered flow, and though we are still being dragged by it, the speed is slackening and there are now, occasionally, fishermen on the river.

One afternoon we came to a place where the river's unseen hands ceased to tug us, or rather beckon us, in different directions. The river had forked four or more ways and we paddled around aimlessly in the middle of the confluence, trying to choose our route Finally, we plunged into the most logical opening that soon broadened onto what amounted to a private lake with a homestead fenced to the water's edge. A second stab was even more fruitless: a quickly pinching stream where the river branches jumped out at us With some difficulty we again turned back.

"What the hell do we do now?"

"I dunno We could try any of them, or all of them—*that* one," Frank said, pointing to the largest opening, one which, Paul calculated, would take us north to Boston.

"Well?" Frank said.

He might as well have been addressing a group of mutes. We were at a loss to proceed. The canoes circled one another like confused, battle-weary boxers.

"Where's Al's bag-map?"

"Where's *Al*?"

"Right there," Marshal said evenly.

For, sure enough, Al Burd materialized, he and his ugly, battered, beautiful outboard. He didn't get close enough for conversation, just waved and headed for the least likely spur, a narrow, shallow-looking place where the water broke crazily and the river was choked by its own refuse—broken trees, twisted branches. We stroked after him and plunged into the tunnel of foliage The water's pace suddenly quickened, and then it was obvious what had happened.

An oak tree, heavy with branches, had fallen—or been blown down by some long-forgotten hurricane—and shut the gate on the river surface. But one end, the top of the tree nearest the far bank, had been axed away, allowing just enough room for a single-file procession of outboarders and canoeists. On the other side, clear, the river spread around us again.

Al grinned and took off again To fish, he said. "Somebody's gotta get it done," he said.

The river was single-track once more, and hurrying, and it held us like the flanged wheels of a railroad car. And soon enough the canoes were again separated. Marshal and I picked a spot and landed on the bank. We scrambled out and up a sharp embankment and looked down into what had become, after the rain, a checkered swamp—one fairly alive with the evidence of game. Evidence you could easily see just by standing on the high ground: a smorgasbord of spoor—deer, hog, raccoon—and fresh ruttings, and in the trees above us, in keening hysteria, a colony of squirrels.

"Do you wanta sit and eat cookies, or do you wanta hunt?" Marshal said

"Don't get yourself lost," I said, and scurried down the bank into the mud. We took opposite tacks. I slipped, stumbled, slipped again, using tree limbs like subway straps, and the mud sucked up and came over the tops of my desert boots, oozing in like marmalade And in fewer than 20 yards I could not see Marshal or the river We bobwhited our positions a couple of times, and though it was evident by the diminishing volume that we were getting out of range, I was more concerned with finding higher ground. Which, eventually, I did, and sat down on a log to scrape my shoes

Then, two bobwhites. Two?

Marshal, all right. Any card-carrying bobwhite would have recognized that. But two? I gave him one back There was no reply. Then there *was* one A single emphatic blast from his 30-30.

I yelled, but he did not answer I began to make my way toward the shot, not sure now which direction I was going, or where I was in relation to the river, stopping now and again to whistle. I was back in the mud, out of it, in it again I stepped over stricken, decayed trees, watching carefully for snakes that might not realize how cold it was.

"Here!"

Marshal was standing in a small leaf-caked clearing, his happy face mottled by the sun shredding through the trees He was near a heaving mound of bristly black hair streaked with mud. The snout of the hog was turned away and down, into the mud I imagine if all pigs had a choice they would want to die that way with a snoot full Marshal went over and gingerly poked the body with his rifle tip The flesh quivered and lay still

"Dinner," I said.

"And lunch," Marshal said.

I looked for the blood hole

"There, on the shoulder A perfect shot," I said. "You done good"

Marshal grinned, his teeth together

"It was me or them," he said

"Them?"

"Gee, there musta been 15 or 20. There were so many tracks around here I didn't know which way to go, and I was leaning against that tree, half thinking I was lost, and looking up at the squirrels, when I suddenly had that creepy feeling, you know? Like I wasn't alone. And there they were, the whole damn herd standing there gazing at me The first thing that crossed my mind was Al's story and I didn't know whether to climb the tree or what."

Al had told us at camp the first night that the wild hogs around the Ochlockonee were vicious, spiteful things They had been known to bite through a man's leg.

The biggest hog, Marshal said, was at the far side of the group. "Musta been 300 pounds but if I shot him they were all liable to break this way. So I went for the biggest, *closest* one Then I thought out the equation: six shots in my .30-30, 15 or 20 pigs. Six into 15

continued

Yes, longer yet milder



PALL MALL GOLD 100's

Longer length, milder taste

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

20 mg. Tar 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEBRUARY '73

CALL THIS NUMBER FOR THE NAME OF A MAN WHO MAY SELL YOU OUR COMPETITORS' INSURANCE. 800-447-4700.

There are two kinds of insurance agents. Those who work for only one company and independent agents who represent many companies.

All of Crum & Forster's 6,300 agents are independent. If you call us, we'll give you the names of the agents who live near you. They handle our property and casualty insurance and other companies' insurance as well. So when they make a recommendation, they have no obligation to suggest our insurance. Or anybody else's.

This independence obviously frees the agent to give you the kind of objective advice you already expect from an accountant or a lawyer.

If one of our agents examines your situation and then recommends one of our competitors' policies, he's simply doing the job you and we want him to do. You get the right coverage at the right price. And when you're satisfied, he knows you'll continue to do business with him. And we're motivated constantly to improve our coverage and service.

So far, we've done extremely well amid this unusually intense competition. Our companies provide personal and business insurance that ranges from homeowners, auto, boat and marine, to workmen's compensation policies. And in a field of over 2,700 property and casualty insurance groups, we're number 16. Our total premium volume is $666.8 million, our net worth is $432.4 million, and our assets are over $1.4 billion.

For over 75 years, we've been writing insurance only through independent agents. And while everything in our experience has proven the value to you of using them, it's just as important for you to get the right one.

There are over 300,000 independent insurance agents in the country. And, as we said, only 6,300 of them have been appointed to handle Crum & Forster. We make sure all of our agents are insurance professionals who have established their personal and professional reputations in their communities.

Call 800-447-4700 toll-free anytime and we'll be glad to tell you the names of the Crum & Forster agents who live near you. (In Illinois call 800-322-4400.) Each of them would be happy to sit down with you and appraise your insurance situation and to then give you his expert, objective opinion—without any obligation to you. Or to us.

We're glad to recommend him. Even though he may not always recommend us.

CRUM & FORSTER INSURANCE COMPANIES

THE POLICY MAKERS.

Honeywell's Pentax Spotmatic II

Few look as elegant. None performs as well.

"Design that's been fussed over and refined over the years to the point of near perfection." The words of the veteran technical director of the world's largest photographic magazine, in praise of Pentax.

The Spotmatic II's look — crisp, efficient and authoritative — and its responsive feel go hand in glove with its classic operating design.

All controls are located so that you can shoot, advance the film and adjust exposures without ever lowering the camera from your eye.

Balanced, pleasing exposures are assured by a time-tested through-the-lens metering system that started the whole *single-lens* reflex revolution. That's engineered for 95% of your exposure situations. (Some systems are over-engineered for special situations and thus complicate normal shooting.) With Pentax, just center the needle and shoot.

Another Pentax photo innovation: the Super-Multi-Coated lens, by Takumar — reduces significantly the flare, glare and "fog" effects which so often dull or obscure photos. Cleaner, truer-color, demonstrably crisper images reach and are reproduced by your film.



The Pentax is also surprisingly rugged. A recent nationwide survey of 35mm SLR owners showed Pentax among the lowest of all cameras studied in terms of how often they need repairs. But should you ever have an operations problem, or need a part, or a special focusing screen, you'll appreciate the fast, efficient service you get at any of ten service centers in Honeywell's nationwide network.

Finally, the Spotmatic II puts no limits on creative photography.

With over 250 matched accessories, including 22 flare-taming Super-Multi-Coated Takumar lenses to choose from, you can't outgrow the Pentax system.

Pretty much what you'd expect from the world's best-selling fine camera.



PENTAX WAS HERE *PENTAX WASN'T HERE*

You may have a friend who owns a Pentax. Ask him about its performance. Talk to a camera repairman. Then visit a Honeywell photo dealer for a demonstration. Or write us today for FREE literature. Honeywell Photographic, Dept. 104-157, P. O. Box 22083, Denver, Colorado 80222



The Honeywell Spotmatic II may well be the camera you've long been looking for.



There are seven Honeywell Pentax models to choose from, starting at under $230

Honeywell Pentax

We wouldn't put his face on our box, if he didn't put our shoes on his feet.

Today, people aren't impressed just because a product is endorsed by a sports celebrity. They want to know if he uses it. Now, with Arnie's Shoes, Arnold Palmer not only speaks highly of them, he wears them religiously for everything from practice to tournament play. These are shoes made for a golfing champion. And they're made to the high standards of quality that Arnie demands. Arnie's shoes .. come face to face with a pair at your favorite sporting goods, department or shoe store today! Prices range from $19.95 to $48.00. Charles A. Eaton Company, Brockton, Massachusetts 02403.

Arnie's Shoes by Eaton



won't go. I wanted to whistle for help but we didn't have a bobwhite to cover it. So what the hell. Then after I shot they *still* didn't move, not right away. They took their own sweet time about it. I don't think they went far. Over there. Want one?"

I said yes, and in short order we came upon the stragglers, smaller ones. We stared back and forth, and it struck me that it would be redundant to kill a second pig. What would we do with it? They broke and ran, and we stopped, partly because the hour was late and also because we each had, at some point, thought we were lost.

We returned to the clearing and carried—half dragged, actually—Marshal's hog down to the river and, with many a dramatic sigh, sat down with it, waiting for Al, knowing he had heard the shot and would, eventually, come to us.

I looked at the dead boar. "What's this?" I put my finger through a hole in the beast's right ear. "Looks like it was done with a punch."

"It's. . . . You don't think it's somebody's private . . . ? Hell, it can't be private stock. This land isn't posted."

"Where you gonna hide the body?"

"Aw, c'mon. This is wilderness, remember?"

"I think you've murdered Porky Pig." Marshal showed his teeth.

Al came. Without a fuss, he slit through the hind legs, threaded a rope and hoisted the animal into a hickory tree to hang for bleeding.

"What'd you shoot it there for?" he said.

"What you mean? Right in the shoulder. A book shot."

"Wait'll you see what you did to some of those ribs. Next time shoot him in the head. Don't be squeamish."

I asked him about the hole in the ear.

"Have I killed somebody's pet?" Marshal said. "Is this an illegal kill?"

"Maybe," Al said. "When you shot it, did you have one foot or two on the rail of the pen?"

"C'mon, Al. Level."

"Did you notice any Hormel Co. signs over the barn door?" Al said. He raised an eyebrow at me. Already he had the pig half skinned.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "The evidence will be in our bellies tomorrow night. This'll be a helluva barbecue." His broad face split into a grin. "Besides, this'n was probably a man-eater. That hole was made by a bullet. Somebody who couldn't shoot as good as you. This pig's been living on borrowed time.

"Now get a knife and help me. It's your goddam hog."

Our last days on the Ochlockonee are uninterrupted by exceptional happenings. There is little fun left in the paddling. The river, as it nears the Gulf, spreads out like an aging milkmaid, and the turns, once hair-raising with crooks and curls, are longer and slower. Drawn from a place where it is free to run, the river is its own boss until it bucks the tidewater of the Gulf, and there it goes limp, and a canoeist has to labor.

By degrees, the river is losing its charm. The river colonies increase as we work down: more people, more hard-lished areas. I feel no kinship to these river dwellers; rather, I find to my surprise that I resent them. I consider *them* the intruders, with their neat little houses and tin roofs, and when I see one hauling in an exquisite black bass the envy is warm inside me.

Still, there are the mornings, alone with that vast churning mist, and of an evening after the pig kill when Al brings the meat to the camp, butchered and wrapped for barbecue. All our campsites have been good, but this one especially—up an incline to a rock ledge overlooking the river. Marshal's hog is supplemented by a raccoon and a few squirrels I had shot, and we celebrate with gin Ed Lane has sent us, and it is altogether delicious.

Nonetheless, Marshal's itch had grown again. That afternoon, paddling down, he had raised his .38 at the sight of a slate-colored, disoriented-looking bird that took off before us, its flight erratic.

"Want a coot?"

"A coot? What'll we do with a coot?"

"Makes a great pet," he said, giggling, and then holstered, unfired, his .38.

Shortly after that a single mallard surged up over us with that massive cardboard sound of wings, and Marshal sent a salutatory bullet out to accompany it upstream. More, I think, for the pleasure of squeezing off a round than with any intended harm.

The sounds of the gunshot blended abruptly into the whine of an outboard motor coming—on cue, it seemed—fast from downriver. One second it was hoving into view, the next it was on us, and in it two uniformed game wardens, one a younger man with flesh straining his shirt and spilling out over his belt, and the other an older, shorter, more leathery figure with an eye that wandered in his head like an amoeba under a laboratory glass.

"Doin' any huntin', boys?" the older man said, not unfriendly, but official-like.

"Yeah. Marshal here just tried to kill a duck with a .38," I said. (The bald truth would be too much to swallow.)

"If'n you shoot at any ducks, you better shoot poorly," said the warden. "Hit one now and the state'll relieve you of $100. Can I see your licenses, please?"

Marshal handed him his. I knew exactly where mine was—in a duffel bag I had left with Al Burd. I went through a fumbling, wallet-cheeking ritual, hoping for heavenly intercession. I gave the warden my best 10-most-wanted-list smile and tried to explain. The words were weak with conviction.

The older man looked at me with his good eye, unsmiling.

"S'all right," he said. "We heard about you fellas. Kinda been expectin' you. I'll check the license tonight at your camp."

"What about deer?" Marshal said, allowing me to regain my composure.

"Not bein' shot," he said. "From here down, though, you don't stand a chance in that canoe. You'll have to get out and study a while."

"I thought so," Marshal said and gave me a hard look.

We tried it one more time, before dawn the last day, down an overgrown bush trail off the river. Again we waited for the woods—mostly pine, now—to thin with light, waited for the emerging color and, hopefully, the sounds of game. Still no deer. I whistled for an exit, but, as before, there was no reply. I made my way down the path to where Marshal and Frank were huddled contemplating a move.

"Marshal heard a bear," Frank said.

"I *think* it was a bear. It growled like a bear and it made sounds like a bear when it moved. Couldn't have been 20 yards from here. But it kept going."

"Probably to see Goldilocks. You kill one more Disney character and your kids

continued

see us in court





P.R.® Comfortable long-wearing stretch sock of famous Orion 31 Acrylic and stretch nylon. Designed especially for tennis.



WORN AND ENDORSED BY Pancho Gonzales

SOF-T

Cushion-foot shoe top height Orion Acrylic Nylon sock. Patented pom tab prevents heel of sock from slipping into shoe. Pat. No. 3,000,016



TEN-ACE

Same Orion 31 Acrylic stretch nylon construction and comfort as PR® but with traditional Burgundy/Navy striping in top. Also worn and endorsed by Pancho Gonzales



Wigwam®

Wigwam Mills, Inc. Sheboygan, Wis. 53081
In Canada: Harrison Mills Ltd., Pres. of Ontario

will have your suitcase on the front steps," I said.

"No, I'm serious," Marshal said. We were whispering.

"Why are we whispering?" I said.

"There's a turkey over there someplace. I was trying to tell you. Wanta shoot a turkey?"

Marshal led the way. I recalled that Al had said turkey hunters were a breed apart, stealthy and patient, finding droppings and sitting over a spot for hours at a time. Not us. We crashed ahead.

Marshal reached the place he figured the turkey had flown and turned to Frank.

"How do you call up a turkey?" he whispered.

"I dunno. I just work here."

"Don't ask me," I said. "At the Kwik Chek I just say, 'Gimme that turkey.'"

Marshal turned back and put his hand to the side of his mouth. In a powerful, beautifully modulated falsetto, he called out over the palmettos.

"Gobble gobble!"

"Gobble gobble?" Frank said, awed. "Gobble gobble?"

I straightened up, trying to suppress a laugh. It came out through my nose.

Marshal began to giggle in spite of himself. And then we all laughed. And, I would think, somewhere under that dawn-washed palmetto scrub, the turkey laughed, too. And may be laughing to this day.

We put in, finally, at Ochlockonee River State Park. The last day is drudgery, a battle with negligible progress against the encroaching tidewater and the wind whistling up from the south; a south wind, but still biting cold. Now there is the open, brackish water of Ochlockonee Bay, and, past great sweeping horizons of lion-colored saw grass, the Gulf, and the warrens of docks and restaurants and fish houses that proclaim civilization.

A ranger met us at the landing of the park and Marshal threw him a rope.

"What you think you're doing?" the ranger said.

"Puttin' in."

"Not with them guns you ain't. No guns in the park." ("Cold-eyed little bastard," Paul said later. "I wonder if he realized he was messing with Jon Voight?") We worked out a compromise. Marshal unbuckled his gun belt. All the guns were piled on the landing in a scrap heap.

Ed and Bernice Lane met us there. Ed's health had improved and so had his spirits. Bernice fried up a batch of hush puppies and some catfish Al provided, and we sat under the trees at a picnic table, near the river and the gun pile, to polish them off. The ranger pitched in. Between bites, he even smiled once or twice.

For a long while after finishing we just sat there, not quite knowing how to end it, or whether we wanted to, or how to change it if we had had the chance. Paul said he would have preferred to travel without deadlines, go as far as you want, put in where you want, fish and hunt when you want. He said he'd take freeze-dried food so there would be no compulsion to kill anything. (He had not fired his gun.)

Frank said he'd do it Al's way, with a base camp. He seemed to think Al had discovered the secret of life, that after a tempestuous youth—no telling *how* tempestuous—Al had found a becoming "peace." Maybe the river had done it, Frank said.

"I dunno, maybe peace has to come *before* you can enjoy this," Paul said. "The chicken or the egg. I dunno. People we live with ride expressways for an hour and a half a day and step over you when you're bleeding on the sidewalk. No river'll change 'em."

Al left us that afternoon, and while we were flying out of Tallahassee in various directions, he was plugging upriver in his battered little outboard. A few days later I called him in Tallahassee. He was up to his elbows in struggle with a 25-inch color set, but he let go to tell me a very touching story. He said on the way back, near Whitehead Lake Landing, he made a turn in the river and there, scrambling to make it up the far bank, was a fat, full-grown buck, its spikes as big as an antelope's, its wet coat shimmering in the sunlight. He said it was a snap. He shot it through the neck with his 12-gauge.

And when he skinned it, he said, the fat was an inch thick all around. Positively the best venison he'd ever eaten. And after that, he said, he ground the remains—together with what was left of Marshal's hog—into sausage. That, too, he said, was something else.

Listening long-distance as the story unfolded, I put the fingertips of my free hand to my eyes and held them shut.

"Say it isn't so, Al," I said. END



"May all your screwdrivers be Harvey Wallbangers."

That's how true believers in vodka and orange juice toast each other.

Because, thanks to Galliano, a Harvey Wallbanger is more than just a gold-plated screwdriver. It's the party drink of the decade, the taste that's sweeping the country. Proving how Galliano can add new life to the most familiar combinations.

Make your next drink with a friend or friends a Harvey Wallbanger party. Somebody brings Liquore Galliano. You take it from there:

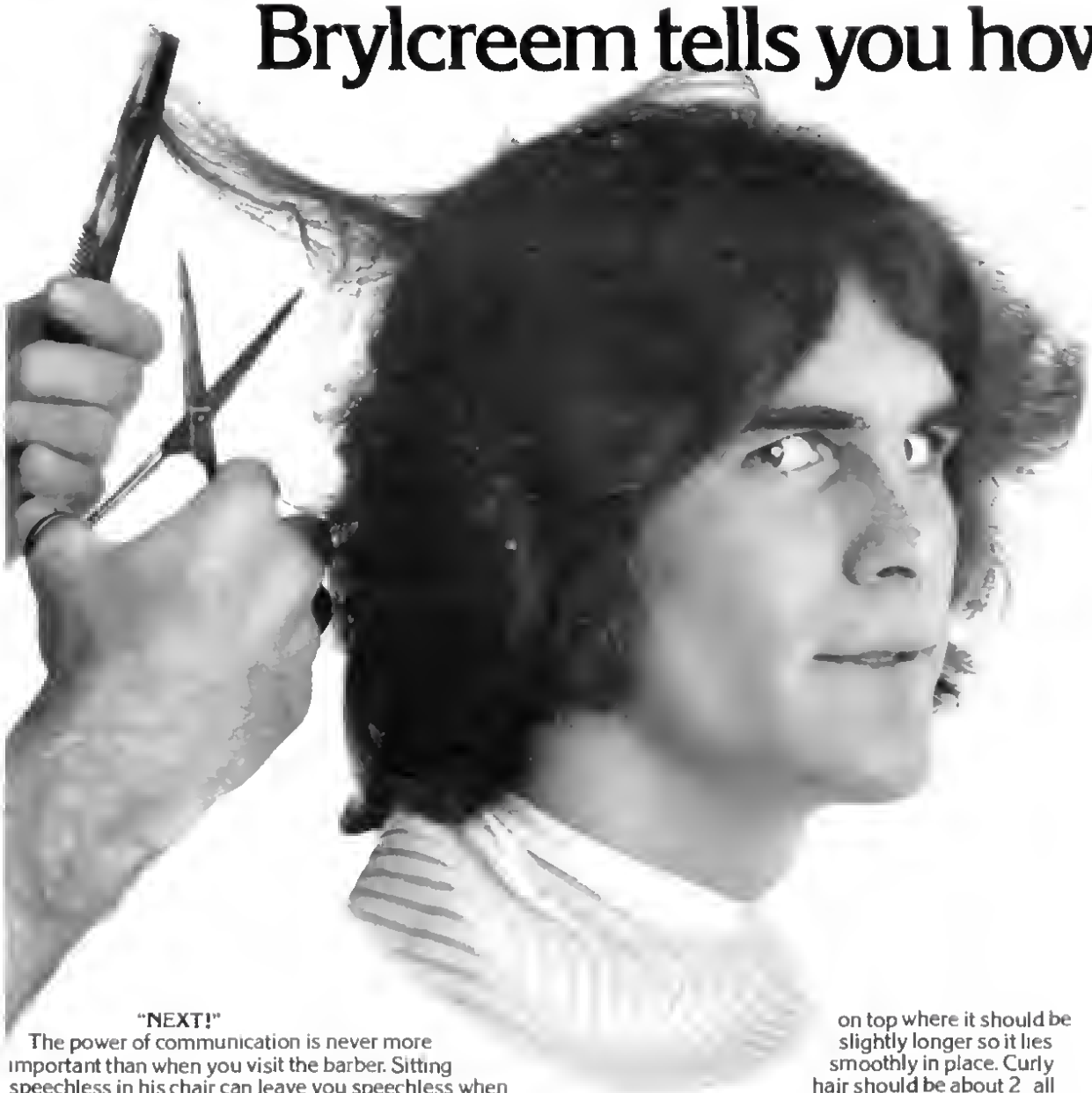
Fill tall glass with ice cubes.
Fill 3/4 full with orange juice.
Add 1 oz. vodka. Stir.
Float 1/2 oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

LIQUORE GALLIANO®
A LIQUEUR

© McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1972

McKESSON LIQUOR CO., N.Y., N.Y. 80 PROOF LIQUEUR.

Brylcreem tells you how



"NEXT!"

The power of communication is never more important than when you visit the barber. Sitting speechless in his chair can leave you speechless when you see the results.

So, before you even step into the barber shop, here are a few things for you to do. Take a good look at your face. What shape is it? What are your good features, your bad? What hair texture do you have? Think carefully about all of these. Then decide what kind of hair style would look best on you.

Look through some magazines for ideas. Find a picture of what you want your hair to look like. Then when you get to the barber's, speak before he cuts. Show him the picture. Tell him what you want.

There is a new, shorter style that looks good on most guys. (Like the one you see here.) We recommend it if you have an average, oval shaped face. To get this new style, have your barber put away his razors and thinning shears. (Razors split hair shafts right down the middle. Thinning shears chop through hair helter skelter.) He should use scissors and comb only.

Ask him to cut your hair the same length all over your head. Straight hair should be about 1-1/2" long, except on top where it should be slightly longer so it lies smoothly in place. Curly hair should be about 2" all over, except on top where it should be slightly shorter so it forms a little bulk. He should keep your ear tops covered by about 1" of hair. The same for your shirt collar. And your sideburns should stop about 1/2" above the bottom of your ear.

When he's finished cutting and shampooing, ask for a conditioning massage with a little Brylcreem Hairdressing. Its natural ingredients penetrate each hair shaft, conditioning your hair. And a healthy looking head of hair is the only way to begin a new hair style.

Then comb your hair. This is one of the most versatile hair styles you'll ever have. Comb it forward. Or part it on the side. The middle. You can even just toss it around. And you look great. But how do you keep your hair looking that way?

UNTIL YOUR NEXT VISIT

First and foremost, shampoo frequently with Brylcreem Once-A-Day Shampoo. Its pH value is close to that of your scalp, so gentle that it cleans without disturbing your natural chemistry.

to talk to your barber.



Then towel dry your hair. If you must use a blow-dryer or hot-comb to straighten out waves or get your hair going in the right direction, condition often with Brylcreem Hairdressing. It helps restore the moisture that hot-air drying strips away from your hair and scalp. Conditioning with Brylcreem is extra important if you have curly hair—it's more porous and dries out even faster.

Last, use a brush to style fine or thinning hair. It'll give you a fuller, thicker look. Use a comb for coarse, thick hair. It will make it appear less bulky.

So have your hair cut regularly. And expertly. Which only happens when you know how to talk to your barber.

Then follow a careful hair regimen to keep your hair looking its best. And remember, whether you keep it long, short, or otherwise, we have a product to help you.



The Brylcreem group.

We've come a long way since "a little dab will do ya."


NOBODY CATCHES BASEBALL LIKE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.
(Try A Season And See.)
If you love baseball, how can you live without SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?
Every week, we promise you the best baseball coverage you ever got your mitts on. We'll bring the big games and great moments home to you with acres of color pictures and stories that sizzle with excitement.
We'll put you close to the great players with living, breathing, flesh-and-blood profiles. We'll hand you predictions, scouting reports, surprising baseball features...the whole ball of horsehide. From here through the World Series.
And wait till you hear the price of admission! You can have 29 weeks of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for just $4.89. Or double your savings and get 58 beautiful weeks of action for $9.78
On top of baseball, you'll be getting all the rest of sports. Sailing, tennis, golf, track, car racing. And football—from our two big season's preview issues on pro and college ball all the way to the Bowl Games. And the start of basketball, hockey, winter sports ..
Why miss another inning of the action? Mail the order card today and we'll have SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at your home before you can say Carl Yastrzemski. Please—don't let it slide.
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED 29 WEEKS FOR $4.89
Sports Illustrated/Time & Life Building/Chicago, Illinois 60611/This offer is good in U.S. only. In Canada you may subscribe to 30 weeks at $1 for $6.00

Black Velvet feels good on you.

Enjoy the easy mildness, the delicate smoothness of Black Velvet.

An imported Canadian that honestly tastes better.

Black Velvet. The smooth Canadian.



BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80/86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY ©1972 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN

These are the first cigars guaranteed to taste as fresh as on the day they were made.

At last, it's here.

The first cigar guaranteed fresh no matter what.

Garcia y Vega. A cigar so great, it deserves to taste as fresh as it did on the day it was made.

So we invented a way to guarantee it. The pack with the new blue seal. The pouch inside is like a portable humidor. We call it Flav-R-Gard®. It doesn't look very different. But it is probably one of the best things to happen to cigars since the Indians invented them.



You're likely to find Garcia y Vega's new humidor pack most everywhere.

At prices for every purse.

In the most popular cigar shapes.

Taste a great cigar.

Taste a Garcia y Vega.

Garcia y Vega has been around since 1882.

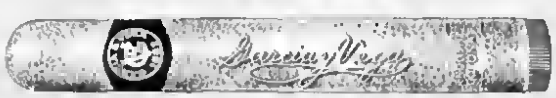
But we still keep getting fresh ideas.

Garcia y Vega

Connoisseur's Choice Since 1882

New!

Introducing English Coronas in the new humidor tube. 25¢ea



The first individual cigar guaranteed fresh no matter what. The secret's in our Flav-R-Loc® tube.

O.K. Horse for Sleepy Hollow

Reaper didn't sound like much in the first place, and the more one learned, the less there seemed to be to him **by ERIC WHITEHEAD**

One of the more popular British tribal rites is the celebration of the annual Bank Holiday on the first Monday in August. The day has long featured a gay mass exodus to the seaside, the countryside and the nation's playing fields, sporting arenas and amusement parks, not to mention the neighborhood pubs. This preoccupation with revelry provides an ideal background for a shady enterprise, and thus it was that the Trodmore Hoax came into full larcenous bloom in London on the Bank Holiday morning of Monday, Aug. 1, 1898.

As usual, the diversions included special race meetings throughout Great Britain, many of them held at small tracks scattered across the countryside. None of these events was so obscure as to be beneath the dignity of London's off-track bookmakers, particularly if a potentially profitable wager appeared. London's bookies were, and are, famed as an obliging breed in this regard. Also shrewd. On this festive morning they were up bright and early working the streets, corner shops and pubs, on the usual lookout for a good thing. Along with the routine heavy play on the established tracks, they observed some interest in an obscure meeting in the southwestern county of Cornwall called Trodmore. The full Trodmore program was carried on the racing pages of that morning's edition of the widely read London journal *Sportsman*. The adventurous were making bets on a 3-year-old named Reaper, scheduled to run in the fourth race of a six-race card and quoted at approximate starting odds of 6 to 1.

The bookies were not unduly curious about this flurry of interest in a little-known horse since most of the wagers were placed in the pubs that opened at 10 a.m., where clients were notoriously inclined to spells of poor judgment after a pint or two. Also, operating individually, as they did throughout the sprawling precincts of London and its suburbs, the bookies were not aware of the full extent of the support for the horse. So when the report came that Reaper had won, the bookies were in trouble.

It wasn't that Reaper was really a good horse. Or even a bad horse. The fact was that he was no horse at all. Not only that, there was no fourth race at Trodmore, there was no race meeting at Trodmore, there was, indeed, no such place as Trodmore. These were the basic ingredients of the holiday caper spawned by an organization subsequently vaguely known, and in some quarters greatly admired, as the Trodmore Syndicate. The curious course of this affair is traced in the files of *Sportsman* and the rival *Sporting Life*, two London journals at the time engaged in a fierce battle for street sales. It was the reports exclusively in *Sportsman* that had provided initial information on the phantom meeting.

Although it had been several weeks in the making, the gambit emerged as a full-fledged swindle on the August Bank Holiday morning when the final details of the Trodmore meeting appeared in the *Sportsman*. The report listed the entries, jockeys, owners, post times, distances, purses, approximate odds and all other pertinent information. In a modest way this was a clear scoop over *Sporting Life*, which carried not a word of information on the event.

Now a highly reputable and widely read newspaper such as the *Sportsman* does not treat the publication of such information lightly, and certainly not without having first been satisfied as to its authenticity. In the judgment of the editors, sufficient assurance had been provided by an impressive and highly official-looking mass of correspondence that had begun arriving several weeks before. The first advice concerning the Trodmore meeting had been received in the mails in late July in a letter from the Fox and Hounds Hotel, Trodmore. Preliminary details appeared under the tastefully engraved letterhead of the "Trodmore Hunt Club."

Enclosed in this first missive were all the data required for the official posting of the event: rules, purses, the names of patrons, stewards, sponsors and officials. It was respectfully noted that the Fox and Hounds was Race Headquarters, and that further information would be forthcoming from the Clerk of the Course at that address.

Further information was subsequently received as promised, with letters noting the progress of preparations and listing early entries. The Clerk of the Course also advised the *Sportsman* that the patrons would be most grateful if word of their modest charitable project could be passed along to the readers.

Pleased to receive this information on an event in the west counties, the editors were happy to oblige through the paper's regular race-news columns, but the editors said that unfortunately they would not be able to staff the meeting itself: their west counties correspondent would be busy at a larger event at Newton Abbot. However, if the patrons or the stewards could recommend a reliable person to wire in the results. . . .

Enter Mr. Martin, the gentleman from St. Ives. A few days later a letter bearing his signature appeared in the *Sportsman* offices in an envelope with a Trodmore postmark. Mr. Martin wrote that he had been informed by the Race Committee of the problem regarding coverage of the Trodmore meeting and said that he would be pleased to offer his services. Later, over the phone, an agreement was reached whereby Mr. Martin would cover the event for the *Sportsman* at the standard fee of one guinea, full results to be wired at the conclusion of the meeting. At his suggestion, applauded by the *Sportsman* editors, it was further agreed that the Trodmore results should be exclusive to that paper.

Everything was in great shape as Bank Holiday Monday morning dawned, and a swarm of carefully briefed men from the aforementioned Trodmore Syndicate prepared to make the rounds. Each carried a copy of the *Sportsman*, turned to the racing section that carried the details of that day's Trodmore program. The tactic was the soft sell and the fast move—concentrate on the pubs, always heavily worked on days like this; have a pint; flash the *Sportsman*; suggest a fancy for Reaper in the fourth at Trodmore. If faced with any questions or reluctance, back off. Pay cash, and arrange to collect the next day.

The agents moved swiftly from pub

continued

Selected for Wimbledon every year since 1902



white, red or yellow nylon armored cover

U.S.L.T.A. APPROVED

Write for Free Illustrated Catalog
Slazenger 850 Pennsylvania Blvd. Feaslerville, Pa. 19047



stars bright

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Athletes Speakers Bureau boasts a Milky-Way-sized constellation of stellar performers—off as well as on the field. If one of the glittering names of sport would add a bright touch to your sales meeting, company convention, store promotion or advertising campaign, ask SI's Athletes Speakers Bureau for a list of luminaries.

to pub, and bets were laid and accepted without trouble. Business was brisk right up to the scheduled 1:30 p.m. first post time at the first meeting of the Trodmore Hunt Club in Cornwall.

In what Mr. Martin enthusiastically described as a highly successful and exciting inaugural meeting, the following winners were recorded, along with the official closing odds: First race: Jim, 5 to 4; second race: Rosy, 5 to 1, third race: Spur, 2 to 1; fifth race: Curfew, 6 to 4; sixth race: Fairy Bells, 7 to 4. And, oh yes—fourth race: Reaper, 5 to 1.

These results appeared in the Tuesday edition of the *Sportsman*, which was on the street at 7 a.m. The rival *Sporting Life* was out shortly after, but with no report from Trodmore.

Again clutching copies of their favorite newspaper, the Reaper fanciers swarmed back across London, this time to collect.

At first there were only the normal grumblings as bookies paid off, willing to accept the official results as published in the *Sportsman*. Then, with just a small portion of the take in the till, there was trouble. It began with a bookie over in Chelsea who balked at paying because the results were not carried in *Sporting Life*. The fellow said he wasn't quarreling over the official nature of the lone report, but wanted confirmation of the odds, which just might have been published in error. The agent involved didn't press the matter. He retired quietly, as did his mates across London as word of the challenge sped along the bookies' grapevine. With the enterprise under dangerous, if unsuspecting, scrutiny, the jig was up. Or was it?

Not at official Race Headquarters at the Fox and Hounds, Trodmore, it wasn't. Word from there or thereabouts went out to lie low until Wednesday. And by late Tuesday afternoon the editorial offices of *Sporting Life* were bombarded with calls from indignant readers demanding to know why they had not carried the Trodmore results.

The editors checked, saw that the *Sportsman* had carried the results, and apologized for their delinquency.

One of the late callers was a Mr. Martin, who noted the general indignation and said that he would be pleased to help out by sending the full results, as he had been on hand at the Trodmore meeting in an official capacity.

The offer was accepted. It was agreed that Mr. Martin would wire his story later that evening, in time to placate readers of the early Wednesday edition. But then, to make things a little easier for a work shift that was coming straight off a long day's celebrations, it was decided that to save time the Trodmore results would be copied direct from the *Sportsman*.

The Syndicate men were there waiting when the first edition of *Sporting Life* appeared, all set to toddle off with the confirmation needed to collect the rest of the bet money. The Trodmore results were there all right, but there was one small problem. The closing price on Reaper, the winner in the fourth, was quoted not at 5 to 1 as in the *Sportsman* but 5 to 2—the result of a printer's holiday hangover error.

The swindle was now in real trouble, and discretion clearly being the better part of valor, the frustrated bettors swiftly and quietly disappeared.

It was just as well. The bookies who had paid off began screaming for information on the Trodmore Race Meeting. They were joined by interested fellow professionals, then by the usual outraged public.

Who knew anyone connected with the Trodmore Races? Who had witnessed the event? Where, in fact, was Trodmore? Who knew anything about Reaper? Who knew anything about anything?

Swamped with angry calls the two highly embarrassed newspapers tried to get the facts. A check with the post office and telegraph services revealed that despite the Trodmore postmarks on all that official correspondence from the Fox and Hounds Hotel, there was no such town as Trodmore. Not in the county of Cornwall, nor anywhere else in Britain. That information wiped out the Fox and Hounds, the Trodmore track and all the distinguished local citizens who served as patrons, sponsors and stewards. Not to mention Reaper, no matter what the closing price.

The few things certain were that some £1,000 of real money had changed hands, and that there had been a gentleman who went by the name of Mr. Martin—although where he went nobody would ever know.

He and the rest of the Trodmore Syndicate simply faded into the British countryside, leaving a baffled racing fraternity wiser by this much: never bet on a horse named Reaper in the fourth unless you have personally checked his teeth. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 1-7

AAU BASKETBALL—The U.S. and Russia continued their physical series, the Americans winning two games, 83–67 and 83–75, and the Russians taking one, 78–76, for a 3-1 U.S. lead (*page 28*)

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: The Knicks led the series 2-1 at the end of the week, following a *115–112* loss in Los Angeles with two victories, 99–95 on the Coast and 87–83 at Madison Square Garden (*page 78*)

ABA: Indiana and Kentucky maintained a balance with one more win apiece, Kentucky taking the first game 92–88 and Indiana the second 90–86 for a 2-2 series tie (*page 78*)

BOWLING—MILLIE MARTORELLA of Rochester, N.Y. outrolled a field of 124 women to gain the $4,000 first prize in the $30,000 U.S. Women's Open in Garden City, N.Y. (*page 87*)

CYCLING: DENMARK collected nine gold medals, two silver and one bronze in the U.S. Grand Prix in Encino, Calif. (*page 72*)

GOLF: BRUCE CRAMPTON, in his third victory of the season, shot an 11-under-par 277, beating Dave Stockton by one stroke, to win the $205,000 *Houston Open. The $41,000 first prize made Crampton* the season's leading money winner with $153,678 and moved him into fifth place on the all-time list with $945,121

HARNESS RACING—Herve Filion drove KLYSTON PEBBLE ($7.40) to a three length victory over Hilarious Way in the $90,000 Realization Pace for 4-year-olds at New York's Roosevelt Raceway

HOCKEY—NHL: Montreal led Chicago 3-1 in the final round of the Stanley Cup playoffs. The Canadiens took the second game in Montreal 4–1 and the fourth game at Chicago Stadium 4–0, while the Black Hawks saved face with a 7–4 win in the third.

WHA: The New England Whalers took possession of the Avco World Trophy by defeating Winnipeg 4-1 in the first World Hockey Association championship. The New Englanders, 46-30-2 in the regular season, were too much for the Jets even with Winnipeg player-coach Bobby Hull. Earlier in the week Hull bemoaned a 4–2 loss to the Whalers, saying, "We let up. I've told them a hundred times we can't let up against that team. They have too much power." That power was often the come-from-behind type which the Whalers did seven times in 12 playoff games. Leading the series 1-0, New England started the week with a 7–4 home win as John French scored two of his team's five third-period goals and Whaler Goalie Al Smith made 32 saves. Next night paced by Hull, the Jets offered some competition, squeezing by 4–3. New England had bounced back from a 3–0 deficit to tie the game, but Hull sneaked a goal past Smith with 64 seconds left to play in the final period. Back in Boston the Whalers regained their form for the 4–2 win, with Mike Byers contributing two goals. Putting on the lid in Boston on Sunday, the Whalers received outstanding performances from Larry Pleau, who scored a hat trick, and Tommy Webster, who knocked in two more, his 11th and 12th of the playoffs, for a 9–6 final.

HORSE RACING—SECRETARIAT ($5) won the $198,800 Kentucky Derby in record time (1:59⅖) by 2½ lengths over Sham (*page 20*)

COUGAR II ($4), ridden by Bill Shoemaker, became the 11th horse to win $1 million as the Chilean 7-year-old captured the $110,250 Century Handicap at Hollywood Park by 3½ lengths over Wing Out.

Rokeby Stable's SUMMER GUEST ($6.20), Jacinto Vasquez up, won the $86,850 Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct by 3½ lengths over Loud.

LACROSSE: Attackman Eddie Mullen scored seven goals to lead MARYLAND to a 17–7 victory over Virginia in Charlottesville. All-America Midfielder Doug Schreiber contributed two goals and four assists as the Terrapins tallied 11 straight times from early in the second quarter to early in the fourth, turning a one goal lead into a rout. The nation's top team, JOHNS HOPKINS, aided by freshman Attackman Franz Wittelsberger's four goals, beat Navy 12–7 in Baltimore. Hopkins and Maryland will match 9-0 and 10-1 records next week in College Park to determine top-seeding in the upcoming NCAA tournament. Elsewhere BROWN virtually clinched the Ivy League championship with a 9–7 win over Penn in Providence, while fourth-ranked *HOFSTRA defeated* Rutgers 12–8.

SOCCER: SUNDERLAND, a Second Division team and a long shot, downed Leeds 1–0 for the Football Association Cup in Wembley, England.

Destroying their Glasgow rival's quest for a sixth cup championship in eight years, RANGERS downed Celtic 3–2 for the Scottish Football Association Cup in Glasgow.

TENNIS—Winning the richest prize in the history of women's sports, ROSEMARY CASALS beat Nancy Gunter 3–6, 6–1, 7–5 to earn $30,000 in the Family Circle Cup tournament at Sea Pines, S.C.

STAN SMITH and BOB LUTZ outstroked Tom Okker and Marty Riessen 6–2, 7–6, 6–0 for the $40,000 first prize, the richest doubles purse in tennis history, in the $80,000 Rothmans World doubles championship in Montreal.

With help from EVONNE GOOLAGONG, AUSTRALIA captured the Federation Cup and the unofficial women's world team title, 3-0 from defending champion South Africa. Goolagong won her match 6–0, 6–2 over Pat Pretorius-Walkden and PATRICIA COLEMAN beat Brenda Kirk 10–8, 6–0. Goolagong then teamed with JANET YOUNG to defeat Pretorius-Walkden and Kirk 6–1, 6–2 in doubles.

For the second week in a row, ILIE NASTASE whipped Italy's Adriano Panatta, this time 6–3, 3–6, 0–6, 7–6, 6–4 in a three-hour endurance match at the Florence Open.

TRACK & FIELD: Munich Olympian AL FEULRBACH broke the world shotput record with a throw of 71'7" at the San Jose invitational meet. Feuerbach's toss bettered the old record, set by Randy Matson in 1967, by 1½ inches. In West Germany, Olympic gold medalist KLAUS WOLFERMANN improved the world javelin record by 11" with a throw of 308'8".

Washington's 14-year-old ROBIN CAMPBELL and GREG GERACI of Vineland, N.J. won outstanding performance awards at the 17th Marine Corps Relays in Quantico, Va. Geraci set a meet record for the javelin throw with 273'8". Campbell, along with BRIAN McELROY of Villanova, swept the 880-yard and one-mile runs, she in 2:09.3 and 5:00.1, he in 1:49.9 and 4:09.4.

UCLA Running Back JAMES McALISTER long-jumped 27 ½" to become the sixth-best individual in the event, defeating Southern California's Randy Williams, the Olympic champion, in a meet between the two schools in Los Angeles.

MILESPORTS: NAMED: As head basketball coach at Jacksonville University, BOB GOTTLIEB, 33, assistant coach at Kansas State.

NAMED: Boston Bruin Goalie JACQUES PLANTE, 44, as general manager and head coach of the WHA Quebec Nordiques. An 18-year NHL veteran, Plante tended goal for Montreal, New York, St. Louis, Toronto and Boston.

PROPOSED: That the 1973-74 World Cup ski circuit be shortened and run exclusively in Europe so racers may prepare for the FIS world championships in February at St. Moritz. If the plan is adopted, a Nations Cup circuit may operate in the U.S., Canada and Japan.

DIED: Former Notre Dame All-America Halfback MARTY BRILL, 67, of a heart attack, in Los Angeles. Brill was one of four All-Americans on Knute Rockne's last undefeated team in 1930.

CREDITS

5—Arnold Sports 20—[illegible] 20, 21—Neil Leifer 22, 23—Neil Leifer, Copyright 24, 25—James Drake 26—John Iacono 36, 37—Heinz Kluetmeier 48, 49—photo-graphic by John D. Hanlon 61—AP, London Daily Express, Pictorial Parade 62, 72—Fred Kaplan-Black Star 78—Chris Jones-Image 109—Bill Sheppard-Dayton Daily News; Fenno R. Gardner-Baltimore Sunspapers.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE CASTILLO, a junior at Monmouth (Ill.) College, won his second consecutive Midwest Conference wrestling title in the 134-pound class. Castillo, who was 21-0-1 in regular season this year, has not lost in a dual meet and has a 66-5-1 three-year record.



DIANE TURNBULL, a junior at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio, won the women's singles title in the Association of College Unions' intercollegiate table tennis tournament. Undefeated in seven straight matches, she beat her final opponent 21–15, 21–18, 21–8.



JIM RIEDEL, a 6'2" freshman pitcher for the University of Buffalo, broke two school records when he struck out 21 batters, 11 in a row, in a no-hit, no-run victory over Geneseo State. In only his second start, Riedel faced 29 men, allowing just two walks.



PAUL PETERSEN, of Plymouth, Mich., set a national AAU 10-and-under record, swimming the *100*-yard breaststroke in 1:14.8. A member of four state-record relay teams, two of which are nationally ranked, Paul holds eight individual Michigan records.



JEFF BENSON, a senior attackman on Towson (Md.) High School's lacrosse team, registered a remarkable 19 points (five goals, 14 assists) in a 25–1 rout of Lansdowne. Benson's performance, which is believed to be a state record, gives him 41 points for the year.



CHRIS SIMON, 10-year-old center, led his Acton, Mass. hockey team to the U.S. Squirt championship, scoring all three goals in a 3–1 final over Grosse Pointe, Mich. Chris contributed 183 goals during the regular season as Acton finished 70-8-2.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOT O.K.

Sirs:

As an avid sports fan I would like to thank SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Jay Cronley for bringing the Oklahoma football situation to the public's attention (*Oklahoma Penalty: Illegal Procedure*, April 30). I find it appalling to think that cheap, conniving ways are used to lure athletic talent to particular universities. I believe a total crackdown by the NCAA is necessary to try and clear up the injustices being done to high school recruits. Now that the problem is out in the open, the NCAA must look into all universities, not only Oklahoma, which is but one among many. Now is the time to investigate the faults of college recruiting, before the "dirty" label is placed on all of our collegiate sports.

LLOYD LOWINGER

New Hyde Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was disappointed to read about the altered transcripts of Oklahoma football players Kerry Jackson and Mike Phillips. I agree that something should be done, but why declare Jackson and Phillips ineligible? They had nothing to do with it. There should be a way to penalize the guilty without affecting the innocent.

DIANE REESMAN

Anaheim, Calif.

Sirs:

I read your story rather dispassionately, as a report of the facts—and it was a good job. But for me, the two paragraphs near the end containing the remarks of Tom Hansen, assistant executive director of the NCAA, provided a more significant perception of what is happening in the world of sports.

If indeed the NCAA's view of televising next season's Oklahoma games despite a possible NCAA probation is as Mr. Hansen stated, *i.e.*, that "the contract between ABC and the NCAA has been approved, and we would consider it binding. It may be too late for the network to make any changes," then the NCAA ought to disassociate itself from sports in perpetuity or at least until the sun rises in the West.

That the assistant executive director would even make such a statement should put the NCAA on probation for the next 30 years.

PETE ZIDNAK

San Jose, Calif.

POSITIVE THINKING

Sirs:

Morton Sharnik's article on Al Feuerbach (*The Magnificent Obsession*, April 30) was a sterling account of a man overcoming all odds to become a champion.

I once coached a ninth-grade team that was too small, too short, too inexperienced and always too outmanned to win a football game. I told the 16 members that it was not always the biggest or the best team that won, but always the team that wanted to win the most. That team became the AAA Catholic city champs of Houston. All 16 of them!

Man-made laws say that a man of Feuerbach's size cannot put the shot 70 feet. These same laws do not weigh the size of the heart or the intensity of obsession, if you please, to become the best. Through his ability to close out the rest of the seemingly mundane things of the world, and to concentrate solely on throwing the shotput, Al Feuerbach will become the greatest shotputter to ever live. Why? Because he thinks he can.

MAX EMEINGER

Albuquerque

• Feuerbach broke the world record last Saturday with a heave of 71' 7".—ED.

GIANT EXPECTATIONS

Sirs:

As a longtime fan of the Giants, I enjoyed your article *They're Neither Too Old Nor Too Young* (April 30). With veterans such as Marichal, McCovey and McDowell blending with the youth of Speier, Bonds and Goodson, the Giants should give the Big Red Machine fits this year and for years to come. I have seen Speier play on a few occasions, and there is no doubt in my mind he is on the path to superstardom. Many major league shortstops have great arms, but not the bat or the desire Chris has. With him and with many other young players gaining experience, the Giants seem assured of producing a contender that will indeed bring the fans once again to Candlestick Park.

SAXON GRAHAM JR.

Orchard Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

Three cheers for Pat Putnam. It is about time something good was written about the San Francisco Giants. They are definitely one of the most exciting teams in baseball, and they represent what the teams of tomorrow will be like, young and determined. As for your cover, Chris Speier is the hero of today and the superstar of tomorrow.

PIA LALVASRO

Monterey, Calif.

Sirs:

Can your article be interpreted as a retraction of your preseason (April 9) projection of a lowly fifth-place finish for the San Francisco Giants in the National League West?

JEFF OTT

Foster City, Calif.

Sirs:

If the San Francisco Giants are so great, why did the Cincinnati Redlegs (the best team in baseball) beat them four times, including three games played in Candlestick Park?

BILL COORSH

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

Your article on the San Francisco Giants had an ironic twist. For years, whenever I thought of the Giants I thought of the great Willie Mays. Was it as a tribute to him, or purely accidental, that your article started on page 24, his old number?

BRAHM P. ROCKWOOD

Melbourne, Fla.

Sirs:

Your article was very good, but I believe that you did not give enough credit where credit was due. Garry Maddox, after 19 games, just happens to be leading the major leagues in hits with 30. He is batting .390, has five stolen bases, two doubles, three triples, a home run and nine RBIs at this writing (April 24). I think Maddox is one of the up-and-coming stars of the game (and I don't use the word "star" loosely). He deserves more publicity, but I'm sure the time will come when Willie Mays' "happy replacement" in center field will be recognized as a great one.

LEE TOWNSEND

Lomita, Calif.

Sirs:

Your trivia question concerning Dave Kingman in your fine article on the Giants proves no challenge for the average fan. Everyone should remember Rocky Colavito as a relief pitcher and team-leading home-run hitter with the Cleveland Indians in the late 1950s.

BROOKS GREENE

Castleton, Va.

YOUNG PHILLIES

Sirs:

I want to congratulate Ron Fimrite on his article concerning Larry Christenson and Dick Ruthven, the two young Philadelphia pitchers (*So Far So Good So Fast*, April 30). He captured the feelings Philadelphia has toward the two youngsters. They might be the best thing to happen to the Phillies since Steve Carlton.

CARL RIZER

Morrisville, Pa.

Sirs:

I resent your statement regarding Larry Christenson's five-hit, 7-1 win over New

continued

Porta Potti. convenience makes camping more fun.





Take along your own sparkling clean toilet facility. Beautifully styled in rich decorator colors. Soft padded top. Easy to use and easy to cara for. Makes camping more fun for everyone.

New Porta Potti Continental™ is a totally self-contained portable. Light enough for a child to carry. Contains its own frash watar supply —its own holding tank.

Micro Rinse flushing rinses the entire bowl, gives up to 50 flushes bafore water supply tank needs refilling. Exclusive pedal-controlled valve seals wastas in the holding tank. Valve closes automatically when pedal is released. Detachable holding tank has its own carrying handle and empties into any permanent toilet facility.

You'll find other new Thetford Porta Potti models for other neads. Boating, hunting, ski chalet, summer cottage, sick room, construction site, wherever there's a need. All Porta Potti® models carry the National Sanitation Foundation Seal of Approval.

Visit your marine or camping supply dealer and sae the new Porta Potti line from Thetford, innovator in portable, flushable toilets. Or send the coupon for free brochure on Thatford systems.



THETFORD
For the love of all outdoors

Thetford Corporation SI-5-14-73
P O Box 1285
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

☐ Send full-line marine systems brochure
☐ Send full-line recreational vehicle systems brochure

Your name _____

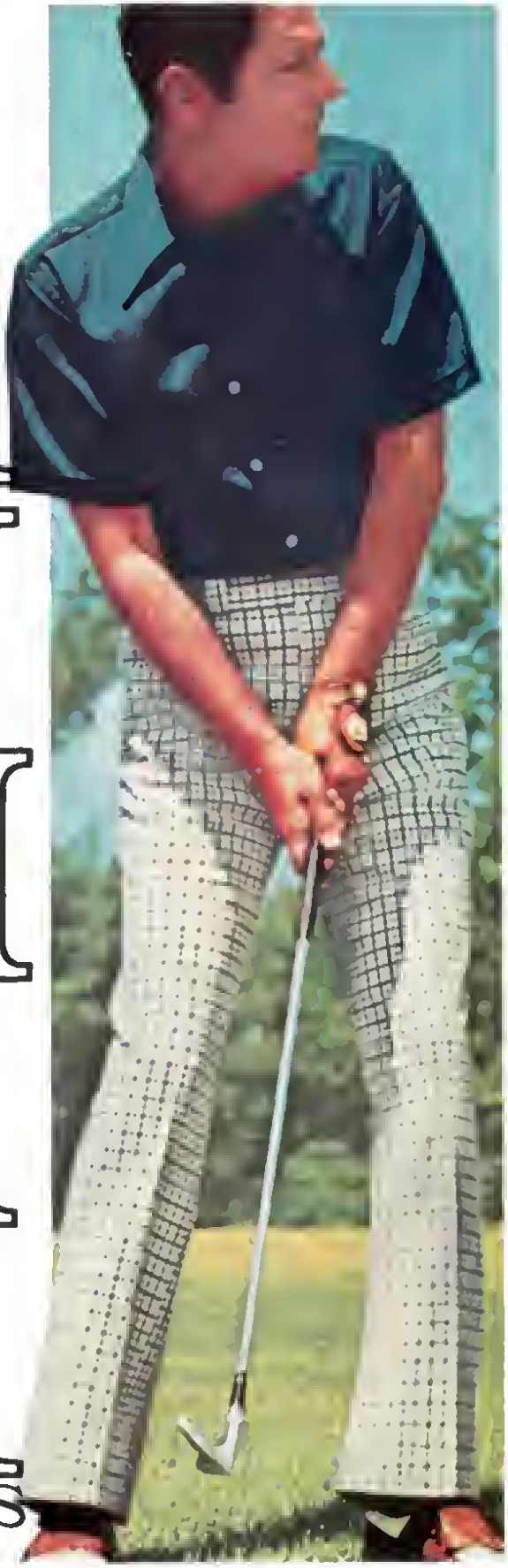
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

JAYMAR

SLACKS

with Ban-Rol†



"IT'S EASIER TO LOOK GOOD THAN HIT GOOD!"

So says Cary Middlecoff, all-time golf great. "That's why I always wear Cary Middlecoff Slacks tailored by Jaymar."

These Jaymar Cary Middlecoff Slacks of 100% Trevira® come in a wide range of colorful solids and exciting patterns. And the waistband is fortified with Ban-Rol® to prevent waistband roll-over.

Cary Middlecoff Slacks by Jaymar are truly No-Quit Knits*! Wear 'em . . . wash 'em . . . wear 'em . . . wash 'em. They'll always look as if they've just been pressed. So drop in today at your favorite men's or department store and try on a pair of Cary Middlecoff Slacks by Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

Cary Middlecoff

A JAYMAR® SLACK
with **Trevira®**
polyester

Made by people who care . for people who care®

Slacks shown feature long button-down extension waistband and a gentle flare Price $21

* DuPont's reg T M
• Reg applied for
† Ban-Rol reg T M
© 1973 Copyright Jaymar-Ruby, Inc

Jaymar Slacks available at these and 5,000 other fine stores coast to coast...

ALABAMA
Birmingham — Charles Arndt
Birmingham — Parisian
Mobile — Stell's

ARIZONA
Mesa — Hanny's
Peoria — Smitty's Big Town Stores
Phoenix — Hanny's
Phoenix — Smitty's Big Town Stores
Scottsdale — Hanny's
Scottsdale — Levin's for Men
Scottsdale — NU U
Scottsdale — Smitty's Big Town Stores
Tempe — Smitty's Big Town Stores

ARKANSAS
Fayetteville — Gregory's
Fayetteville — Trump's
Little Rock — Phillipe Mare for Men

CALIFORNIA
Bakersfield — Sellars
Balboa Island — NU U
Carte Madera — Louis George
Downey — Hubbard Brumley
India — Bob Williams
Newport Beach — Bidwell's
Northern California — Hastings
Oakland — J Coop Ltd
Salinas — Dick Bruhn
San Francisco — Rochester
— Big and Tall Clothing
Stockton — Brave & McKeegen
— Big & Tall

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport — Skydel's
Ridgeport — Wellachs
Bristol — Landi's
Danbury — O M Reed Inc
Middletown — R W Camp Co
New Britain — Raphael's
New Haven — Mack Millar Carp
New London — Tenny's Suburban Inc
Norwalk — Jeffray's
Trumbull — O M Reed Inc
Wastport — Ed Mitchell Inc

DELAWARE
Dalmar — Culver's Men's Shop
Newark — Murrey's Toggery

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — George & Co
— Big & Tall Man's Shop
Washington — George's Place
Washington — Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Bal Harbour — Martin Burns
— Spartabias
Bal Harbour — Beau Rivage
— Men's Shop
Boynton Beach — Chepps, Ltd
Coral Gables — Wallachs
— Dick Richmond
Ft Lauderdale — Bahia Mar Man's
— Apparel Inc
Ft Lauderdale — Irving Bailin
Ft Lauderdale — Brills
Ft Myers — Hogan's Man's Store
Ft Pierce — I M Walsh
Hialeah — A Ed Cohen Company
Hialeah — Phil Davis
Hollywood — Irving Berlin
Jacksonville — Levy/Wolf
Melbourne — Varsity Shop
Merritt Island — Beranis
Miami — Baran's
Miami — Phil Davis
Miami — Saul Tailors
Miami — Wellachs Dick Richmond
Miami Beach — Lensen's
Miami Springs — Clothes Klasal
Pompano Beach — Wallachs
— Dick Richmond
Riviere Beach — Forest's Man's Shop
Sarasota — Harmen's
St Petersburg — Egerton & Magee
South Miami — Wallachs
— Dick Richmond
Tallahassee — The Men's World
Tampa Bay — Pendale's
Tampa Bay — Wall Bros., Inc. of
— Florida
Vero Beach — Debbie's
West Palm Beach — Cy's Man's Store

GEORGIA
Athens — George Gibson's
— Man's Wear
Atlanta Blend Terry Perimeter Mall
Columbus — Harry's Haberdashery
Griffin — The Oxford Shop
Summerville — Richie's

HAWAII
Honolulu — Kramer's

IDAHO
Moscow — Creighians

ILLINOIS
Alton — Bertieff's
Aurora — Denny's Big & Tall
— Men's Shop
Bensenville — Tioga Taggary
Calumet City — Baskin
Calumet City — Maurice L. Rothschild
Carrollton — Sullivan's Mens Wear
Champaign — Baskin
Champaign — Jack Heyes Menswear
Chicago — Bell Tellers
Chicago — Brighton Cle
Chicago — Broadlone Clothiers
Chicago — Broadstreet's
Chicago — Cahn & Stern
Chicago — Erie Clothing
Chicago — M Hyman & Son
Chicago — Syd Jaremo
Chicago — Kohn's Mens Shop
Chicago — Lou Pollack
Chicago — Maurice L. Rothschild
Chicago — Morris B Sachs
Chicago — Fred S Starkman
Chicago — Wabeldt Stores
Christopher — Cury's
Des Plaines — Allen's Store for Men
Elmhurst — Leonard's Store for Men
Evanston — Baskin
Evergreen Park — Pork Men's Shop
Galesburg — Fred Schubach
Glen Ellyn — Bah Hershey's
Homewood — M Hyman & Son
Lombard — M Hyman & Son
Melrose Park — Eria Clothing
Mt Prospect — Maurice L. Rothschild
Mt Vernon — Carl's for Men
Northbrook — Jones's
Oak Brook — Maurice L. Rothschild
Oak Park — Boskin
Park Forest — Maurice L. Rothschild
Pekin — Denlry Ltd
Peoria — The Bell Clothing &
— Shoe House
Rockford — George Brothers
Schaumburg — Eria Clothing
Skokia — Baskin
Skokie — M Hymon & Son
Skokie — Maurice L. Rothschild
Sparta — Hipskar's
Springfield — Arch Wilson Inc
Taylorville — Marbiesiene's
Urbana — Baskin
Waukegan — Boskin
Waukegan — Durkin & Durkin
Waukegan — Sterey's
Waukegan — Wabeldt Stores

INDIANA
Elkhart — Myar's Men's Wear
Evansville — Solar's
Ft Wayne — Pallersen Fleichar
Goshen — Snyder's Man's Shop
Highland Zendsira's Store for Men
Indianapolis — L S Ayras & Co
Indianapolis — Hudson's
New Albany — P A Niemaier
South Bend — Gilbert's
Vincennes — Alperts

IOWA
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Des Moines — Bedin Von Dorn
Sioux City — The Black Knight

KANSAS
Overland Park — Barren's Feshions
— for Men—Big & Tall
Overland Park — Skip Wanlond's
Topeka — Ray Baars Clothing Co
Topeka — Cunningham Shields
Wichita — Woolf Brothers

KENTUCKY
Lexington — Angaiucci's
Paducah — Trad Shop

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplan's
Baton Rouge — Cohn Turner & Co
Baton Rouge — Goudchaux's
Bossier City — Pepe a Tar Man
Lake Charles — Love's
New Iberia — The Model Corp
New Orleans — Garillamen's
— Quarter, Inc
New Orleans — Porter's Stevens

MARYLAND
Annapolis — Peerless Clothing
Baltimore — Cushner's Men's Shop
Baltimore — The Hachi Co
Baltimore — Max Margolis
— Gantleman Stylist
Baltimore — Waldorf Man's Shop
— Big & Tall
Cumberland — Kaplan's
Hagerstown — DeVono's Men's Wear
Rockville — Larry Alan Inc
Timonium — A & G Clothiers
Wheaton — Embassy Father & Son

MASSACHUSETTS
Wallachs—All Stores
Brockton — Allegro's
Canton — Martin Edwards Ltd
Chestnut Hill — Milton's
New Bedford Gellis of New Bedford
Quincy — Millan's
South Bridge — Devid Lanli
Westfield — Eaton's

MICHIGAN
Jacobson Stores—All Stores
Allegan — McGowen's Man's Store
Bay City — May Clothing Co
Belding — Merly's
Birmingham — Sleva Peirs
Dowson — Hopner M Hill
Detroit — Billy's Clothes
Detroit — Crowley's
Detroit — Hudson's Man's Store
Detroit — Kons Man's Wear
Detroit — La Baron Men's Wear
Detroit — La Clair
Detroit — Van Horn's
Oswagoc — The Fair Dept Store
East Lansing — Hettner's Big &
— Tall Mens Store
— Fredrick's
Farmington — Modern Men's Shop
Flint — Binder's Big & Tall
Flint — A M Davison's
Flint — Hudsen's Man's Store
Flint — Mecka's Formal Wear
Flint — Smith Bilegaman's
Grand Haven Boes' of Grand Haven
Grand Rapids — George Bullis
— Man's Store
Grand Rapids — Christopher's
— Apparel Big & Tall
Grand Rapids — William Klein
— Store for Man
Grand Rapids — Wuraburg's Dept
— Store
Highland Park — Powell's
Holland — Lakkei Rulgare
Kalamazoo — The Varsity Shop
Kalamazoo — Al Trasiar's Man's Store
Lansing — Small's Inc
Layonia — Allie Bias
Mt Morris — Lafuirgey's Men's Shop
Muskegon — Friend's Friendly
— Clothiers
Muskegon — Vals Clothing
Pontiac — Hudsen's Man's Store
Pontiac — Osmun's
Rochester — Mitzelfald's, Inc
Saginaw — Van Harn's
Saginaw — Wiachmann's
St Clair Shores — Wales Big & Tall
St Clair Shores — Michell's
Southfield — Osmun's
Warren — Osmun's
Wyoming — Rogers Dept Store

MINNESOTA
Alexandria — Bob's Clothes Shop
Coon Rapids — Mr Duster
Duluth — M & K Man
Golden Valley — Mr Duster
Mankato — Wilson's Clothing
Minneapolis — Eklund Clothing Co
Minnaapolis — Jack Slavans
— Big & Tall
North St Paul — Mr D's Man's Wear
Parham — Richlars Man's Wear
St Louis Park — Whitehall Clothiers
St. Paul — Field Schlick
Virginia — M & K Man
White Bear Lake — Dad & Lads

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi — Gene Werr's
Grenada — Slag Shop
Jackson — Emporium
Jackson — The Four Seasons
Jackson — Jims of Jackson
Jackson — Gaytar's
Laural — Hamilton Graves
Louisville — Filas & Cunningham
Meridian — Herry Meyar Inc
Natchez — Baneisi Bies
Tupelo — Regs for Man

MISSOURI
Bonna Terra — TC's
Bridgeton — The Thoroughbred
Cape Grerardeau — Howard's
Festus — Cunningham's
Florissant — Larry's Men's Shop
Fulton — Tutt's
Hannibal — Yates & Hapen
Hazelwood — Pfeiffer's
Independence — Kiaus' Man's Wear
Jallarsun City — Czarlinsky's
Joplin — Model Clothing Co
Kansas City — Polar's Custom
— Tailoring
Lees Summit — Dymend's Men's
— Wear
Malden — McConnell's Men's Store
Maplewood — Harman's Teggary
Merice — Hagen's
Raytown — Polar's Custom Tailoring
Rolla — Vern's Clothing Store
St Jesaph — The Custom Shop
St Louis — Aransan's
St Louis — The Specialty Shop
St Louis — The Squire Shop
St Louis — Wolff's
Springfield — Cola's Big & Tall
— Clothing for Men
Washington — Kuddes Menswear
Waynasville — Farris Brothers

MONTANA
Kalispell — The Man's Rhep

NEBRASKA
Omaha — Landen's

NEVADA
Las Vegas — Schwartz Bros

NEW JERSEY
Browning Fifth Ave—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Burlington — Polsky's
Cherry Hill — Fimiani's Custom Shop
Elizabeth — Rockoff Man's Wear
Lindan — Palmer's Man's Shop
Peremus — B & B Lorrys
Summit — McElgunn's
Toms River — Faldman's, Inc
Westfield — John Franks
Willingboro — Stenfeld Road
Woodbridge — B & B Larrys

NEW YORK
Browning Fifth Ave—All Stores
Field Brothers—All Stores
B & B Larrys—All Stores
Wallachs—All Stores
Albany — Specter's
Auburn — Hemick's Men's Shop
Bronx — Faz Menswear
Buffala — C & B Men's Shop
Bullste — The Kleinhens Co
Bullelo — Riverside Men's Shop
Cartland — Lallmar's
Dunkirk Town N-Country by Wall's
Elmira — Morrells
Hampstead L I — The Hutch
Huntington L I — Marsh's
Ithaca — Browning King & Co
Liberty — Lou Seiken's Men's Wear
Long Beach — Wainbaug's
Lynbrook — Mur Leas
Nonual — Lincoln Reed Man's Shop
Norwich — Winans Man's Shops
Ossining — Ross Men's Wear
Rochester — McCurdy & Co
Rochester — Halional Clothing Co
Schanectedy — Nussbaum's
Southampton L I — Harry Frank
— Man's Shop
Syracuse — Gary's
Utica — Gerald's
Utica — Wicks & Greenman
Vernon — Sansone's by the
— Hitching Post
Waterlown — J E Miller Co
Wallaville — Harkness Clothing Co

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Men Store
Chapel Hill — The Hub
Charlotte — Harris Hart Clo Co
Charlotte — J O James Inc
Durham — Van Straalen's
Eden — Towna Square Ltd
Fayetteville — Slack Rack
Gastonia — Matthews Bale Co
Greensbore — Johnson & Aulbert
Greensboro — Guy Hill Menswear
Havelock — Tryon Clothier's
Hendersonville Roper's Man's Shop
New Bern — Hill's
Raleigh — The Hub of Raleigh Ltd
Raleigh — McLeod Watson & Lanier
Rockingham — Bill Wallace
Salisbury — Goodnight's
Southern Pines — Sir Richard's Ltd
Wadesboro H B Allan & Company
Wilmington — Ed Flanshman & Bros
Winston Salem — Hine Bagby Co

NORTH DAKOTA
Dickinson — O'Haarns
Jamestown — Sellan's Fine Men's
— Wear
Wahpeton — Stern Clothing Co

OHIO
Akron — Koch's
Akron — Jack Stevens Big & Tall
Cincinnati — H & S Pogue Co
Cleveland — B & R Reker
Cleveland — Jack Stevens Big & Tall
Dayton — Elder Beerman
Dayton — Walkers
Defrance — The Square Shop
Euclid — Garnik's
Fairview Park — Shuttler's Men's
— Wear
Franklin — Kaister's
Fremont — Lytle's
Marietta — Benham's
Middletown — Worthmore Clothes
— Shop
North Olmsted — Allyn's Men's Wear
Salon — Wickliffe Man's &
— Boys' Waar
Steubenville — Myer & Slone
Toledo — Damschreda's
Toledo — Hudson's Men's Store

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City — Napoleon Nash's
Oklahome City — Perks Apparel
Shawnee — Moe's

OREGON
Portland — The Golf Shop

PENNSYLVANIA
Abington — Jack Derden
Bridgeville — Carlton Men's Shops
Butler — McCollran's
Camp Hill — Stark Bros.
Cheltenham — Jack Parrish
Easton — Lenny's
Greensburg — Gongewere Leng
Hanover — Trone & Weikart
Harrisburg — Stark Bros
Hershey — Lewen's, Inc
Johnstown — Miller's Clothing Store
Kittanning — Moesia & Son Inc
Lancaster — DeVono's Man's Wear
Lancester — Stark Bros
Latrobe — Mike Hayes
Lebanon — DeVono's Man's Wear
Lebanon — Lewen's Inc
Lock Haven — Hoy's
Monessen — Gaudio's Store For Men
Morrisville — Carlton Men's Shops
Mt Union — Sazo's Man's Store
Newtown Square — Hassis Man's Shop
Northumberland — M Gubin & Son
Philadelphia — Berg Bros
Philadelphia — Berrys
Philadelphia — Boyd's
Philadelphia — Mervin Sidney
Philadelphia — Jpy's Man's Shop
Philadelphia — John S. Milna
Pittsburgh — Hermen's Stylagela
Pittsburgh — Executive Mens
Prospect Park — Torelli's
Reading — Croll & Keck
St Mary's — Ivan's Man's Shop
Unionlown — Koutmen's
West Chester — Robert Norris Men's Shop
Williamsport — Ulmen Brothers
York — DeVono's Men's Wear
York — Lehmayer's

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington — Hemon's
Providence — Dennelly's
Warwick — Dennally's
Warwick — Wallachs

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleslan — Berlin's
Greenville — Hayward Mahon
Myrtle Beach — Nalsen's Man's Shop
Summerville — Seymour's Apparel
Sumter — The Capitol Dept Store

SOUTH DAKOTA
Huron — Hedblom The Clothier
Sioux Falls — Norman's Men's Waer
Sioux Falls — Wilson's

TENNERSEE
Bristol — The Courthouse Ltd
Bristol — Esquire Shop
Chattanooga — Ire Trivers
Clarksville — Parks Belk
Kingsport — The Courthouse Ltd
Knoxville — Schlivar's
Lebanon — Henkins & Beumel
Memphis — James Davis For Man
Memphis — Louis Lefles Clothier
Memphis — I. Resan's
Memphis — Male Call
Murfreesboro — The Man's Shop
Nashville — Bill Holcomb's
— Belmont Man's Shop
Neshville — Jesaph Frank & Son

TEXAS
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros
Austin — Jack Mortone
Austin — Priestley's Otterman
Bay City — Sirs Men's Waer
Beaumont — Decole's Towne Shop
Beaumont — Gee Wilsan's
Bryan — Tremont's Man's Weer
Conroe — Cochran's Man Shop
Dallas — Cullum & Boran
Dallas — Frank's King Size Clothes
Dallas — Tall E Ne
Denton Bamar's The Shop For Man
Edinberg — Brumley's Store For Man
Ft Worth — Clyde Campbell
Ft Worth — Cox's
Ft Worth — L. O. Hammons
Groves — Dryden's
Houston — Bob's Mans Wear
Houston — Eddie's Men's Shop
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolfe
Houston — Norton Ditte
Houston — Rodney's
Houston — Trifon's Man's Shop
Humble — Bab's Mens Wear
Kilgore — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Longview — Hurwitz Man's Shop
McAllen — Ken's Shop For Man
Odessa — The Medal Shop
Pasadena — Barnard's Man's World
San Antanio — Allairmen's
San Antenio — Frank Bros
San Antonio — Joseph's
San Antonio — Lee Mandevilla
Spring — Bob's Mens Wear
Tylar — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Wichita Falls — Muehlberger's

VIRGINIA
The Huk—All Stores
Arlington — Ted Louis Shop
Arlington — The Quality Shop
Hurt — Cavalier Shappe
Lynchburg — Jordan Ltd
Newport News — Cloyton's
Norfolk — Shulman's
Norton — Cohen's Departmant Store
Petersburg — Ungar's
Roanoke — Mitchell Clothing Co
Springfield — Ted Louis Shop
Virginia Beach — Clayton's

WASHINGTON
Seattle — Prager's
Spokane — The Crescent

WEST VIRGINIA
Ritchiald — Slacklers Man's Shop
Charleston — Kalley's Man's Shop
Clarksburg — Metal's
Huntington — Abbess' Men's Shop
Wheating — Barnhardt's
Wheating — Greene's
Wheating — L R Good & Co
Williamson — The Man's Shop Ltd

WISCONRIH
Appleton — W A Close
Appleton — Dimpels
Beloit — George Brothers
Black River Falls K Farries Cla Co
Chippewa Falls — The Boston
Eau Claire — The Bostan
Eau Claire — Muldeens Man's Waar
Kenosha — Chlspnella
Madison — Baskin/Olsen & Vernon
Madison — Dimpels
Milwaukee — Glaringar's Men's Waar
Milwaukee — Gimbels
Milwaukee — M Hymon & Son
Milwaukee — Schmill Ollew Stumpfs
Oconomowoc — Caunley Squire
Oshkosh — W A Close
Prairie Du Chien — Kazelko's
— Men's Wear
Rhinelander — DeBylse

OUAM
Agana — M V Pengillinan Enterprises

PUERTO RICO
Mayaguez — Nosoli

BACKPACKING IS GREAT!

Be properly shod with famous Chippewa® patented Kush N Kollar Backpackers Boots for men and women





Men's model—5280

Women's model—2334

Suggested retail Men's—$45.00

Women's—$41.00

Chippewa features:

- Patented Kush N Kollar™ Design! (US Patent 3545107 Design Patent 21936)
- Comfort Padded Overlay Gussets!
- Attractive Slotted Saddle Patterns!
- Padded Quarters for Comfort!
- Genuine Goodyear Welts—Made in USA!
- Vibram Soles
- Speed Lacing and Speed Hooking!

WRITE FOR COLORFUL ILLUSTRATED CATALOG AND NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

CHIPPEWA SHOE CO.
7072 W. River St.
Chippewa Falls, Wisc. 54729

BAR BUOY
"SWIVEL ACTION"



HOLDS DRINKS LEVEL IN BOATS AND CAMPERS!

HOLDS TALL-MEDIUM-SHORT CONTAINERS

MADE OF BRASS OR STEEL

Insist on *genuine* Bar Buoy

Acadia Laboratories 620 S. 8th St. Mpls. Mn.

Give Happiness The United Way

RONSON

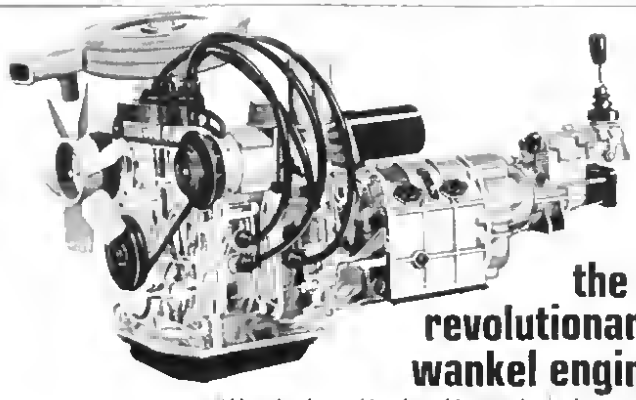
Multi-Fill

fuels most butane lighters



From 49¢

The clean quality butane that won't clog.



the revolutionary wankel engine

Build it and understand it today—drive it and enjoy it tomorrow.

When Felix Wankel invented his funny engine, experts "proved" it would never run. But today, it powers the Mazda (the hottest U.S. import car). Looks as though Mr. Wankel is getting the last laugh (and pretty fabulous royalties!)

What makes the Wankel so truly "revolutionary" is that it works on a completely different principle, without conventional cylinders and pistons, lifts or crankshafts. It's less than half the size and weight of a conventional engine.

Our authentic battery operated model comes in kit form, and you'll have the thrill of putting it together from easy-to-follow instructions. It's complete and accurate in every detail. Order your Wankel kit today and stay in tune with the most important automotive event in decades.

☐ Please send me the **1/5 SCALE OPERATIONAL WANKEL ENGINE KIT,** with all parts, heavy plastic housing and stand. (Batteries not included.) My check for $9.00 ($7.50 plus $1.50 post. & insur.) is enclosed. Calif. deliveries add tax. (Unassembled kits may be returned in 2 weeks for full refund if you are not completely delighted.)

Name____ Address____

____ Zip____

584 Washington, San Francisco, California 94111 **haverhill's**

S10514

315

York that even the kid next door [illegible] Aunt Tillie could pitch a five-hitter against the Mets." If this is so, why are the Mets one game ahead of the Phillies in the NL East? They must be doing something right!

LINDA SIEFEN

Derby, Conn.

Sirs:

I hardly think the Phillies deserve being called a "joke team" anymore (SCORECARD, April 30). They are young and coming up and will probably finish third or fourth this year and be a contender in two or three years.

LOUIS KELLER

Cherry Hill, N.J.

VICTORY IS SWEETER

Sirs:

It was with considerable interest and nostalgia that I read Jay Cronley's article on defeat (*It's No Way to Get One's Kicks*, April 30). His recollection of the 1957 Notre Dame-Oklahoma game took me back to that famous day in Irish football history. He failed to mention that there were still over three minutes left in the game when Notre Dame scored and that Oklahoma came right back down the field and gave us Notre Dame students the scare of our lives. If it had not been for a last-minute interception in the end zone by Bobby Williams, I feel sure that the score would have been tied.

Both teams played a great game and the Sooners had nothing to be ashamed of. They were tremendous in a losing cause and I am sure they would have run any other team off the field.

What I remember most about that day, however, was that for the first time in Notre Dame's history the classes on the following Monday were canceled because of a win on the football field. How sweet *that* was.

PATRICK T. CLARK

Warren, Ohio

FUEL FOR AN ARGUMENT

Sirs:

It is difficult to tell whether Bill Brodrick (SCORECARD, April 30) is, as the saying goes, bragging or complaining when he says, "In last year's racing at Talladega we used enough gasoline to supply the average layman for 25 years and enough oil to take a car to the moon 2½ times."

In these times of concern for the depletion of all natural resources, one must question the justification of such enormous expenditures of oil for such a limited purpose as auto racing.

ROBERT T. BATWINIS

Rockville, Md.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Only La Scala is La Scala. Only V.O. is V.O.



Among the world's great opera houses, there is only one LaScala. Part fortress, part cathedral, part university, it has stood since 1778 in the center of Milan.

Inside LaScala, statues of Verdi, Puccini, Rossini, Toscanini—giants of the Italian Opera—line velvet halls. The great auditorium is acknowledged to be the most beautiful in the world. Gold-and-cream-and-red, lined with priceless silk tapestries, its amplitude has space for 3,000 people.



A single performance in this great auditorium can elevate a singer to stardom—or destroy him. Dignified, tuxedoed gentlemen have thrown their shoes against the stage to show their disapproval: elegant ladies hurl programs and opera glasses. Elderly aficionados remember Toscanini's terrible temper, Caruso's stirring high C's.

And through it all, only LaScala is LaScala. A continuing celebration of excellence, a one-of-a-kind creation in a changing world.

Like LaScala, Seagram's V.O. Canadian is also one-of-a-kind; another continuing celebration of excellence. It too stands alone, since 1857, as a whisky uncompromising in quality, with a tradition of craftsmanship that has made it The First Canadian in smoothness. The First Canadian in lightness. And The First Canadian in popularity throughout the world.



Only LaScala is LaScala. Only V.O. is V.O. All the others come after

Seagram's V.O.
The First Canadian.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES 6 YEARS OLD 86.8 PROOF SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



1. In the 1924 Backwater Open, Duffer McGee found biting on his cigarette holder made him feel better about his bad slice.



2. He also found it gave him a cleaner taste. Just like today's Parliament, with the recessed filter that's tucked back, away from your lips.



3. With Parliament, you never taste a filter. Just rich, clean flavor. And that's an improvement, no matter how you slice it.

The Parliament recessed filter. It works like a cigarette holder works.



Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health